

II.J.32

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II. A. 32

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II. A. 32  
1 - 16  
From the Towneley Collection

1. Thesaurus Musicus,  
in Five Books.
2. Delicia Musica, the First Volume,  
in Four Books.
3. Delicia Musica, the Second Volume,  
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4. The Songs in the Indian Queen.
5. The Songs in Brutus of Alba.















(1)

# THESAURUS MUSICUS:

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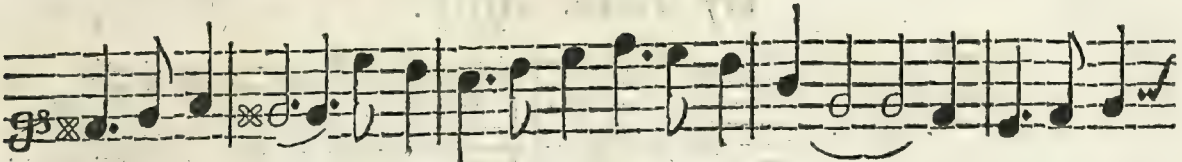
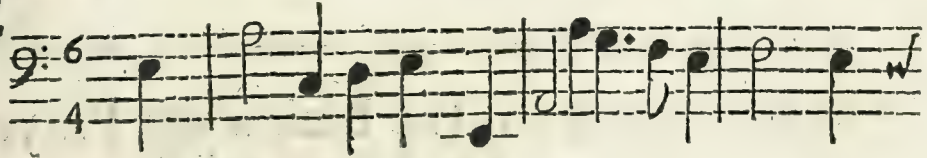
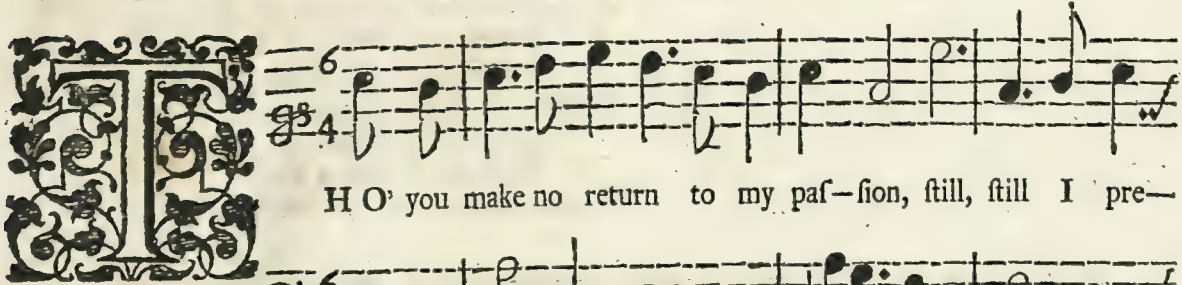


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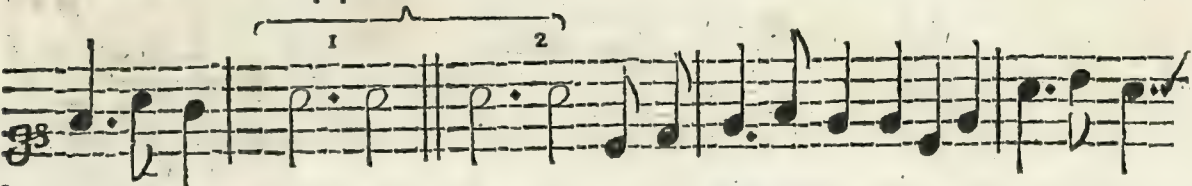
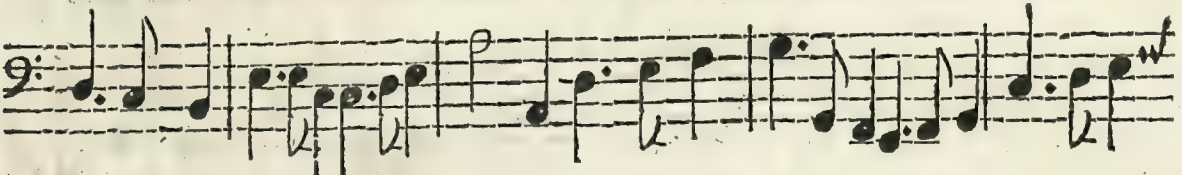
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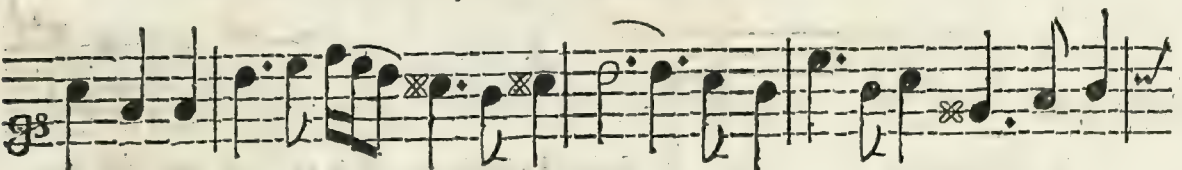
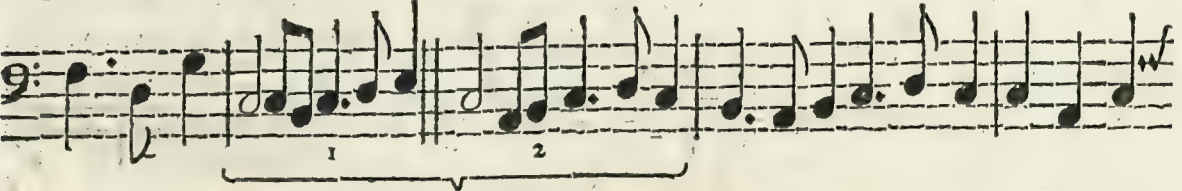
The first Song in the Maids last Prayer,  
by Mr. Henry Purcell. Sung by Mrs. Dyer.



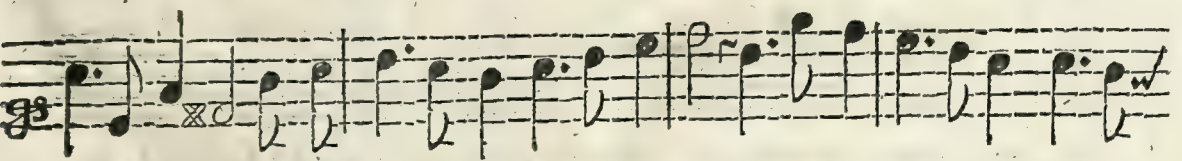
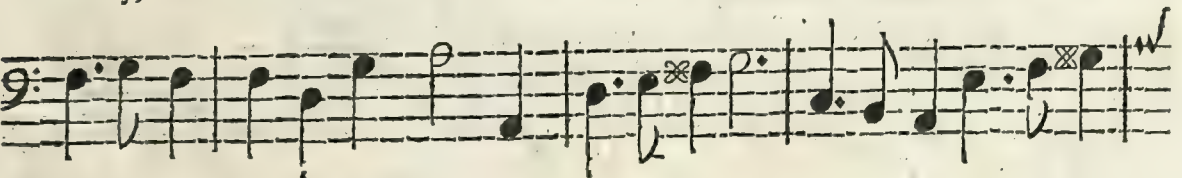
—sume to a—dore; 'tis in Love but an odd re—pu—ta—tion, when faintly re—



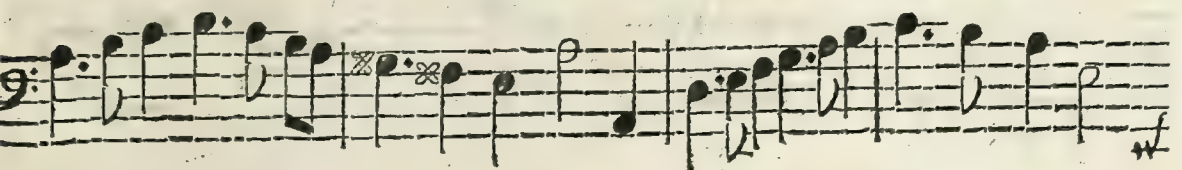
—puls'd, to give o're. When you talk of your Duty, I gaze on your



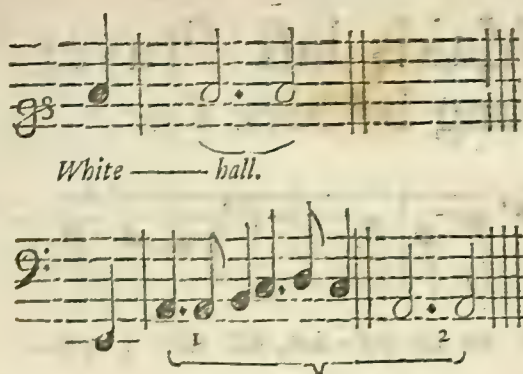
Beauty, nor mind the dull maxime at all: Let it reign in *Cheapside*, with a



Ci—tizens Bride; it will ne'er be receiv'd, it will ne'er, ne'er, it will ne'er be receiv'd at



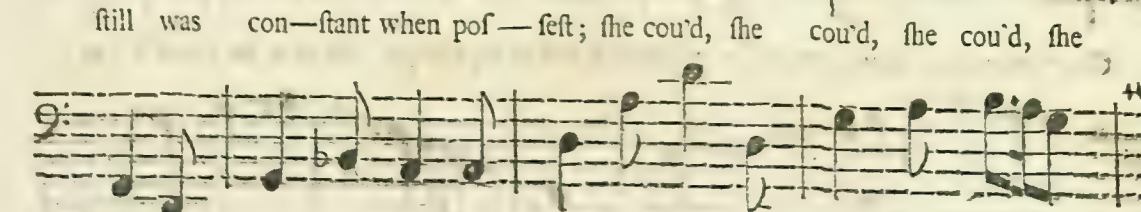
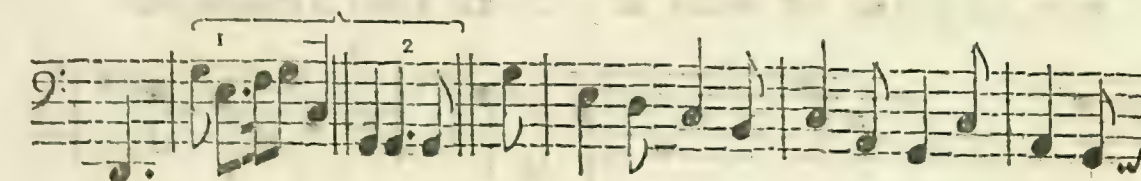
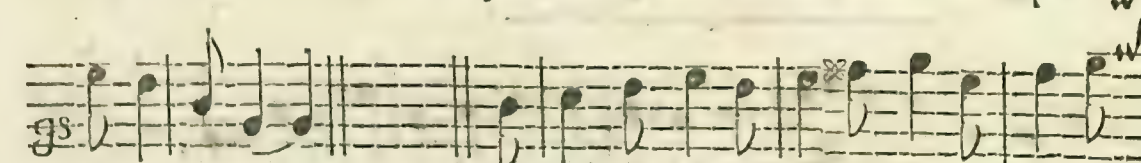
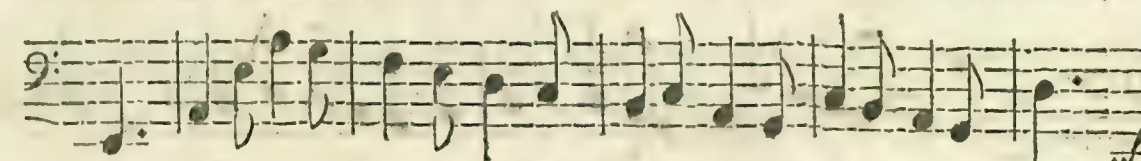
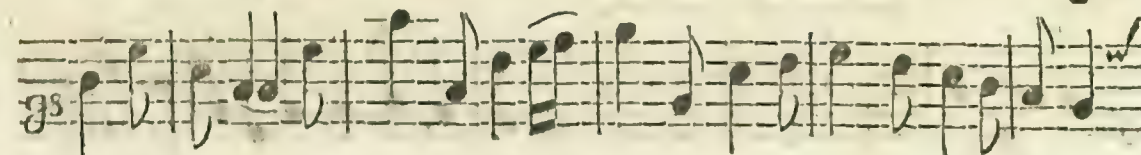
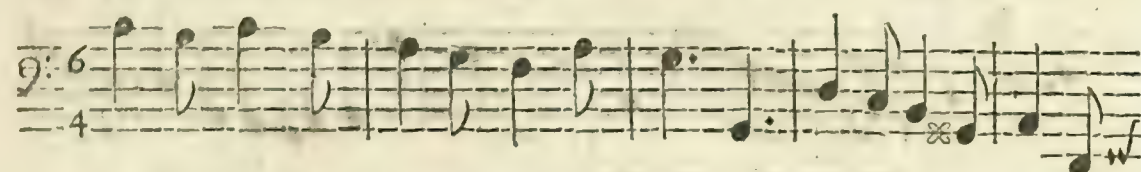




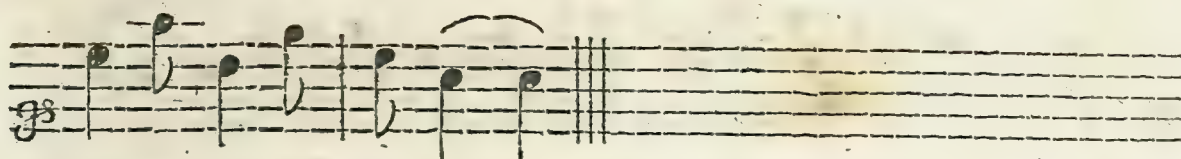
II.

What Apocryphal Tales are you told,  
 By one who would make you believe,  
 That, because of *to have and to hold*,  
 You still must be pinn'd to his sleeve.  
 'Twere apparent high Treason,  
 'Gainst Love and 'gainst Reason,  
 Should one such a Treasure engross:  
 He who knows not the Joys,  
 That attend such a Choice,  
 Shou'd resign to another who does.

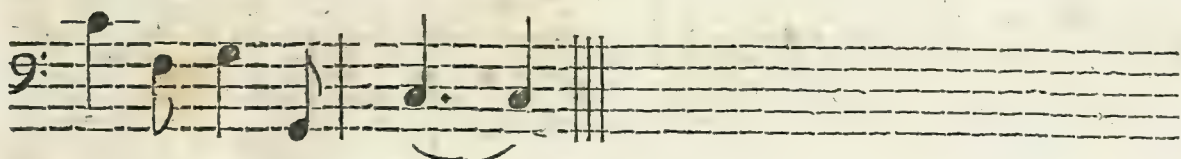
The 2d. Song in the Maids last Prayer, Sung  
 by Mrs. Ayloff.



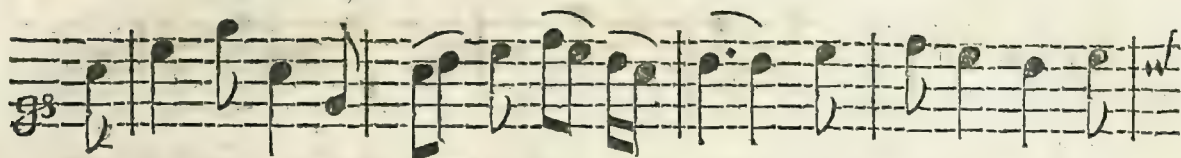




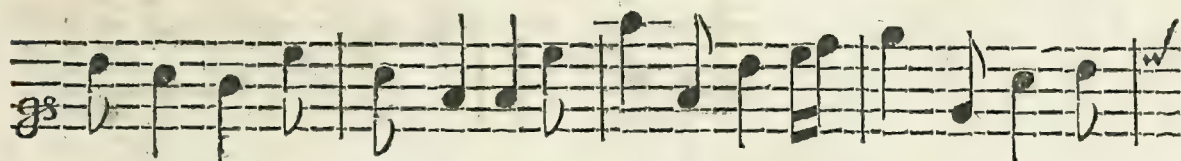
could do more for no man.



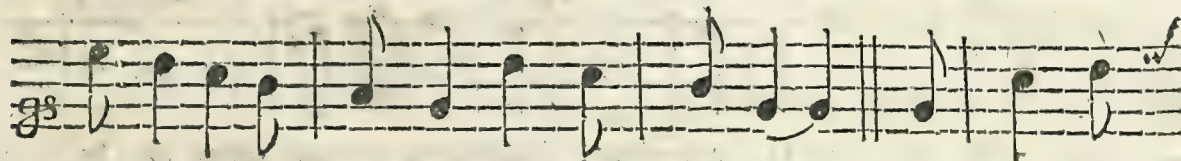
## 2d. Stanza.



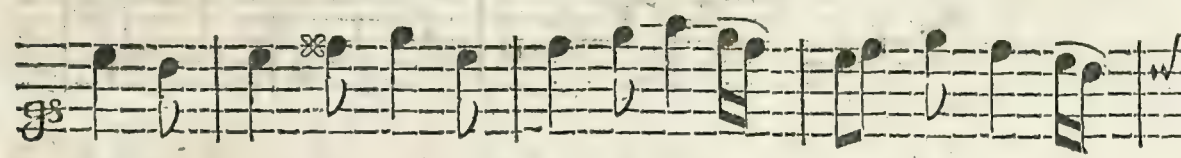
But oh! but oh her thoughts on o—thers ran, and that you think, and



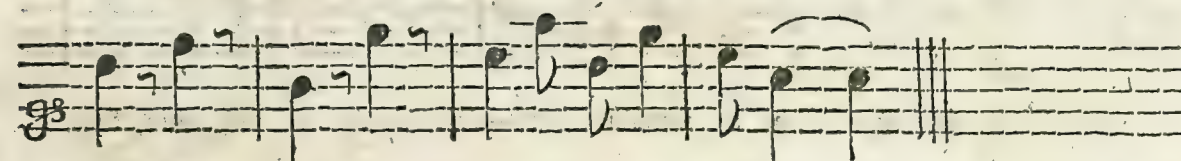
that you think a hard thing; per—haps she fan—cy'd you the Man, why



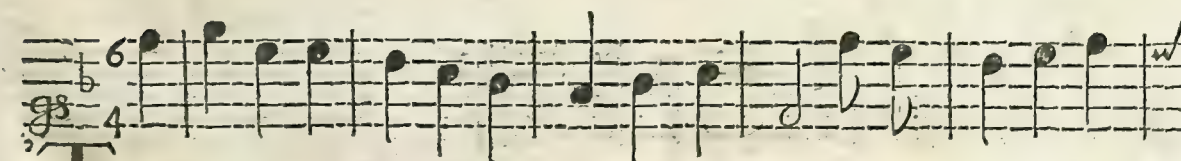
what care I, why what care I one Far—thing. You say she's



false, I'm sure she's kind, I'll take, I'll take her Bo—dy, you her



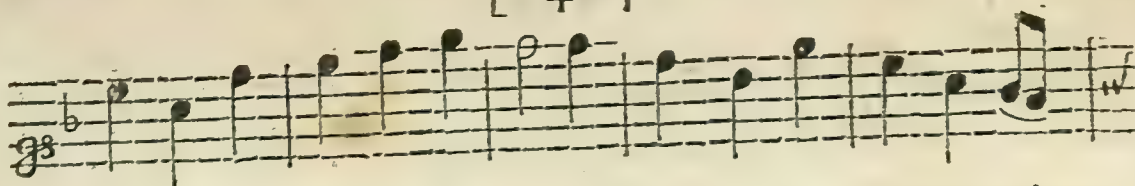
Mind; who, who, who has the better Bar—gain?



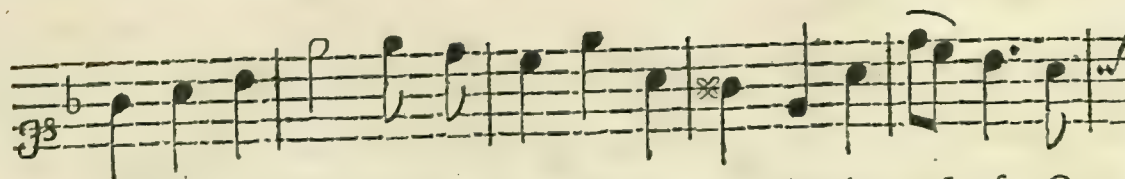
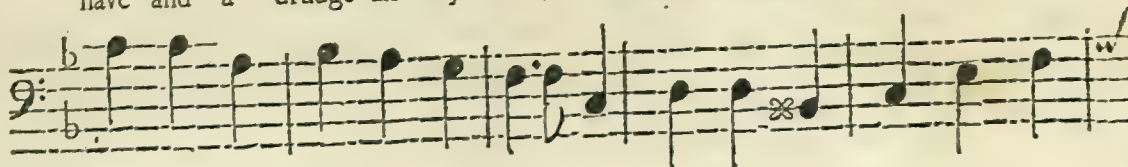
**I** S. pit—ty Myr—til—la you shou'd be a Wife, to be made a mere



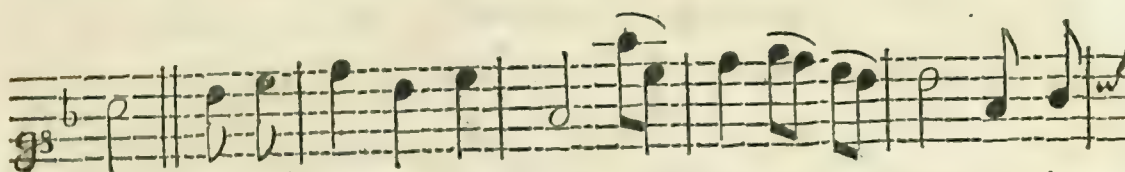




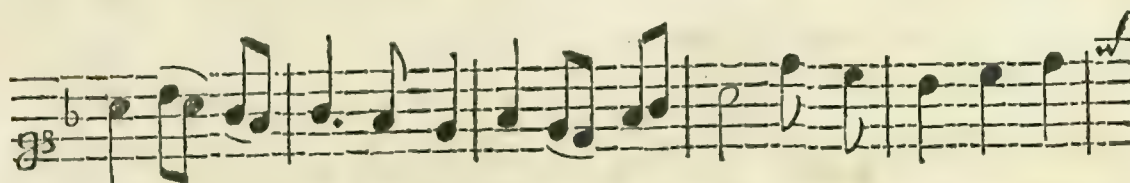
slave and a drudge all thy life; to throw all thy freedom and



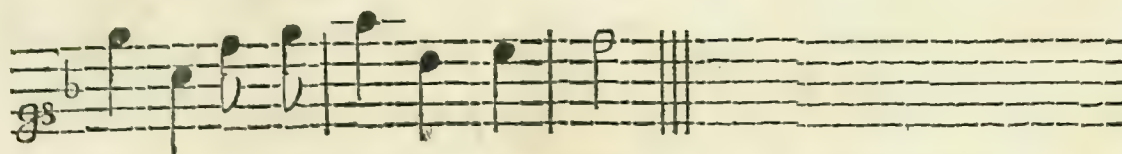
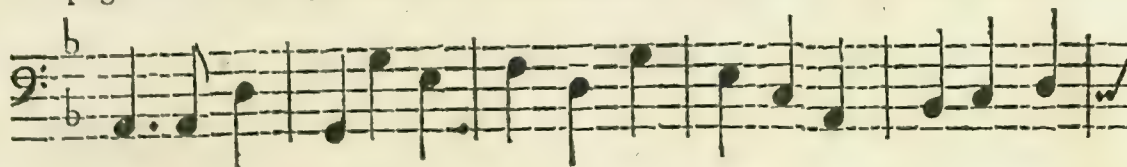
pleasures a — way, change the joys of Command for the curse of O —



—bey: Be un — ea — sy a — broad 'cause home you must come, to be



plagu'd all the night with a fumbling hum — drum, with a fum, fum, fum,



fumbling, with a fumbling hum — drum.

By Mr. Akroyd.





BEAU-TY first the heart In—spires, e—qual flames en—

[illegible]

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes a quarter note on G4, followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note on A4. A double bar line follows. The second measure contains a quarter note on B4, a half note on C5, a quarter note on D5, and a half note on E5. The third measure contains a half note on F5 and a quarter note on G5. The fourth measure contains a half note on A5 and a quarter note on B5. The fifth measure contains a half note on C6 and a quarter note on D6. The sixth measure contains a half note on E6 and a quarter note on F6. The seventh measure contains a half note on G6 and a quarter note on A6. The eighth measure contains a half note on B6 and a quarter note on C7. The piece ends with a double bar line.

—crease the fires; Mu—tual loves have mu—tual blisses, hearts a—

[illegible]

Handwritten musical notation for the first system of 'The Bird Song'. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of several measures, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The notation is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

—greed the same soft wi—shes; Still de—fire—ing, still re—

[illegible]

— qui—ring, looking still, and still ad——mire-ing.

[illegible]

Set by Mr. *Akeroyd*

## II.

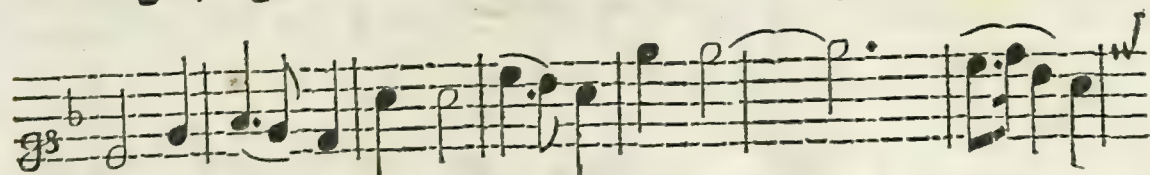
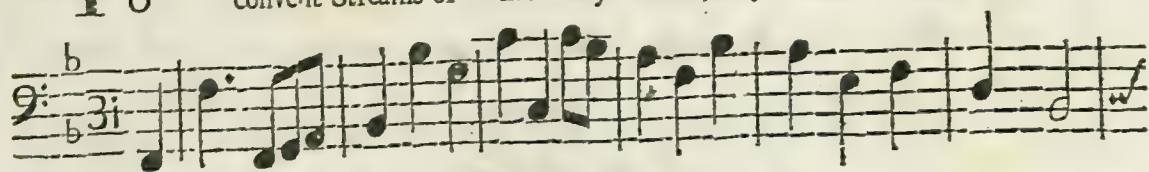
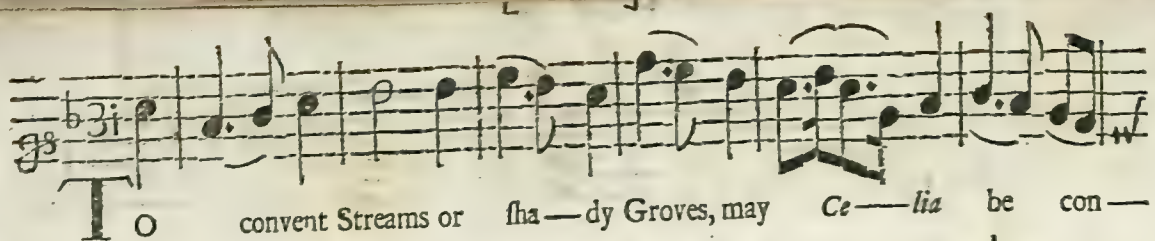
Some dear pleasing Raptures roul,  
Alike about each raviſh'd Soul;  
True Lovers wiſhes are not cloy'd,  
The object ne're ſo oft enjoy'd.  
Still, &c.

### III.

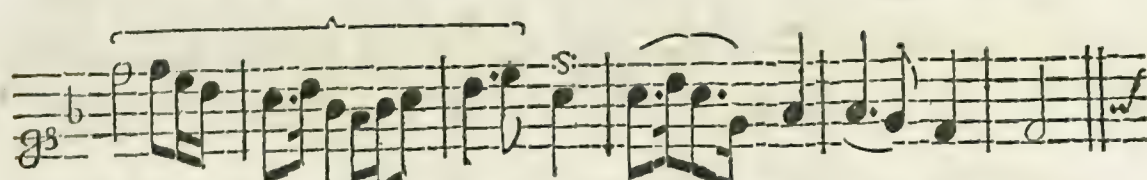
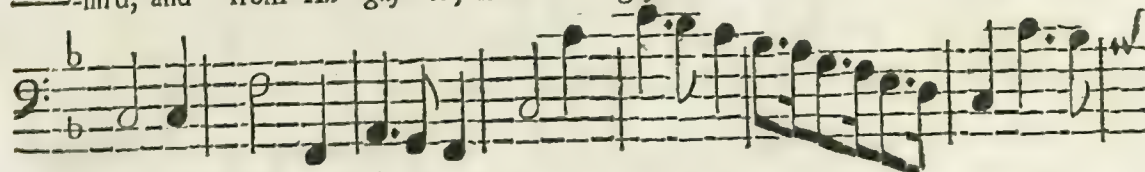
Free from Troubles, free from harms,  
Full of Honour, full of charms;  
— Bless these pairs ye Gods above,  
Crown their hearts with lasting Love.  
Still, &c.

C

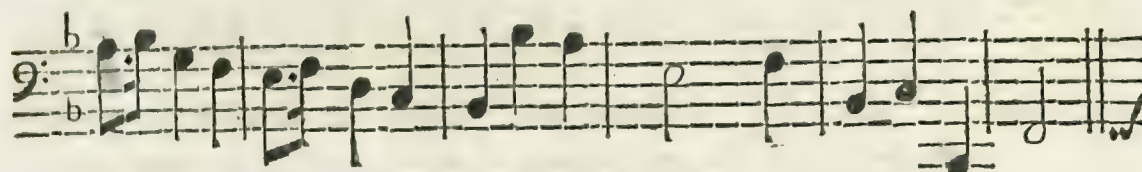




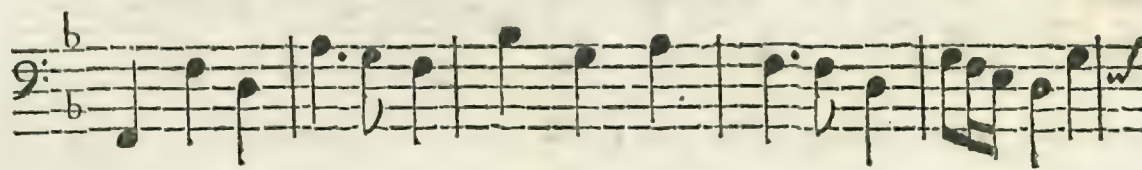
—fin'd, and from Au—gus—ta, from Au—gus—ta far re—



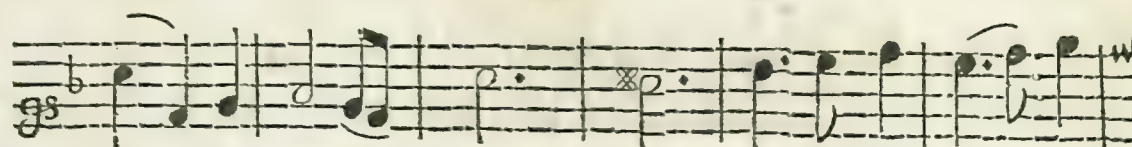
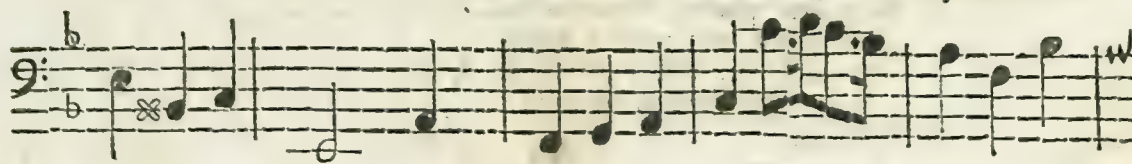
—move, — since hand—some and un—kind:



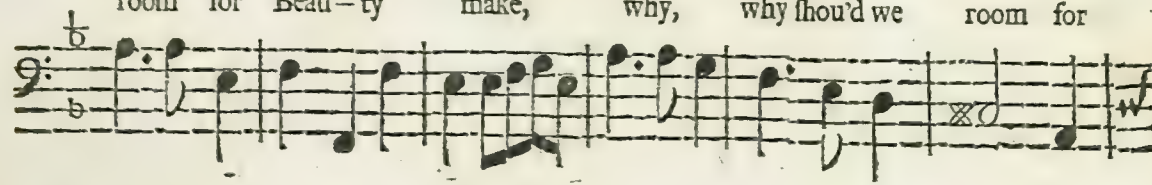
Let her not range nor plea—sures take, in Town which



no — — — — — ne will give; why shou'd we



room for Beau—ty make, why, why shou'd we room for





Beau—ty make, which will not let us live?

why shou'd we room for Beau—ty

make, which wi—ll not let us live?

Set by Mr. Ralph Courtivill.

### A Catch for 3. Voices, by Mr. King.

JACK, whither so fast? To the Devil; where shou'd I? I'm not in such

haft to go thither. A—dieu t'ye; I hope to in—treague yet many a

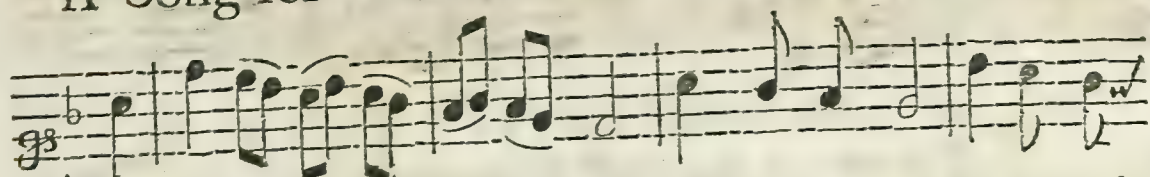
year, and Whore in a—bundance be—fore I come there; May you al—

ways be damn'd to the Hell of a Punck, while I at the Devil

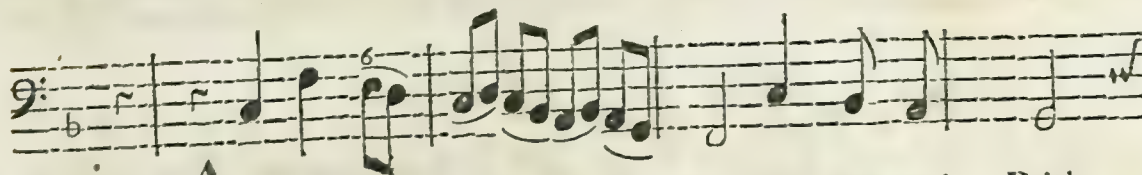
get Hea—ven—ly Drunk.



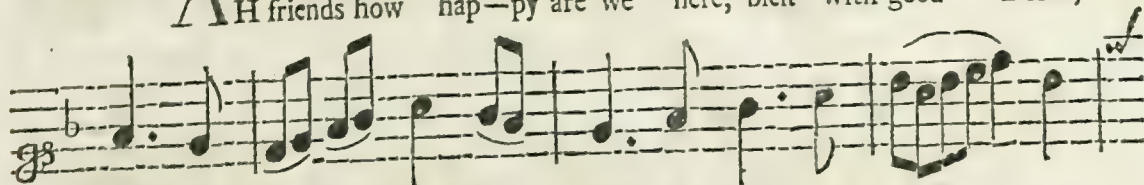
## A Song for two Voices, Set by Mr. Akeroyde.



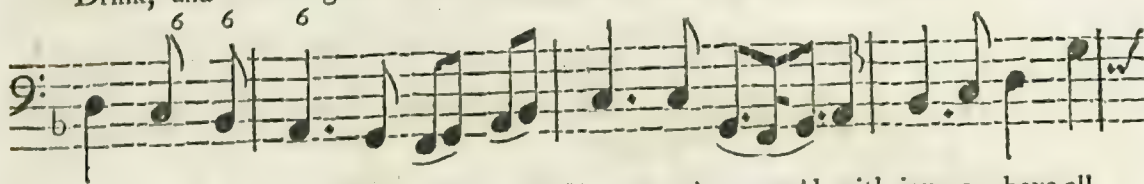
AH friends how hap-py are we here, blest with good Drink, blest with good



AH friends how hap-py are we here, blest with good Drink,



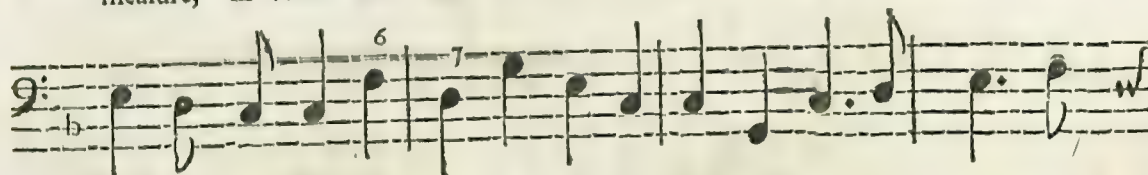
Drink, and with good Cheer; we're crown'd with joys a—bove all



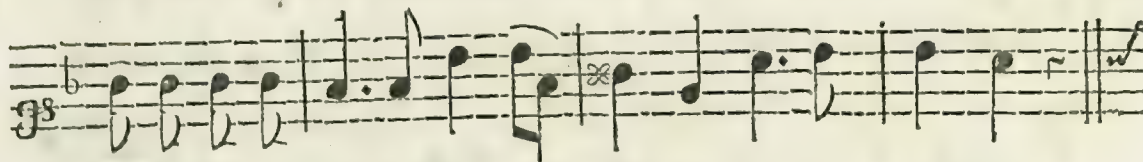
blest with good Drink, and with good Cheer; we're crown'd with joys a—bove all



measure, in War we fear to lose our life, in Love, in Love ther's



measure, in War we fear to lose our life, in Love, in Love, ther's



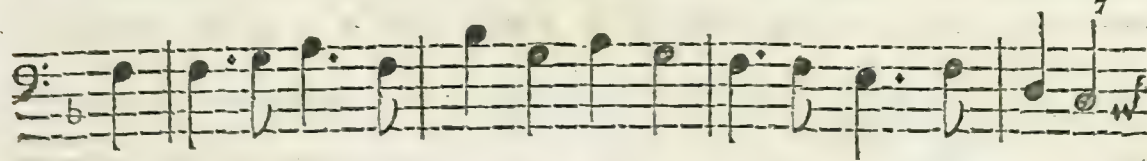
jea—lou—sy and strife, by Trade, and play we lose our Treasure.



jea—lou—sy and strife, by Trade, and play we lose our Treasure.



But here, but here, un—less our Bowl should fall, and some mis—chance should

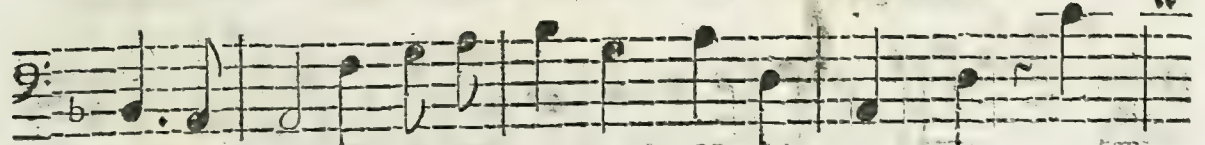


But here, but here, un—less our Bowl should fall, and some mis—chance should





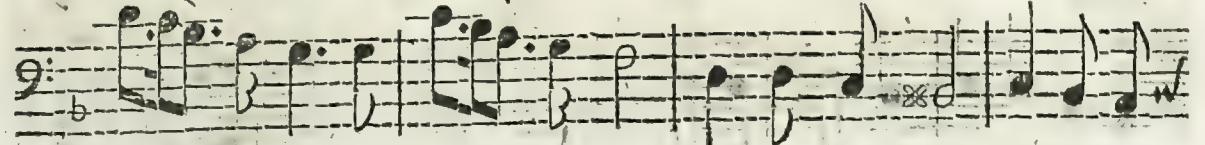
spill it all, nothing can e—ver baulk our pleasure, but here un—



spill it all, nothing can e—ver baulk our pleasure, but



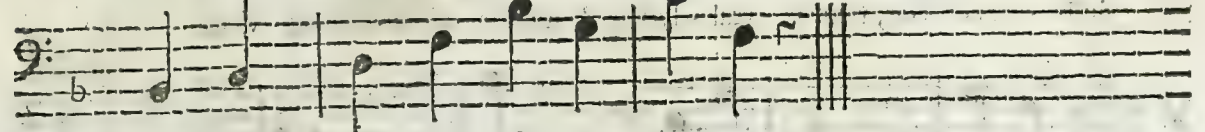
—less our Bowl shou'd fall, nothing can baulk, nothing can baulk,



here un—less our Bowl shou'd fall nothing can baulk, nothing can

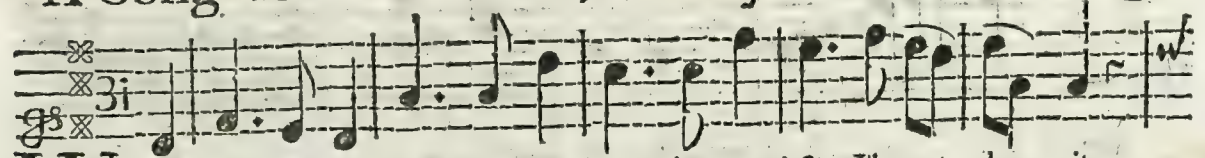


nothing can baulk, can baulk our pleasure.

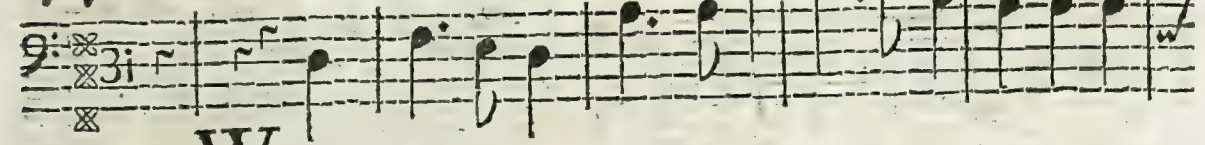


baulk, can baulk, can baulk our pleasure.

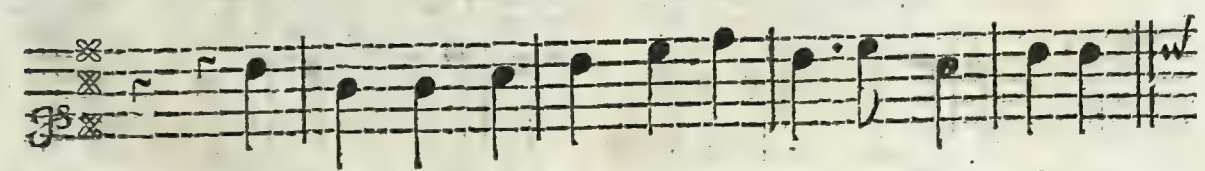
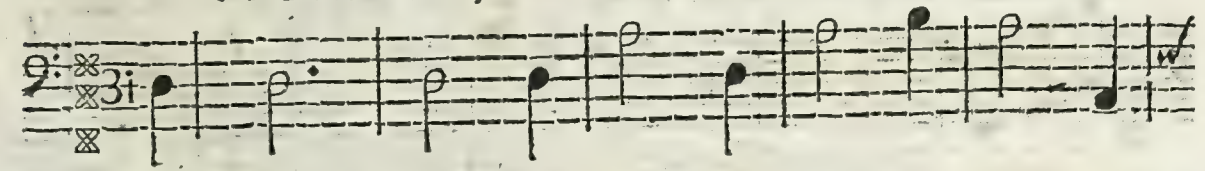
# A Song for 2. Voices, Set by Mr. Robert King.



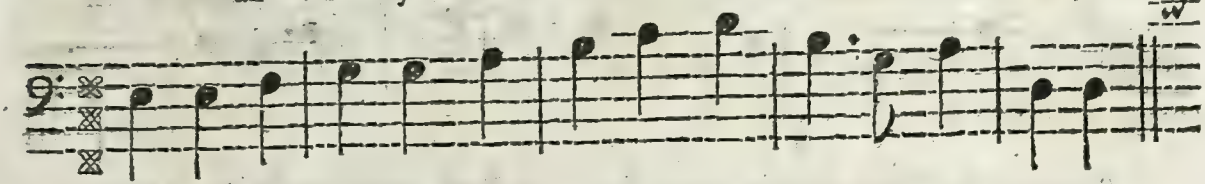
**W**HAT Beastly to drink! that's a jest, that's a jest, I'll not bear it;



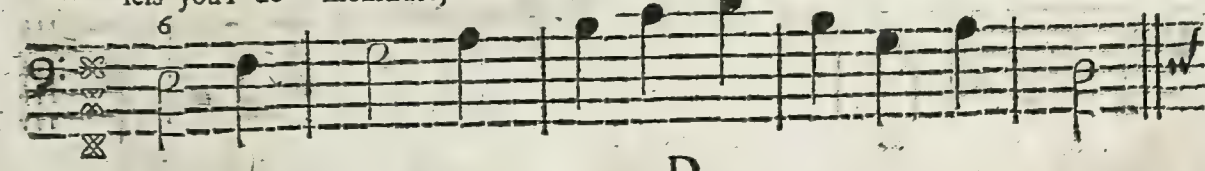
**W**HAT Beastly to drink! that's a jest, I'll not bear it; un—



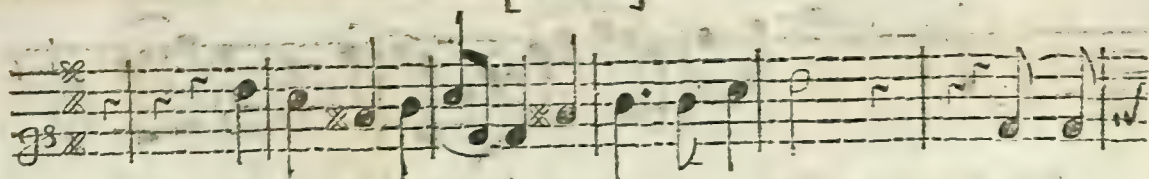
un—less you'l de—mon—strate Beasts e—ver drink Claret:



—less you'l de—monstrate, de—monstrate Beasts e—ver drink Claret:



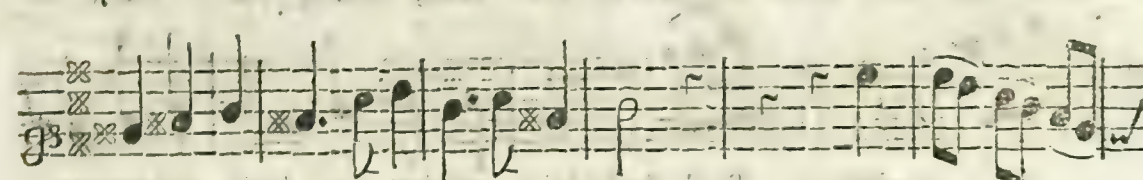
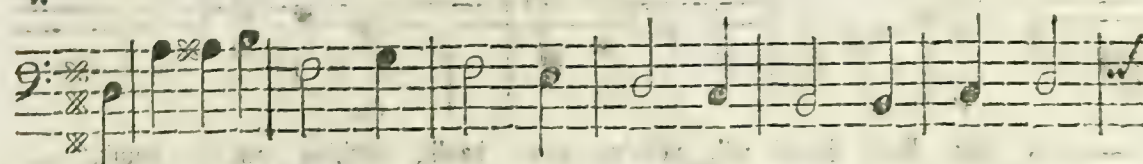




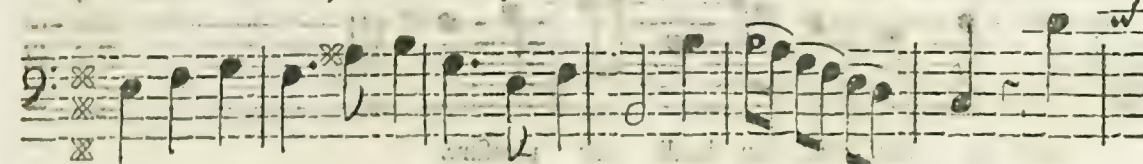
But hang't 'tis a fol-ly to make a dis-pute, 'tis the



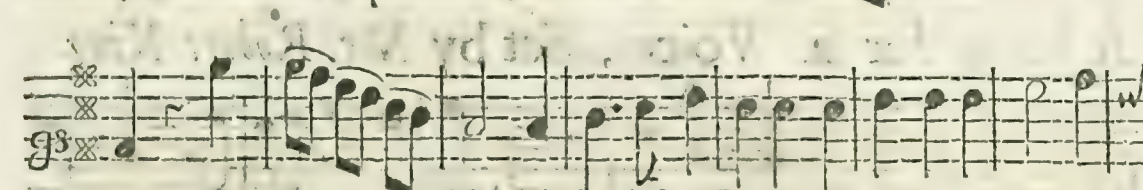
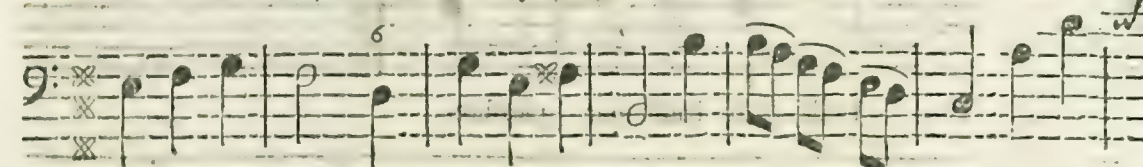
But hang't 'tis a fol-ly, a fol-ly to make a dis-pute, 'tis the dull fober,



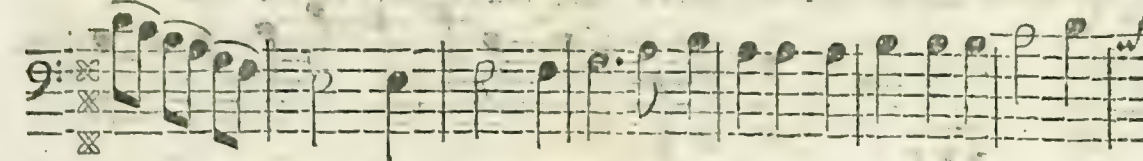
dull so-ber Sot, that is real-ly the Brute, for while we drink



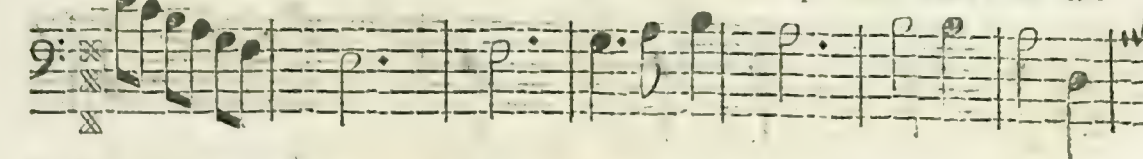
dull so-ber Sot, that is real-ly the Brute, for while we drink Wine, for



Wine, for while we drink Wine, let all men hereafter proclaim him a Beast that



while we drink Wine, drink Wine, let all men hereafter proclaim him a Beast that



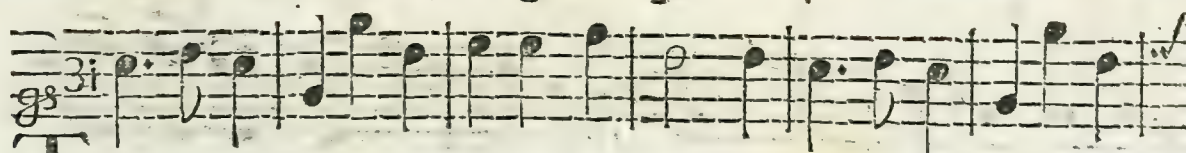
on-ly drinks Water, proclaim him a Beast, a Beast, who on-ly drinks Water.



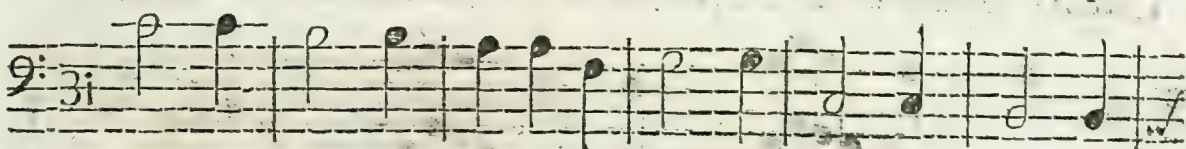
on-ly drinks Water, proclaim him a Beast, a Beast, who on-ly drinks Water.



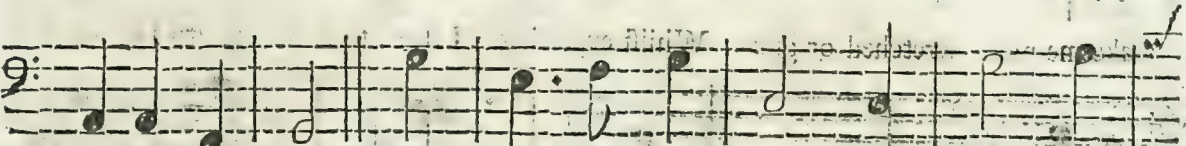




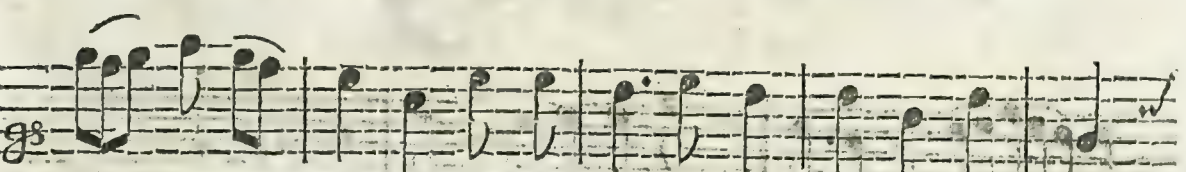
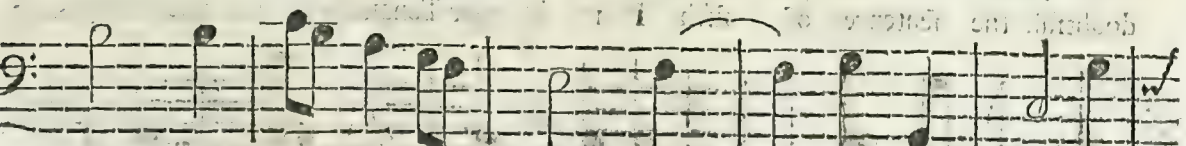
T ELL me thou fairest of all thy whole Sex, why so much good nature poor



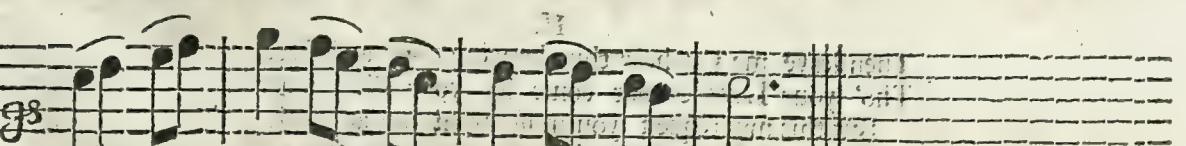
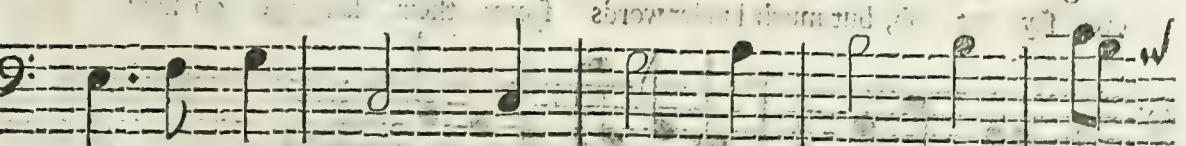
hearts doth per-plex; The un-grate-ful be-trays me-with hopes in my



sleep, but when the Dreams gone my heart's rea-dy to break; This



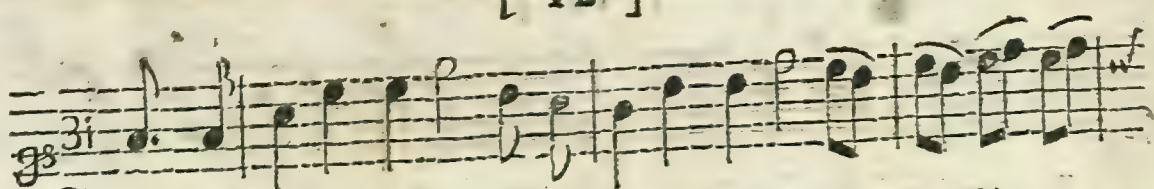
Charming sweet Creature hath a Soul so re-fin'd, that I'de give



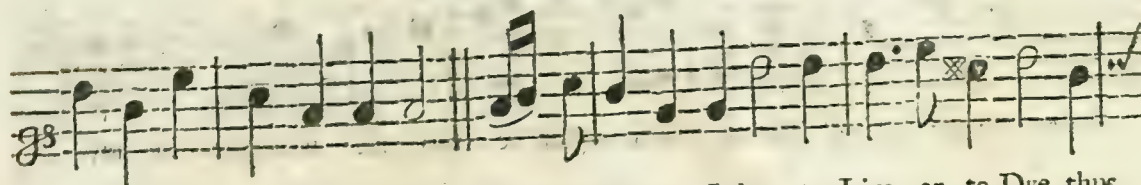
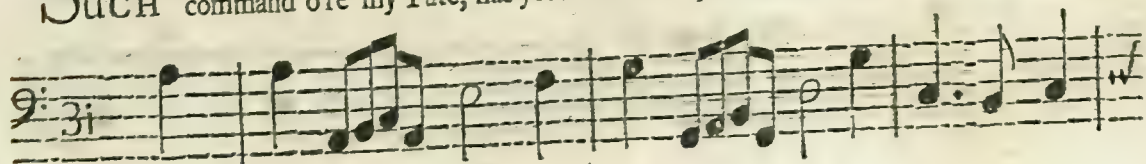
all the world that we were of one mind. Set by Dr. Staggins.



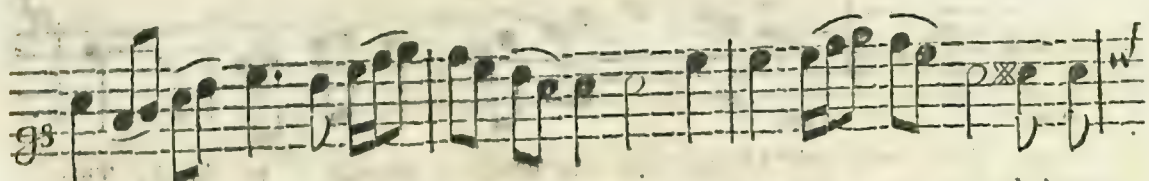
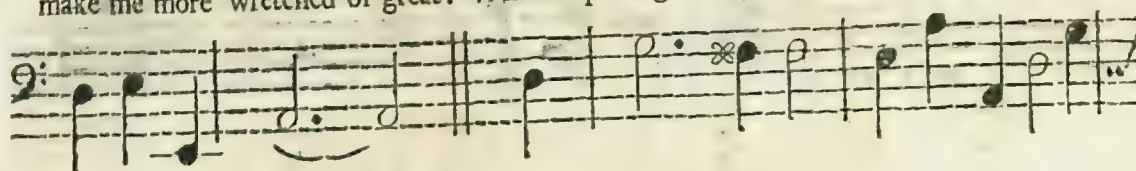




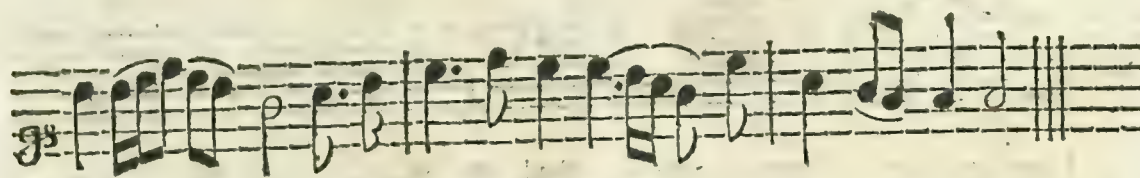
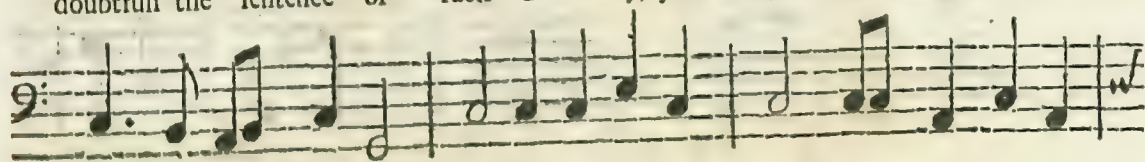
SUCH command o're my Fate, has your Love or your Hate, that no-thing can



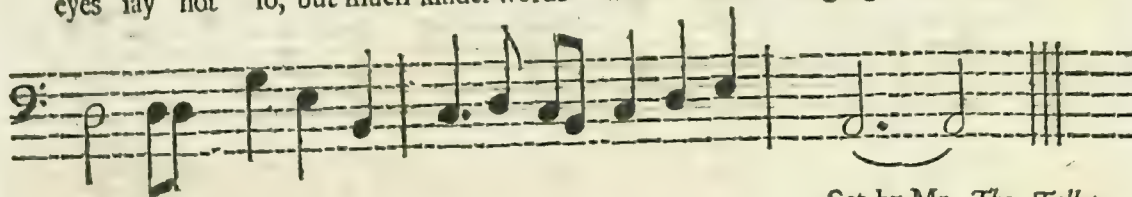
make me more wretched or great: Whilst expecting I lye to Live, or to Dye, thus



doubtfull the sentence of such I re-ly, your Tongue bids me goe, tho' your



eyes say not so, but much kinder words from their language do flow.

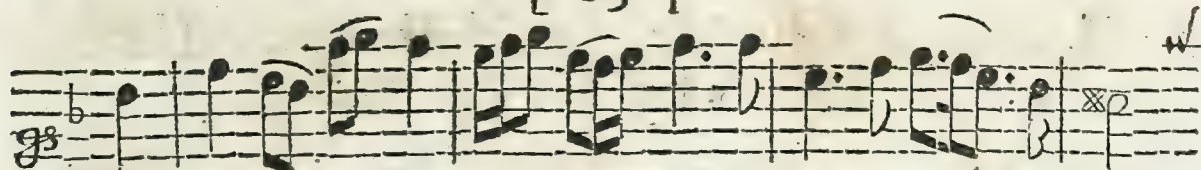


Set by Mr. Tho. Tallor.

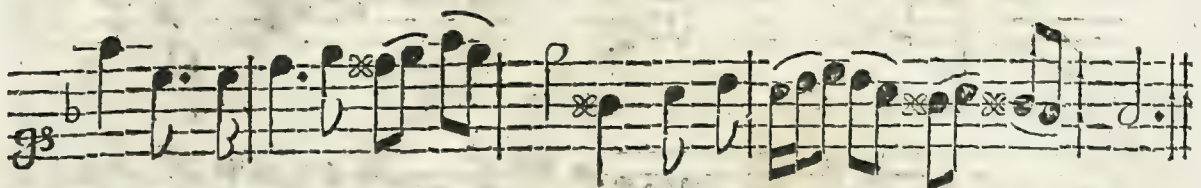
## II.

Then leave me not hear thus between hope and fear,  
 Tho' your Love cannot come let your Pitty appear;  
 But this my request you must grant me at least,  
 And more I le not ask but to you leave the rest;  
 If my Fate I must meet let it be at your Feet,  
 Death there with more joy than elsewhere I wou'd greet.






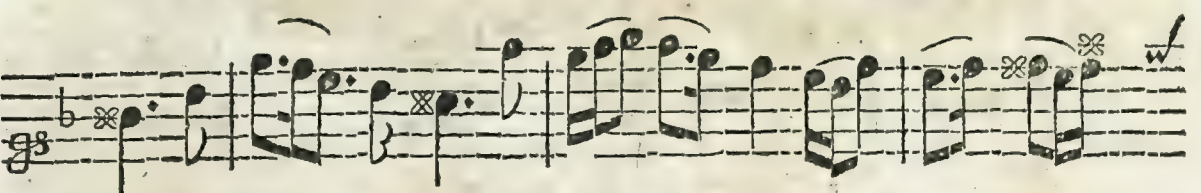
**T**HAT Scornfull *Sil-vias* Chaines I wear, the Groves and Streames can tell;



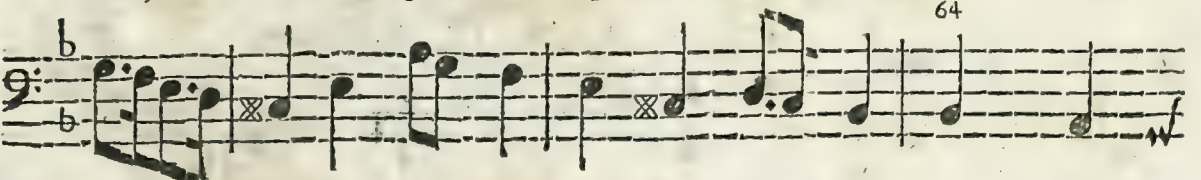
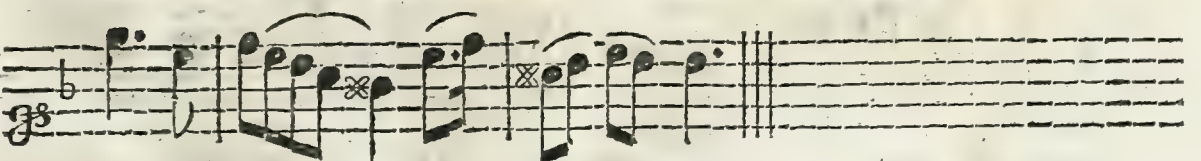
Those blasted with my Sighs ap—pear, these with my Tears, my Tears o're swell:



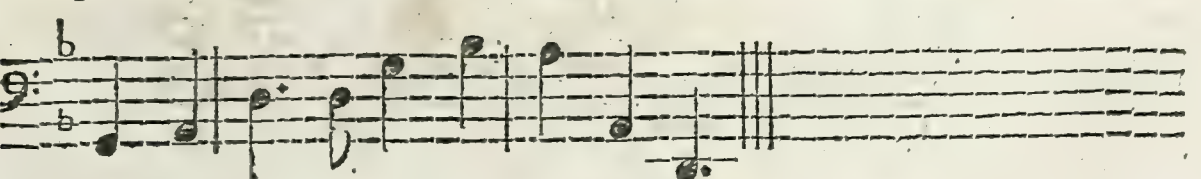

But Sighs and Tears bring no re—drefs, and Love that

fees, that fees me greive, con—spires with *Sil—via* to op—

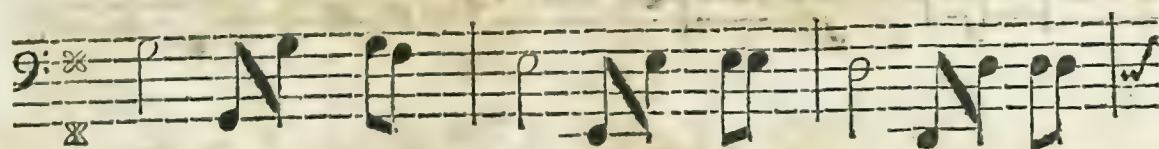
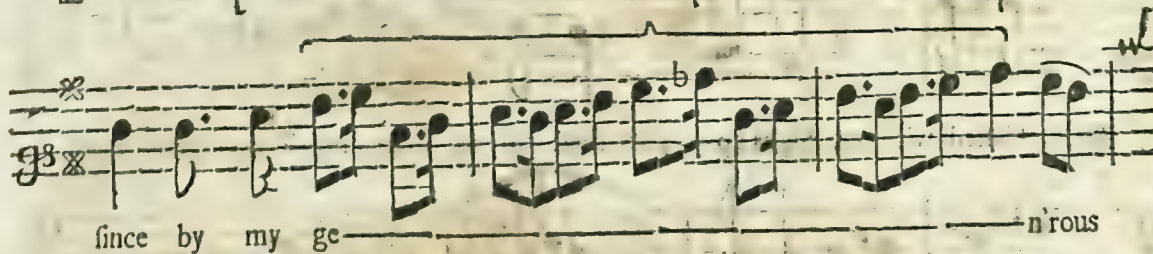
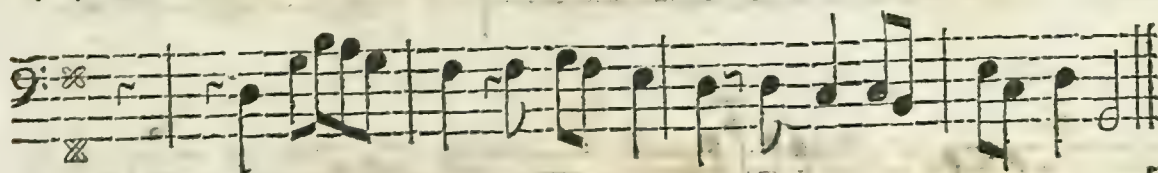
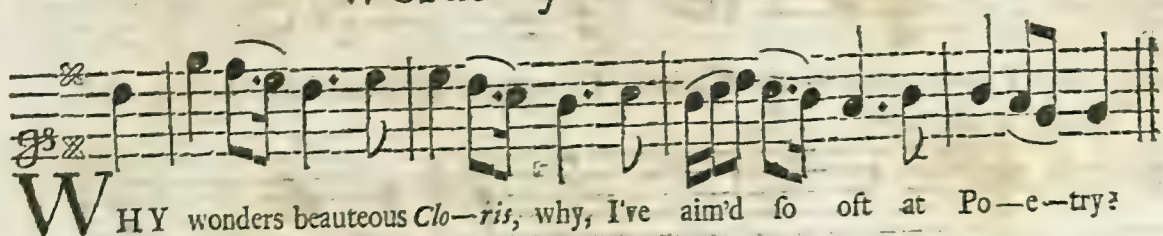



—press the heart he shou'd re—lieve. Set by Mr. *Akeroyd*.

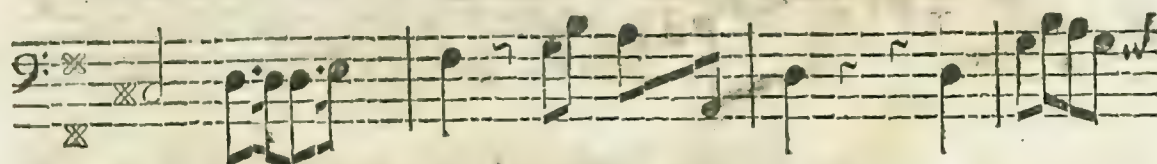




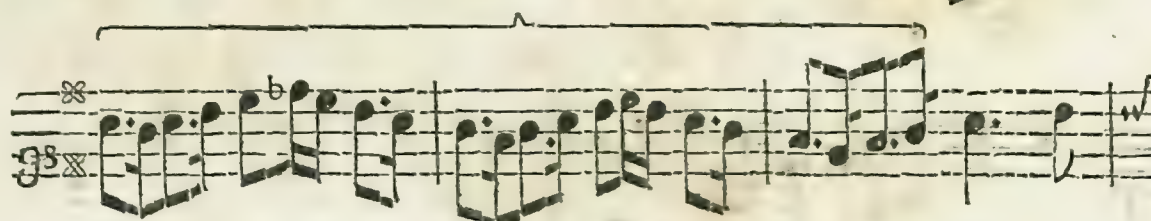
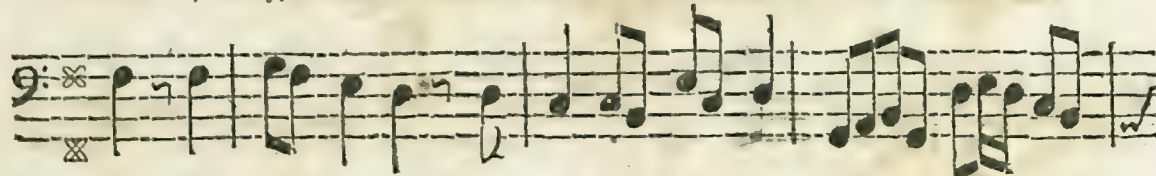
A Song Set by Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde*. The  
Words by Sir *Ed. S.*



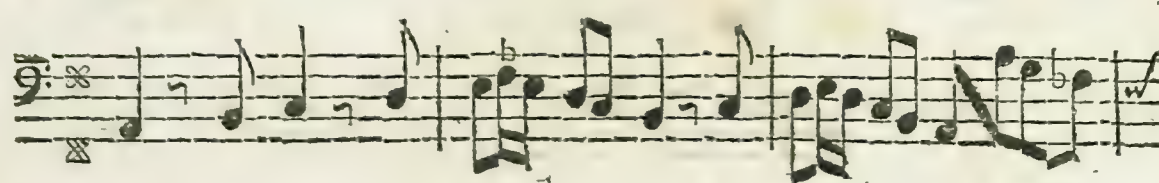
de—sti—ny, I've seen the ob—ject of her Eye; why wonders beauteous



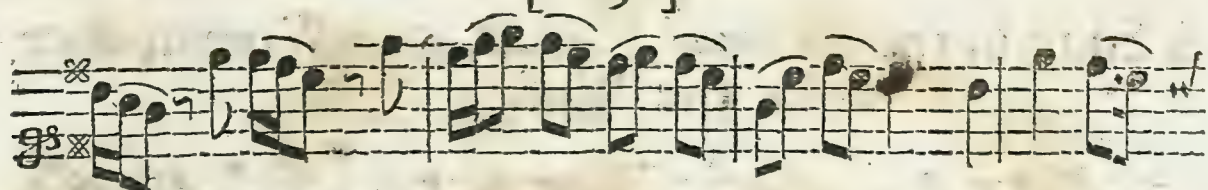
*Clo-ris*, why, I've aim'd so oft at Po-e—try? I'm in a



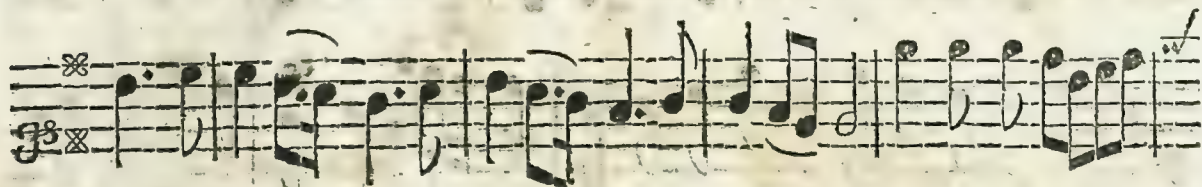
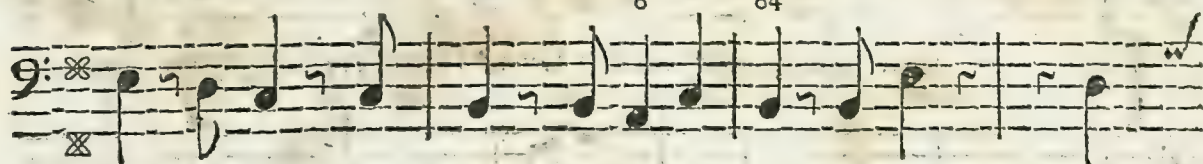
Hea — ven a —



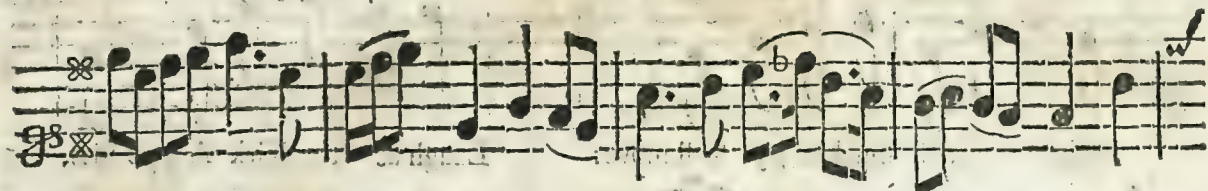
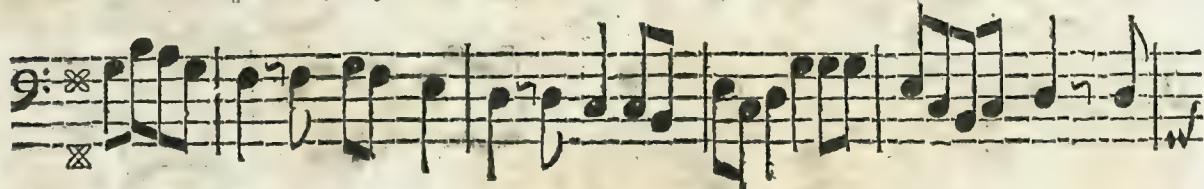




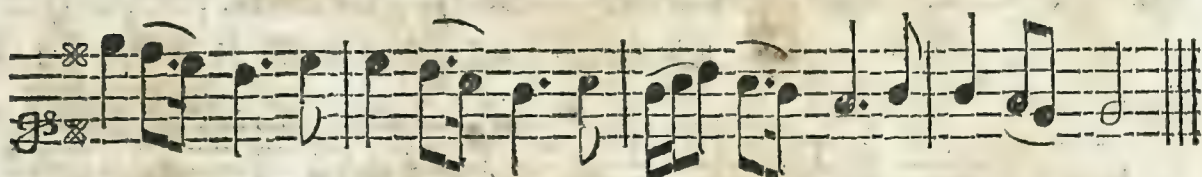
—las at least, when e're my Eyes doe on her feast: why wonders



beauteous Clo—ris, why, I've aim'd so oft at Po—e—try; and in that Hea—



—ven my rap—tures be im—prov'd by her di—vi—ni—ty? why



wonders beauteous Clo—ris, why, I've aim'd so much at Po—e—try?

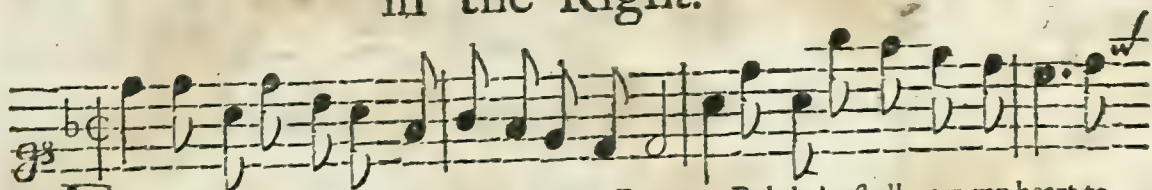


## II.

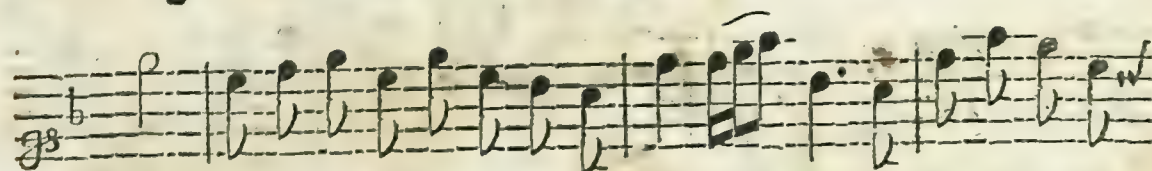
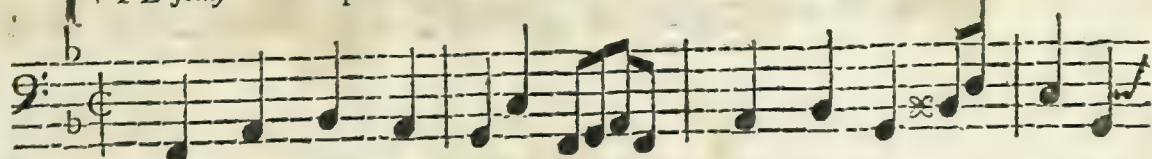
Translated thus to Heavens blest Shore,  
 I cease to be the thing before;  
 And in those hallow'd Plains receive,  
 Rewards too great for Earth to give;  
 Then *Cloris* can you so admire,  
 At what you only, you Inspire;  
 The mighty wonders of whose Eyes,  
 Produce your *Strephons* Rhapsodies.



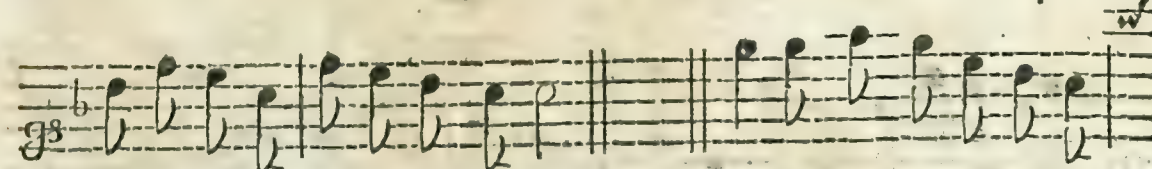
A Song in the *Richmond* Heirest, or a Woman once  
in the Right.



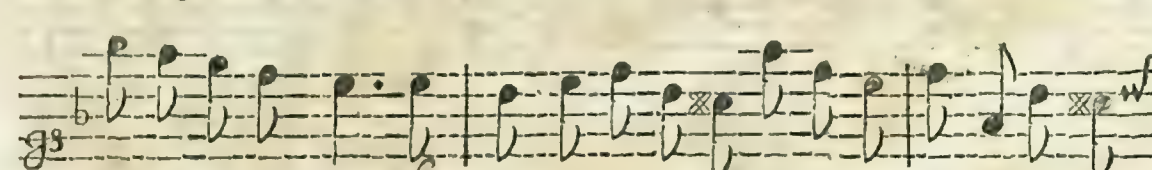
Y E Jocky never prattle meer so like a Loon, no Rebel e're shall garr my heart to



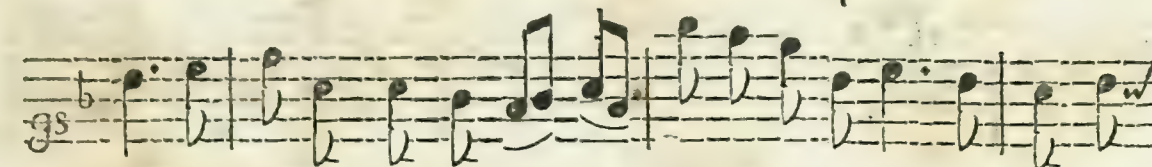
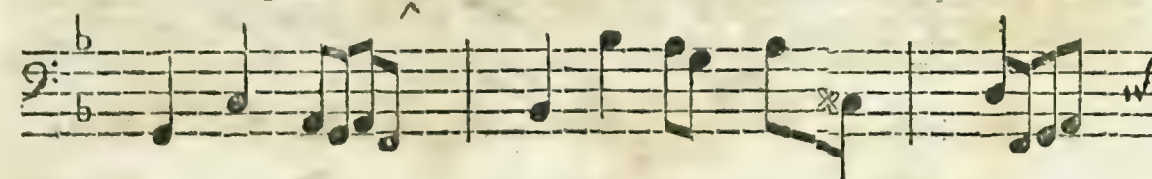
Love; Savvy was a Loyal Scot tho' dead and gone, and Jenny'd in her



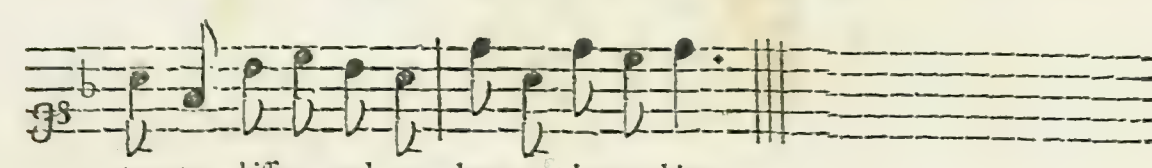
Daddy's way with muckle joy shall move: Laugh at the Kirk A-po-fles,



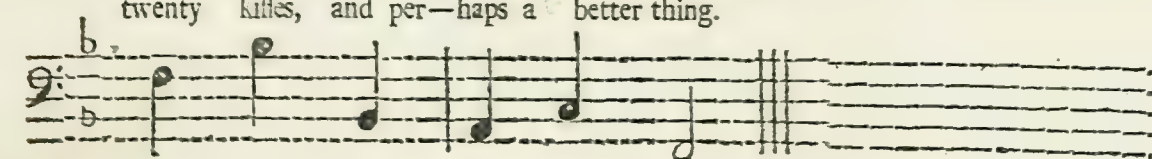
and the canting Swarms, fight with bonny Lad that love their Monarchy and



King; then Jenny fresh and blith, shall take thee in her Arms, and give thee



twenty kisses, and per-haps a better thing.

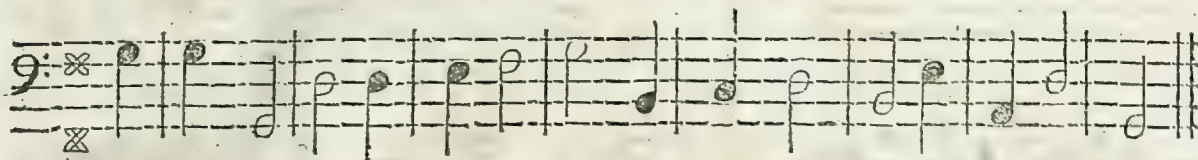




A Song for 2 Voices, Set by Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde*.  
The Words by Mr. *Jo. O.*



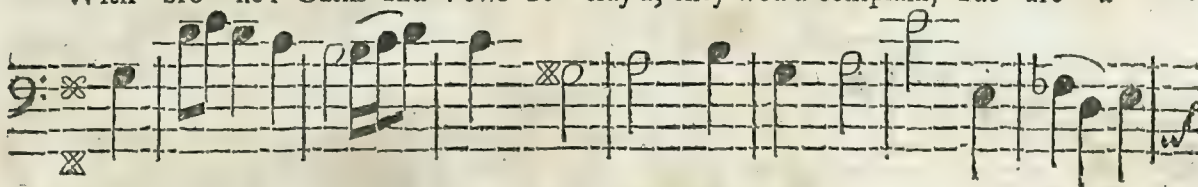
FOND Virgins run in—to the snare, false Men to catch their hearts pre—pare:



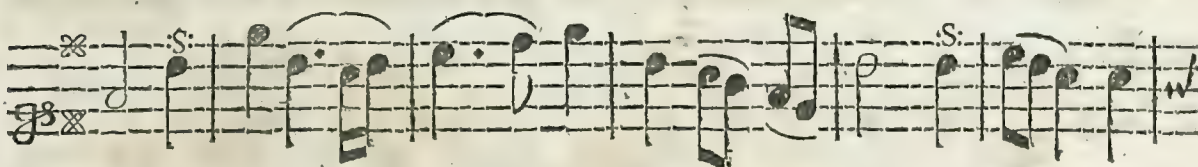
FOND Virgins run in—to the snare, false Men to catch their hearts pre—pare:



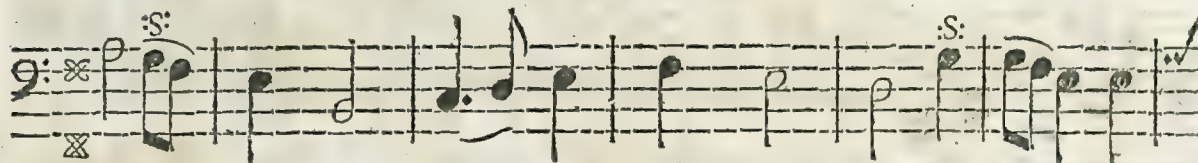
With bro—ken Oaths and Vows be—tray'd, they wou'd complain, but are a—



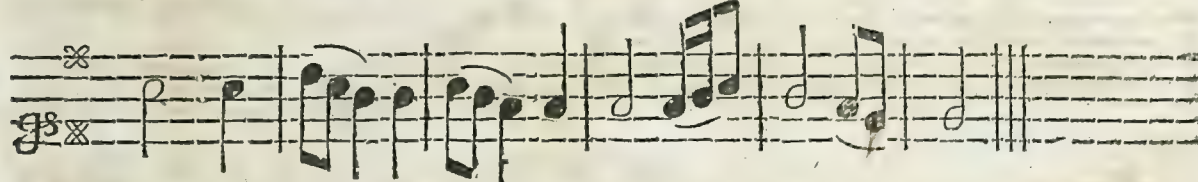
With bro—ken Oaths and Vows be—tray'd, they wou'd complain, but are a—



—fraid; and each that Lifts her self for a Wife, is doom'd to



—fraid; and each that Lifts her self, a Wife is doom'd to



praise, is doom'd, is doom'd to praise the care—full life.



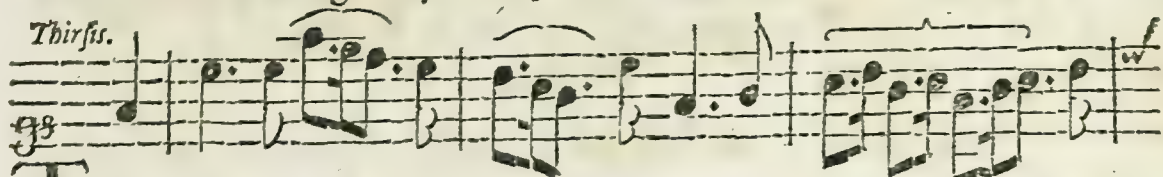
praise is doom'd to praise the care—full life.

II

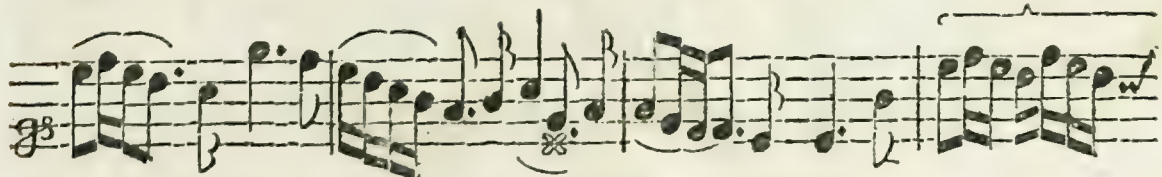
Praise the carefull life,  
The Nymph she is both gay and wise,  
The tempting Bait discreetly flies;  
She loves her self, she loves her friend,  
She looks for joys and has her end;  
She only can her freedom boast,  
Which when resign'd is ever lost.



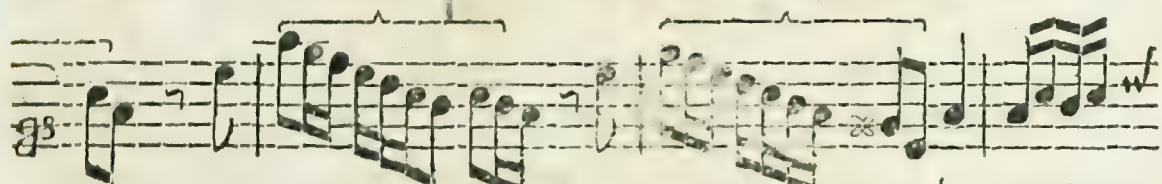
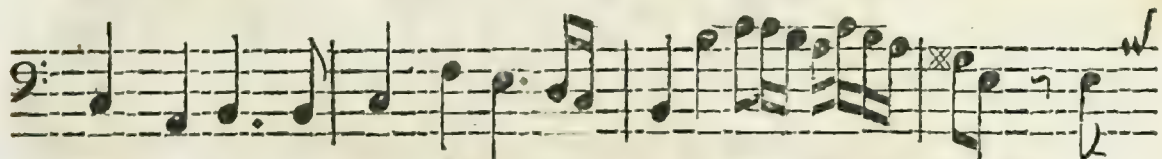
## A Pastoral Dialogue by Mr. Jo. O. Set by Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.

*Thirsis.*

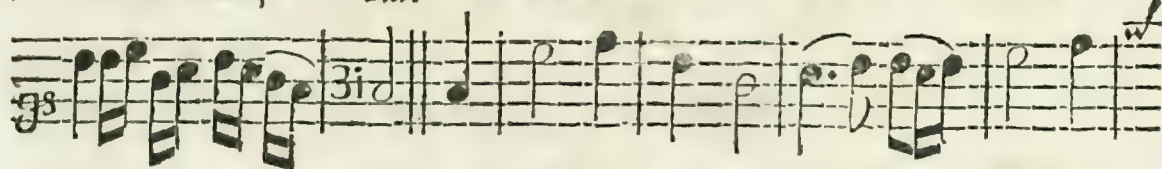
**T**HE Queen of Beau—ty lov'd a Swain, and le—ft her



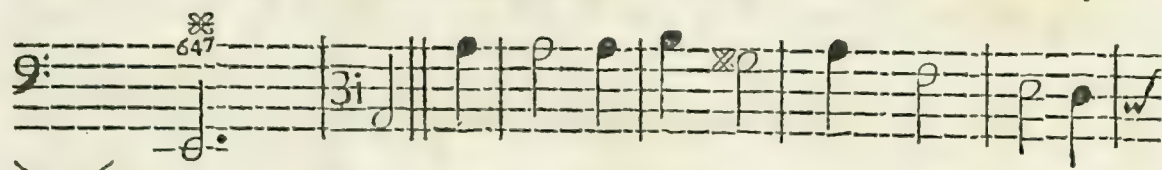
throne a—bove; To sport it on the hum—ble plain, and re—



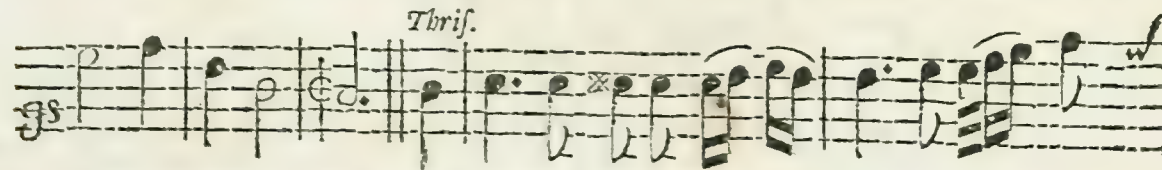
—vel, and re—vel, and re—vel—i—

*Flor.*

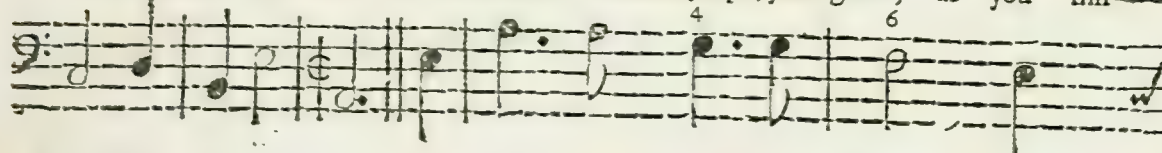
—n his Love. But what's the Wanton Queen to me, my—



Reason is my Rule; Nor wou'd it e—ver be with thee, if—

*Thris.*

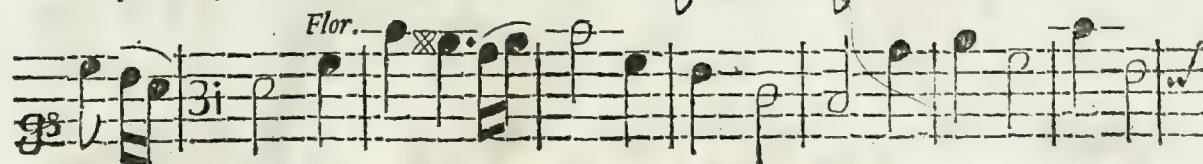
I shou'd play the fool: Were Reason, cruel Nymph, your guide, as you mis—



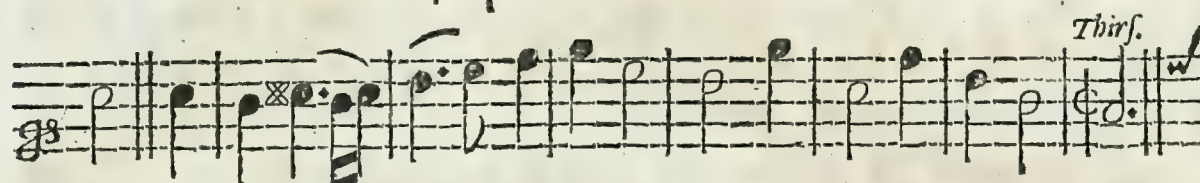
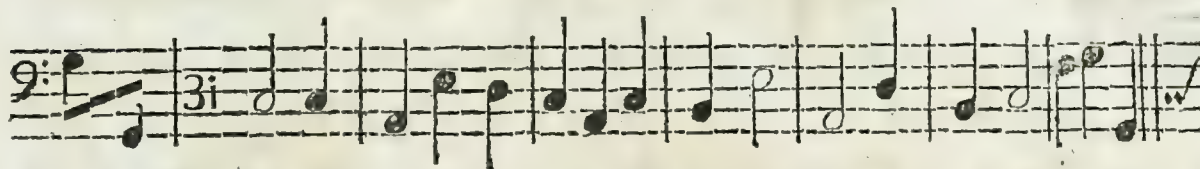




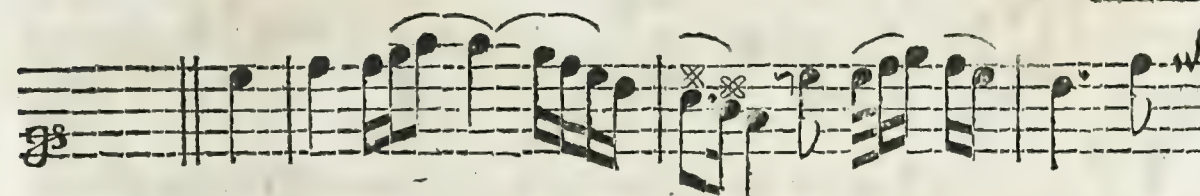
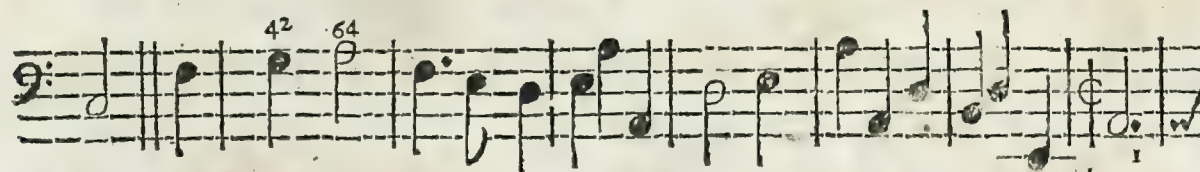
—take it is, you would not glo—ry in your pride, nor shun Loves



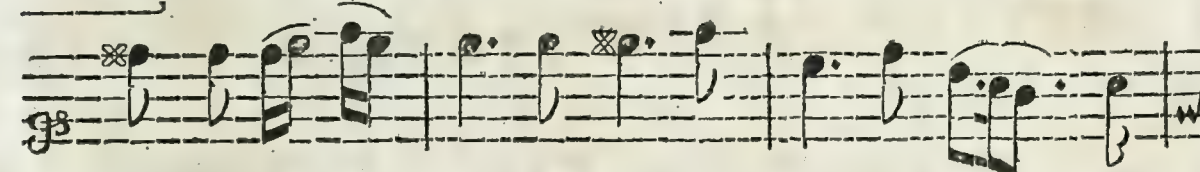
sacred bliss. My nu-me-rous Flocks are more than thine, my Fleeces fi—ner



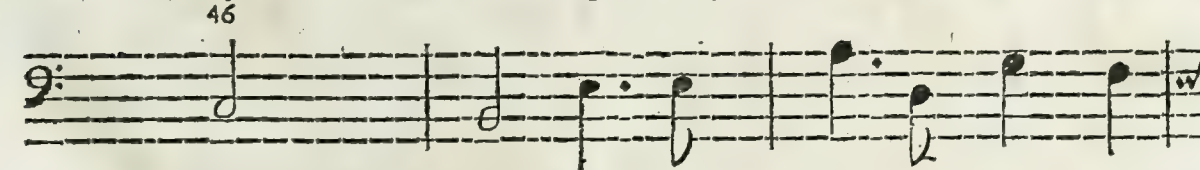
Wooll; The herds that yon—der graze are mine, my Barnes are al—so full;



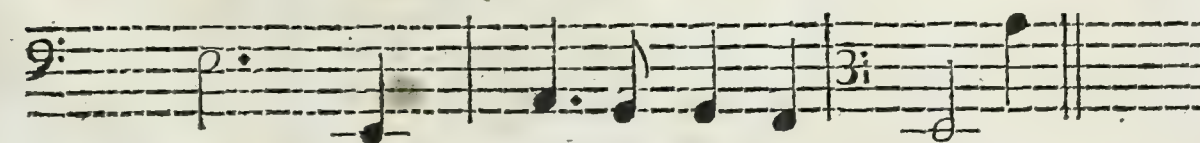
But mine o——h! fates are thine of store, my



herds, my flocks but few; I plead my Love I ask no



more, since love does a—ll sub—due.



Turn over to the CHORUS.

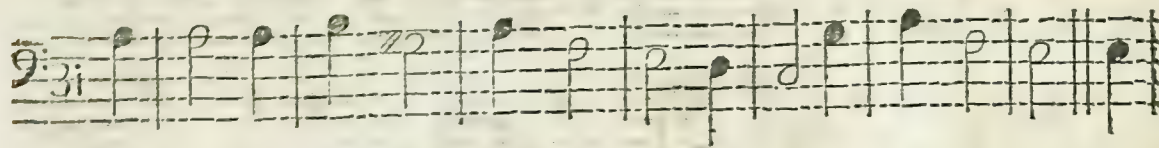


## CHORUS.

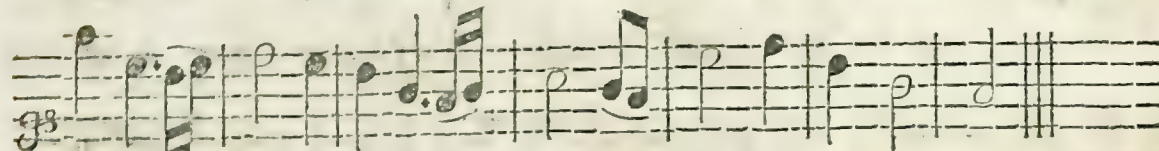


Then let's to yon—der Grove re—move, the coolest of the plain: There

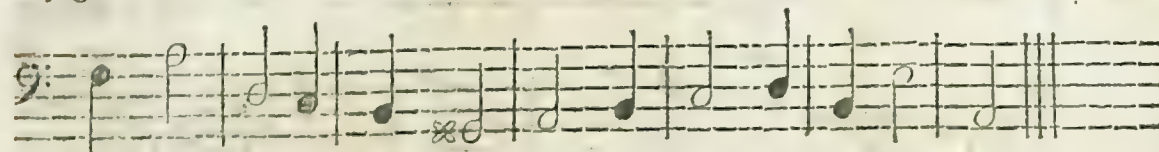
## CHORUS:



Then let's to yon—der Grove re—move, the coolest of the plain: There

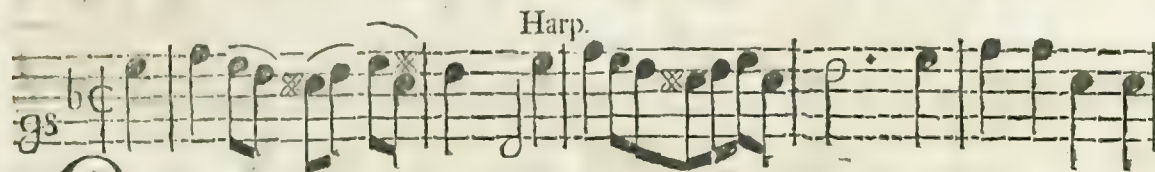


sing the Charmes of mu—tual love, so to our Flocks a—gain.

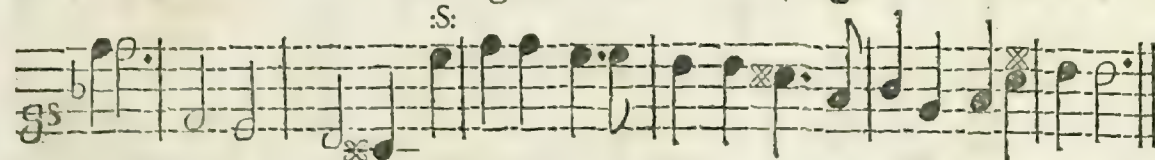


sing the Charmes of mu—tual love, so to our Flocks a—gain.

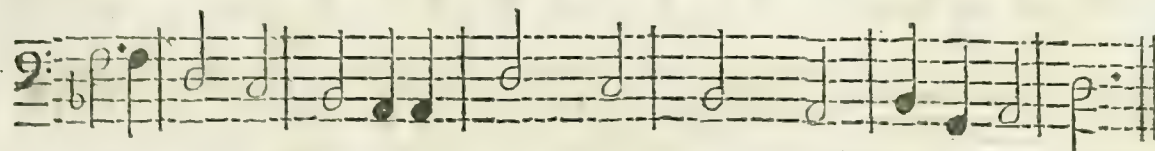
## A Song in the Richmond Heirest, or a Woman once in the Right.



OF no—ble Race was Shinking, ————— The Line of Omon



Tudor, thum,thum,thum,thum, But her renown is fled and gone, since cruel Love persu'd her.



## II.

Fair Winnies Eyes bright shining,  
And Lilly breasts Alluring;  
Poor Jenkins heart with fatal Dart,  
Have wounded past all curing.

## III.

Her was the prettyest Fellow  
At Foot-ball, or at Crickett;  
At Hunting Chace, or nimble Race,  
Cots-plut how her cou'd prick it.

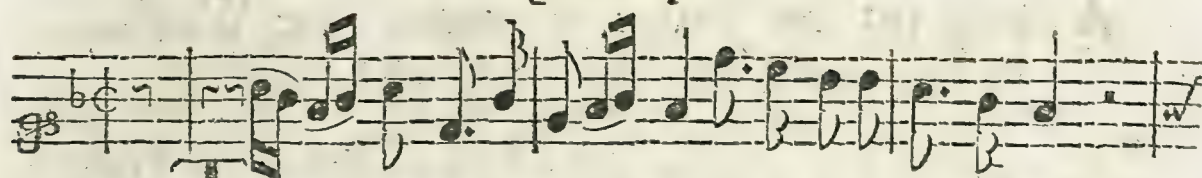
## IV.

But now all joy's are flying,  
All pale and wan her Cheeks too;  
Her heart so akes, her quite forsakes,  
Her Herrings, and her Leeks too.

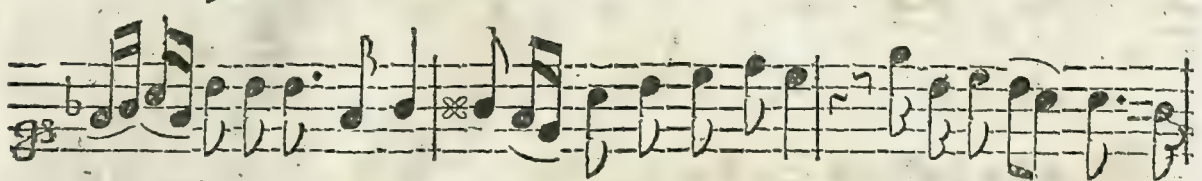
## V.

No more must dear Metheglin,  
Be top'd at good *Mongomery*;  
And if Love fore, smart one week more,  
Adieu Cream-Cheese and Flomery.

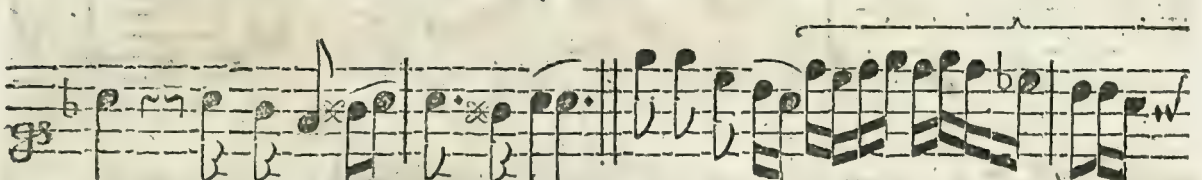
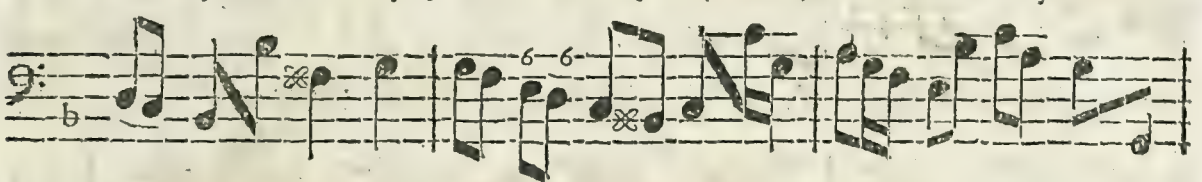




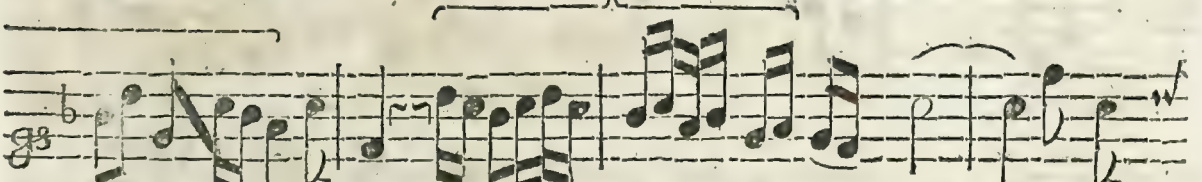
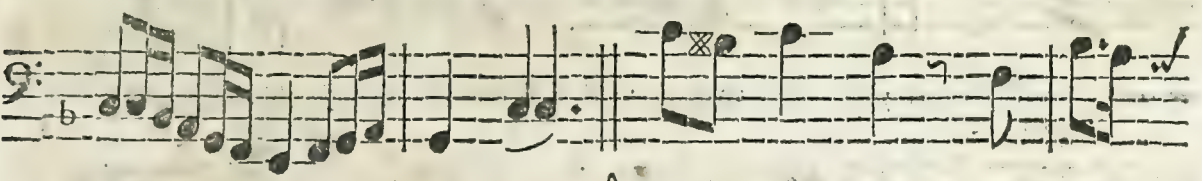
O yon—der sweet de—li—cious shade, lovely *Silvia* let's retire ;



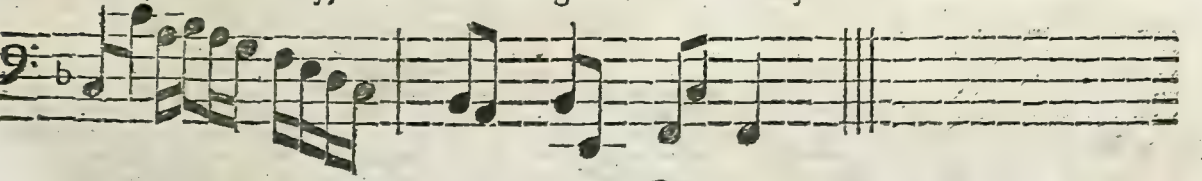
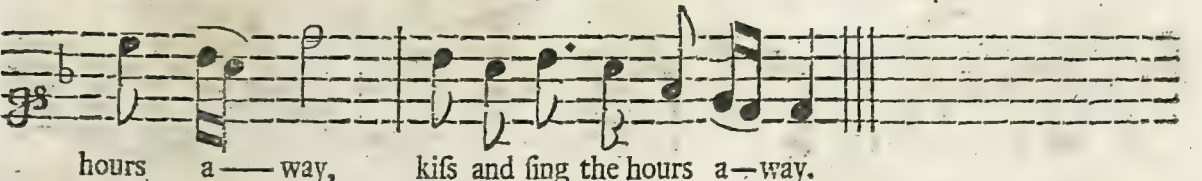
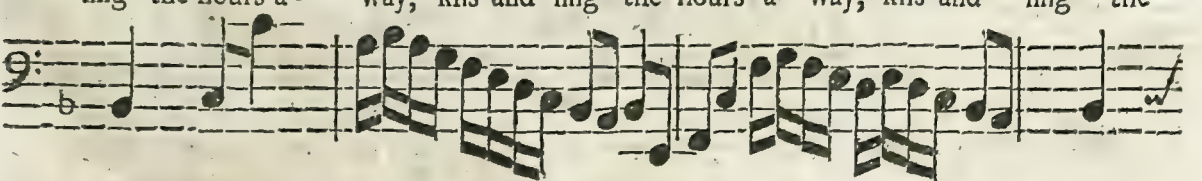
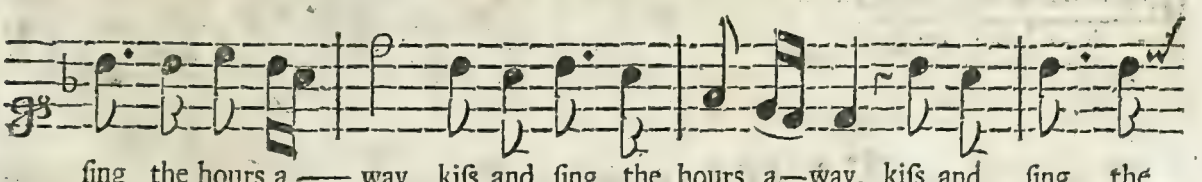
careles—ly on Rosés lay'd, loose to ev'ry warm desire, loose to e—very warm de—



—fire, loose to e—v'ry warm de—fire. Let us wanton lau —



—ug and play, lau — gh and play, kifs and



hours a — way, kifs and sing the hours a—way.



A Song on the *Italian* Woman, The Words  
by Mr. Heningham. Set by Mr R. Courtiville.

W HERE *Phæbus* with his kindest, kind ————

est, kind — est look vi — fits his Neighbours a ————

ll the year; that place this Beautious Nymph, this Beautious,

this Beau ——— tious Nymph, forsook to en — ter — tain and warm us

here, here, here, to en — ter — tain and warm us here, where *Phæbus*



here: So the sweet Cho—rif—ters of Air, who long have felt his

scor— ching heat, to

Sylvian Scenes of Woods re—pair, to Sylvian Scenes of Woods re—pair; and

there in sha— des their Songs re—peat, and there in sha—

des, and there, and there in shades, in

shades their Songs re—peat, and there, and there in shades, in sha—



des their Songs repeat, re—peat, re—peat their

Songs re—peat, re—peat

wonder what those Lovers mean, who say, they have giv'n, they have giv'n their hearts a way: Some good kind Lo—ver tell me how, for mine is but a tor—ment now; some good kind Lo—ver tell me how, for

mine is but a tor—ment now.

II  
 If so it be one place both hearts contain,  
 For what, for what do they complain;  
 What Courtesies can Love do more,  
 Then to joyn hearts that were parted before;  
 What Courtesies can Love do more,  
 Than to joyn hearts that were parted before.

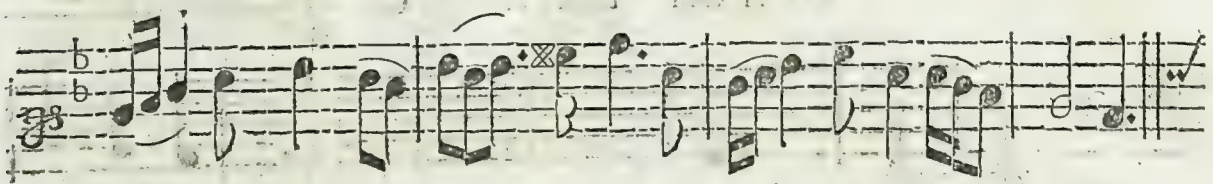
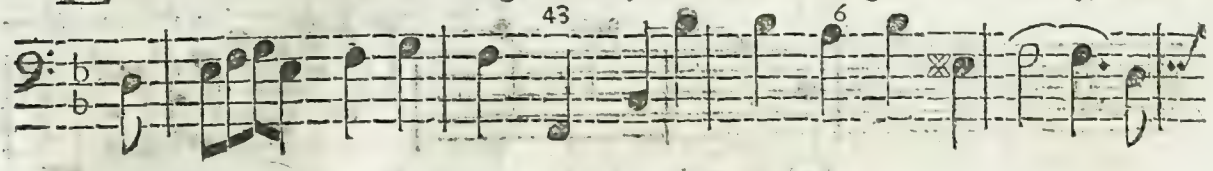
Set by Mr. John Barrett.



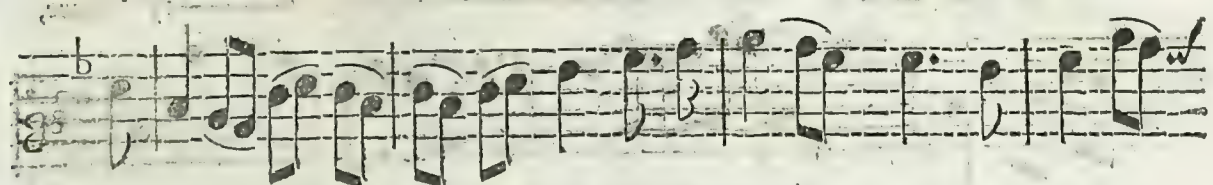
A Scotch Song set by Mr. Robert King.



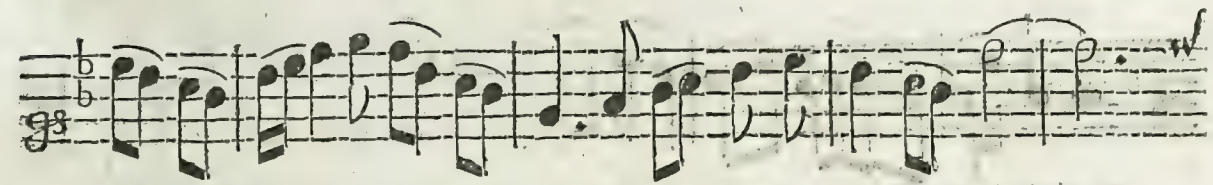
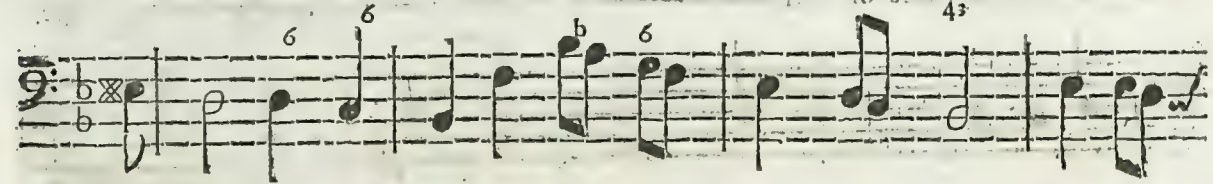
ERE Time had run so long a race, when Wil — ly gan en — trea — ty, then



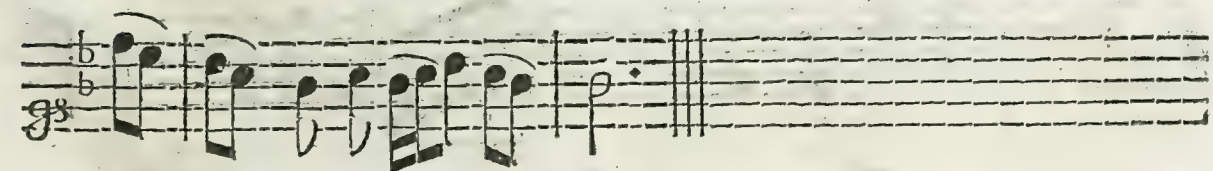
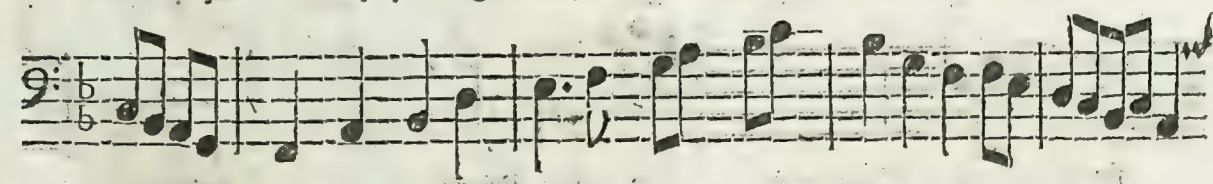
Ize was thought a bon — ny Lass, and call — ed wondrous pretty:



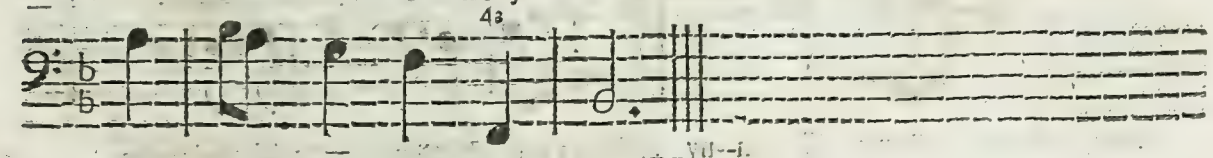
But af — ter Wedlock — knot was wove, and the Lad my Charms had worn, he



curs'd my ea — sy yeilding Love, and wish'd he had had my scorn,



and wish'd he had had my scorn.





A Song for two Voices by Mr. Henry Purcell.

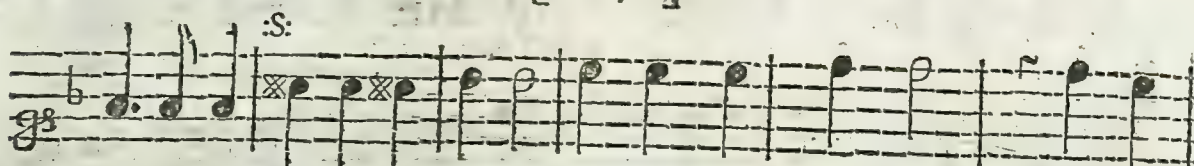
And in each track of Glo—

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes several measures with eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. There are also rests and decorative symbols, including 'x' and 'y' marks above certain notes. The handwriting is fluid and characteristic of 18th-century manuscript notation.

ry, since of Glo ry, since

for their lov'd Coun—try, or their Prince. Princes that

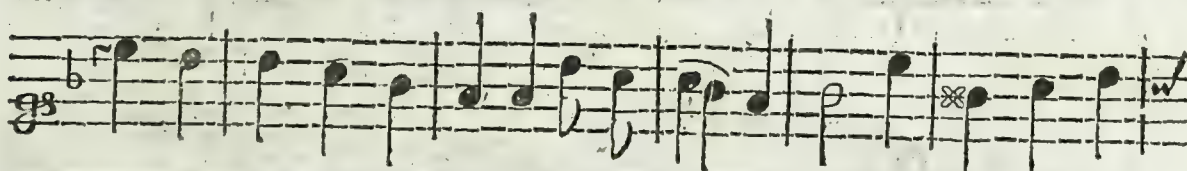
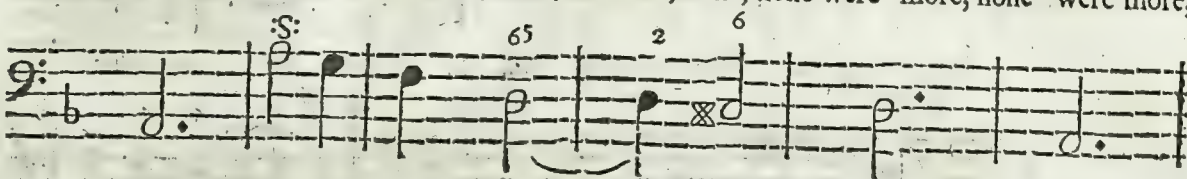




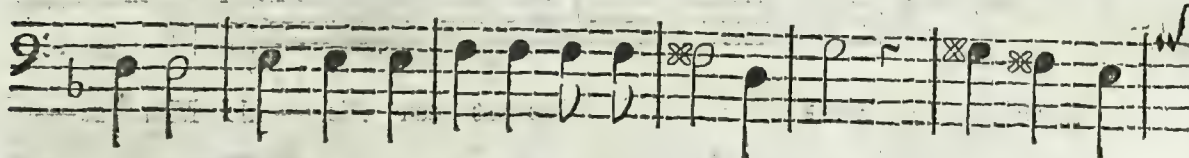
Roy-al-ty; none were more ready, none were more rea—dy, none, none,



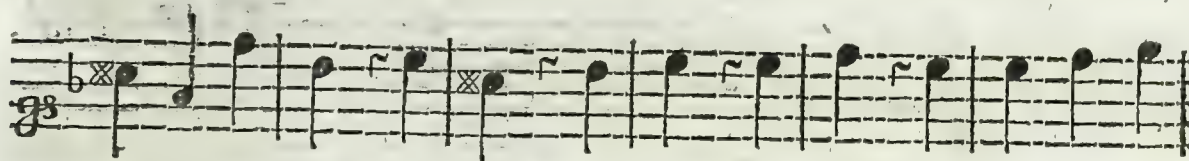
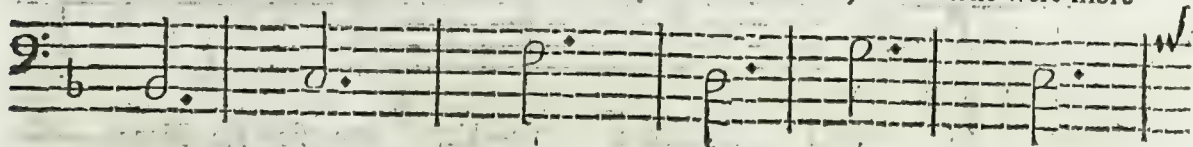
Roy-al-ty; none, none, none, none, none were more, none were more;



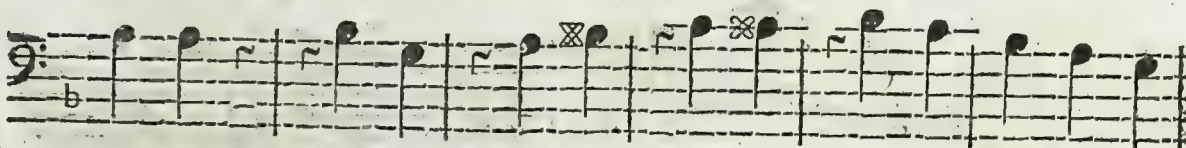
none, none, none were more ready in—dif—trefs to fave; no, none were more



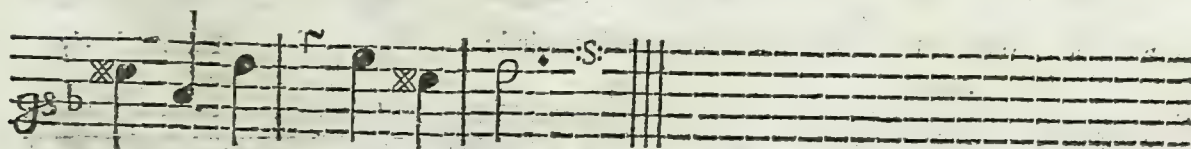
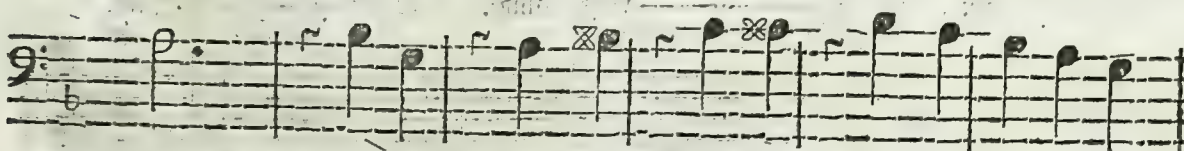
ready, none were more ready in—dif—trefs to fave, none were more



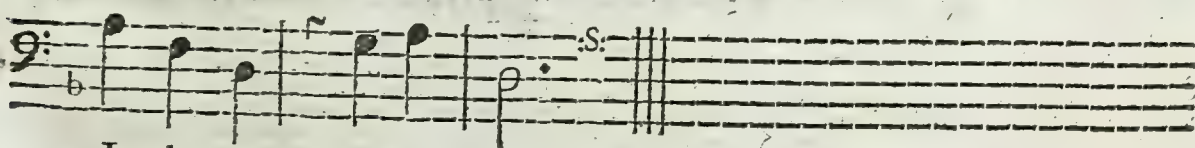
Loyal, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more



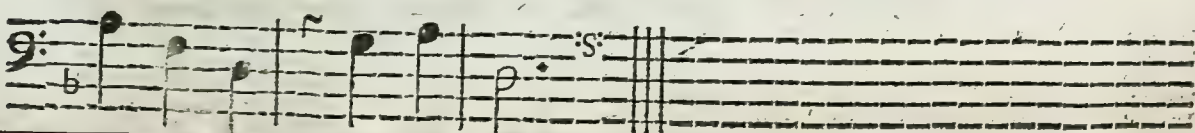
Loyal none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more



Loyal none, none more Brave.



Loyal none, none more Brave.





[ 28 ]  
A Song for 2 Voices. By Mr. Robert King.

A musical score for two voices, labeled 'A Song for 2 Voices'. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The melody consists of several measures, including a half note, a quarter note, and a half note, with various rests and accidentals. The notation is somewhat faded and appears to be a scan of a printed score.

HOW long must Women with in vain, a con—stant

How long must Wo—men with in vain a constant

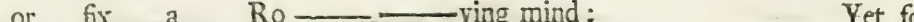
A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes several eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and several rests. The ink is dark and the paper shows signs of age and wear.

[illegible]

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, featuring a bass clef and various notes and rests. The notation includes a key signature change from one flat to two flats, indicated by a double bar line and a key signature change symbol. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change symbol.

[illegible]

tain, or fix a Ro ———— ving mind: Yet fond—ly





yet fond—ly we our selves deceive, and emp—ty hopes pur—sue;

we our selves, our selves de—ceive, and emp—ty hopes pur—sue, Tho'

56 43 43

Tho' false to o—thers, we be—lieve they will to us prove true,

false, tho' false to o—thers we be—lieve they will to us prove true,

5 6 6 6 6 5

tho' false to o—thers, tho' false to o—thers, tho' false to

Tho' false to o—thers, tho' false to o—thers,

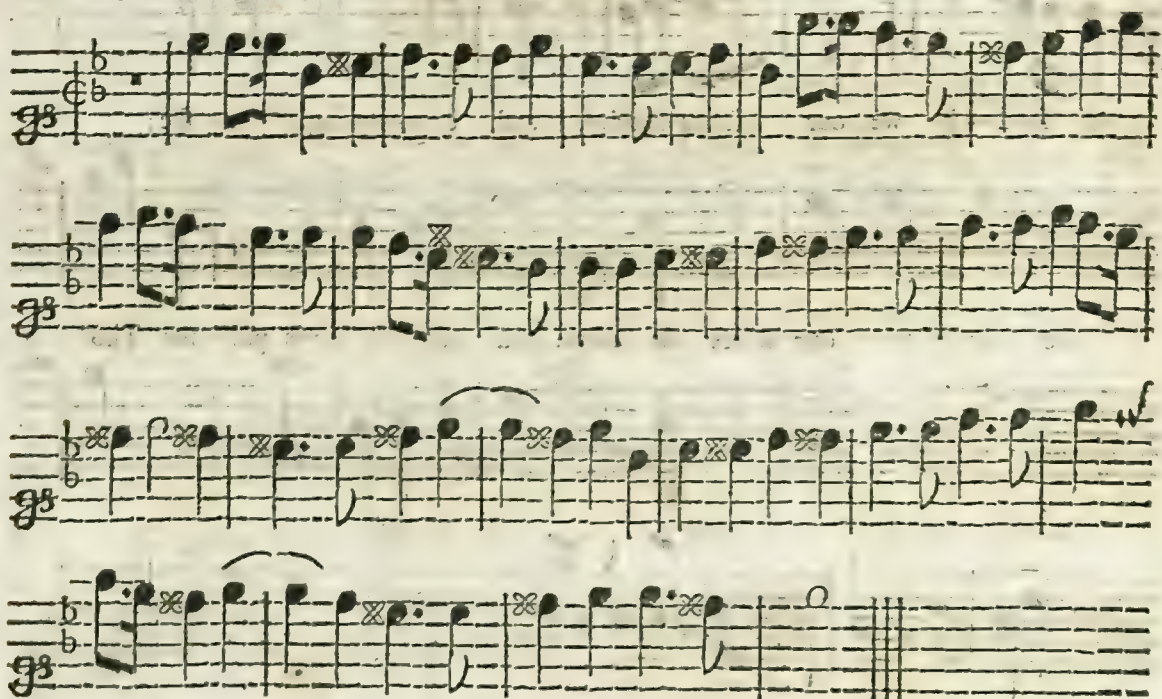
others, we be—lieve they will to us prove true.

others, we be—lieve they will to us prove true.

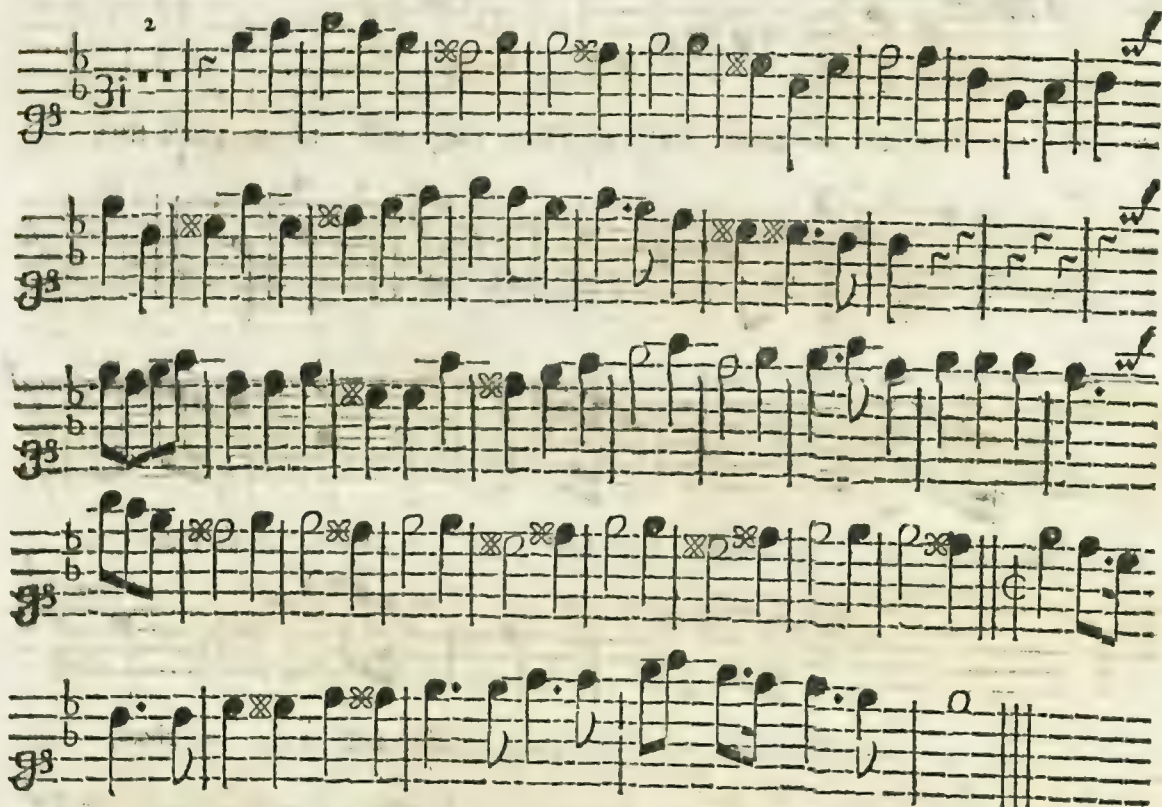
others, we be—lieve they will to us prove true.

37 7 43

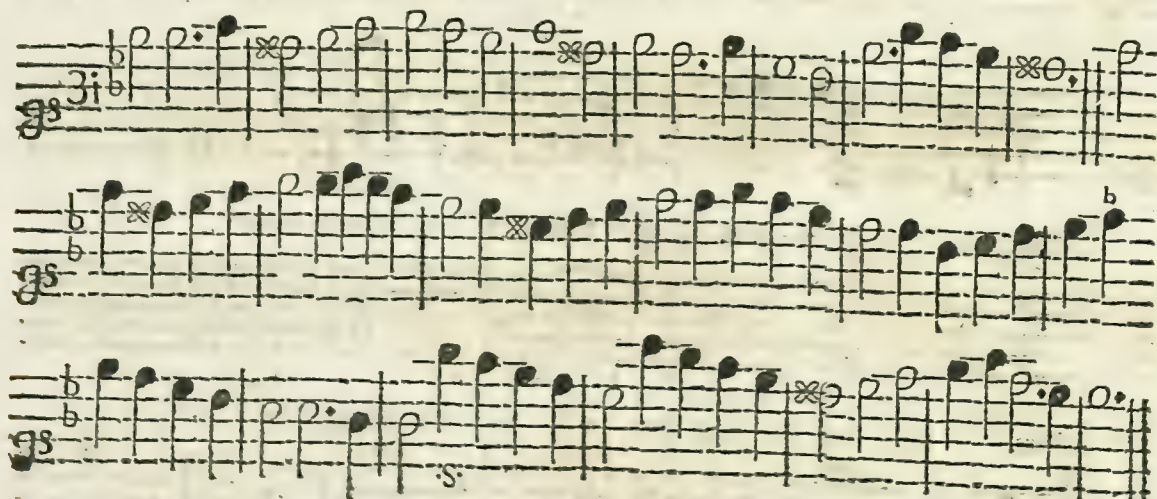




( 2. )



( 3. )

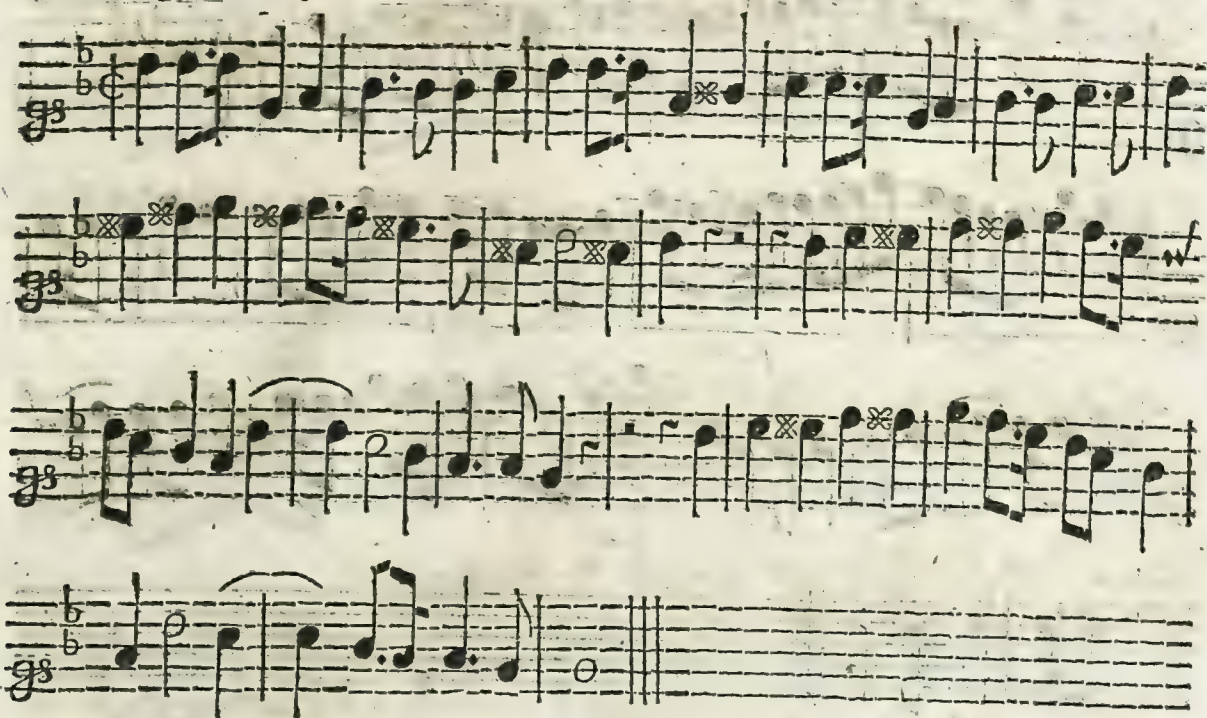




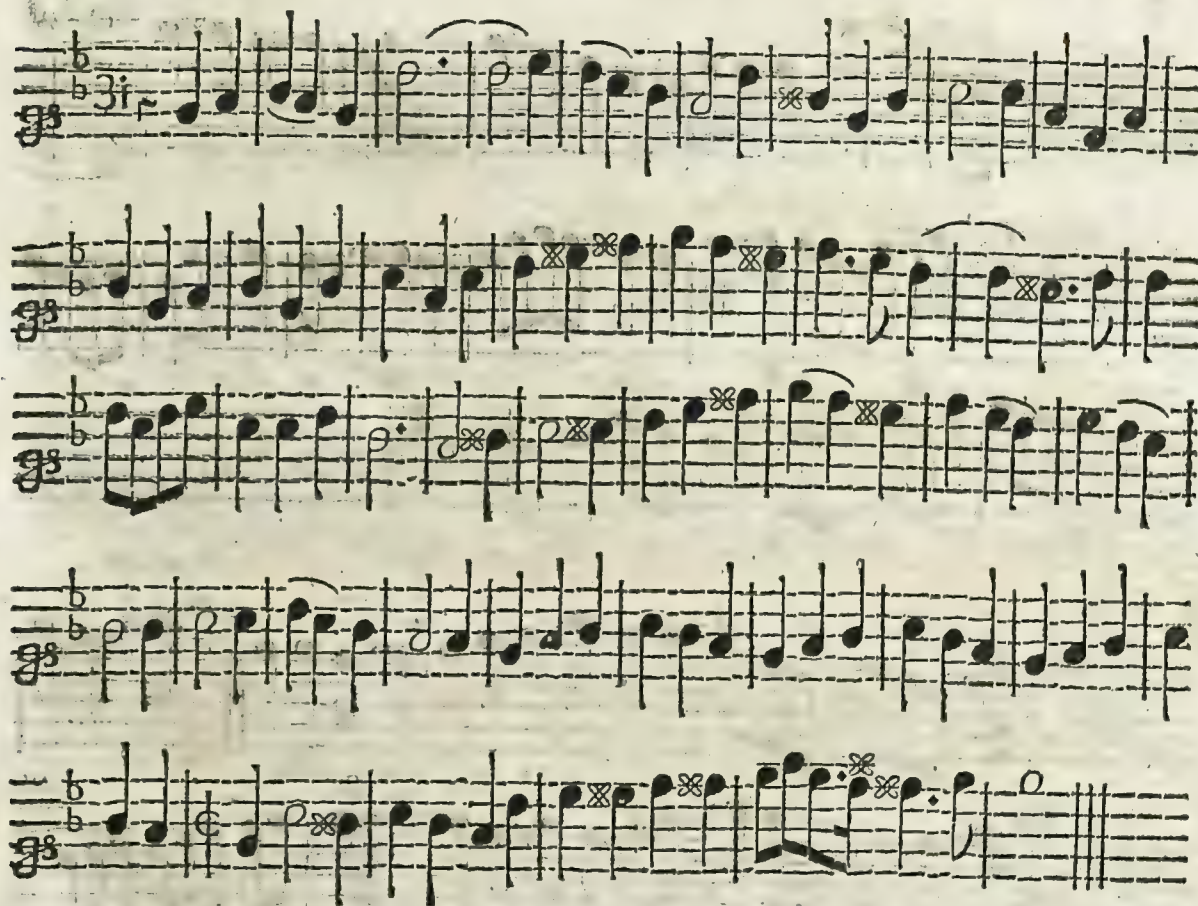
[ 31 ]

( 1. )

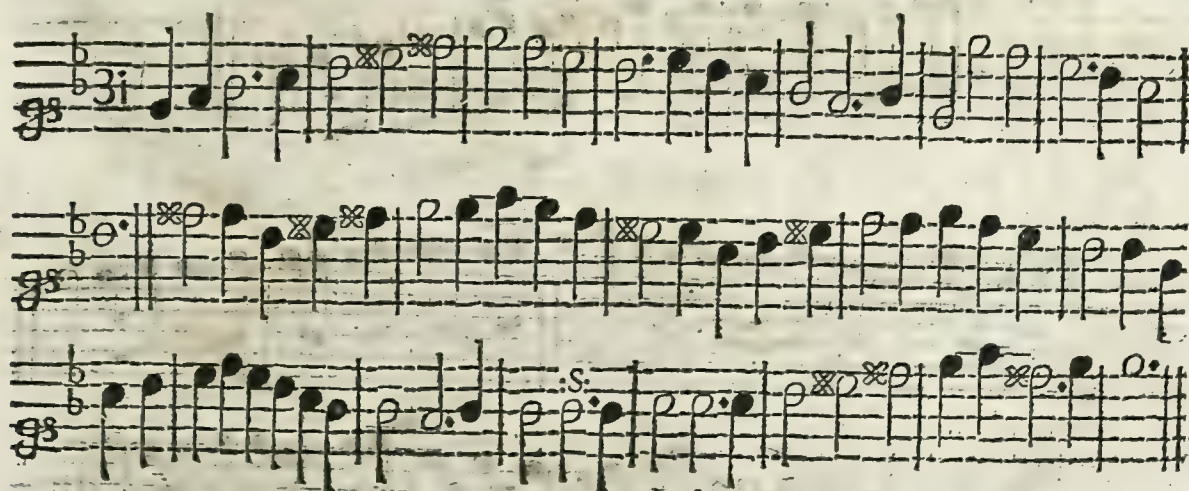
## Second Treble.



( 2. )



( 3. )



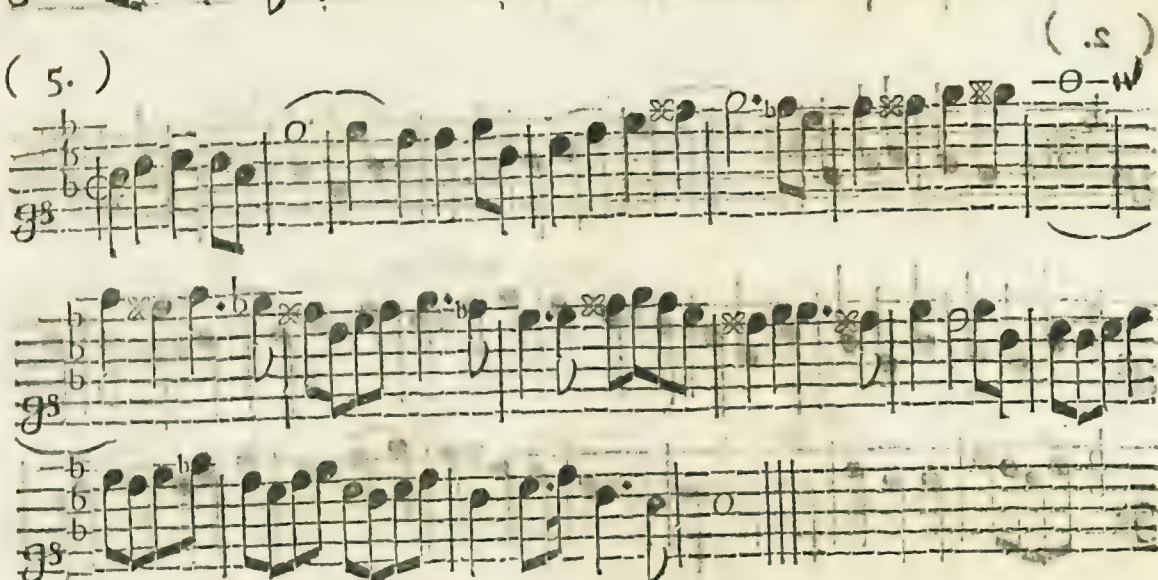


[ 32 ]  
First Treble

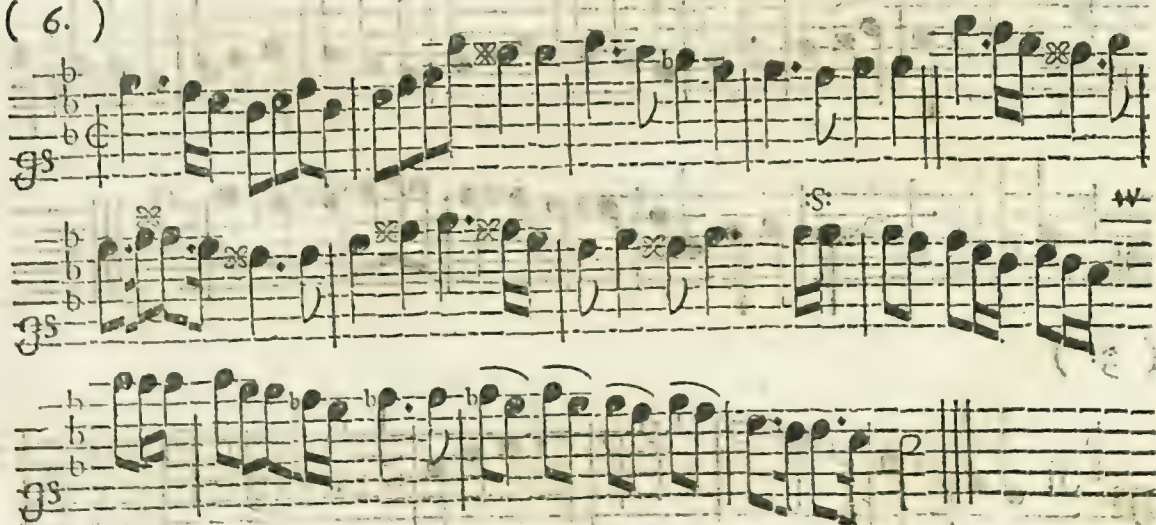
( 4. )



( 5. )



( 6. )



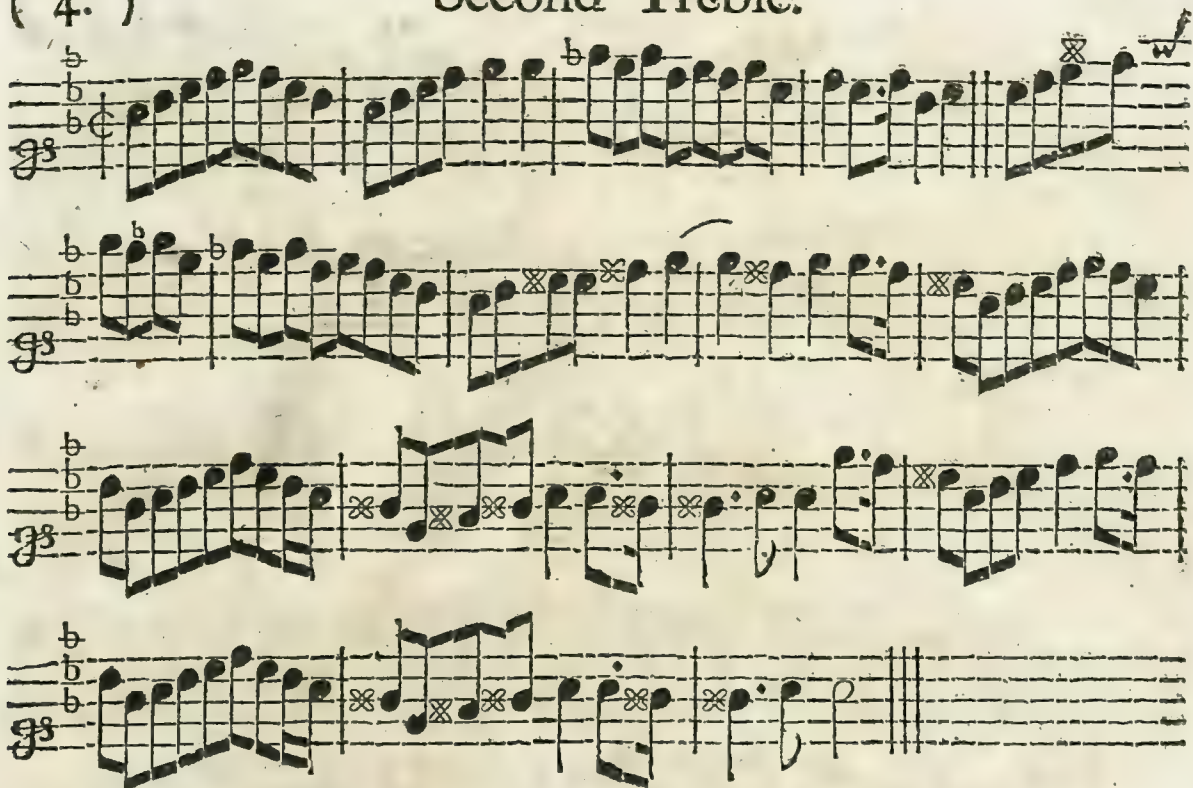
( 7. )



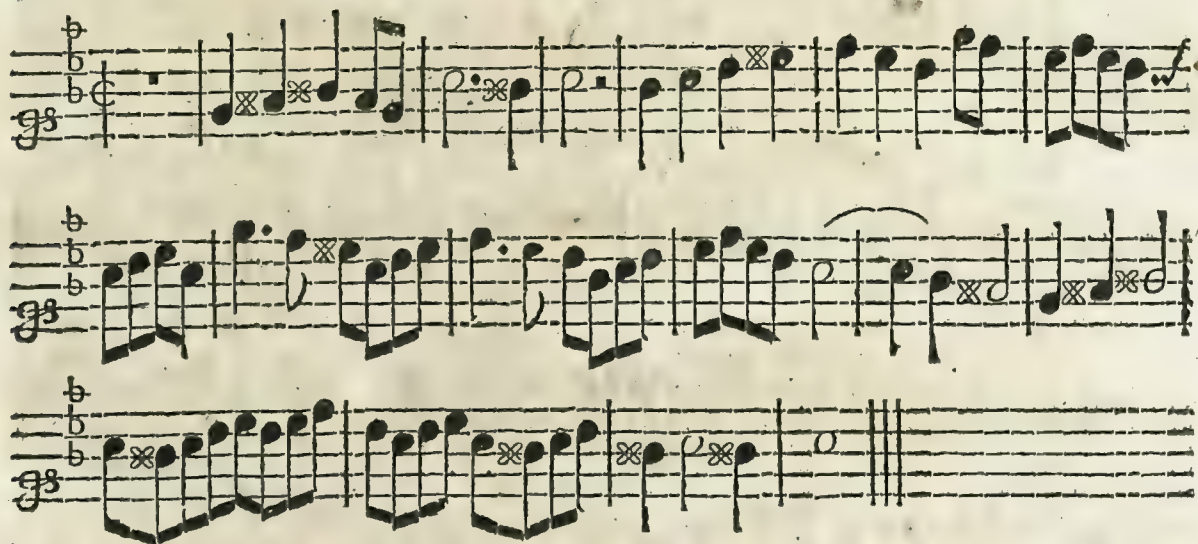


( 4. )

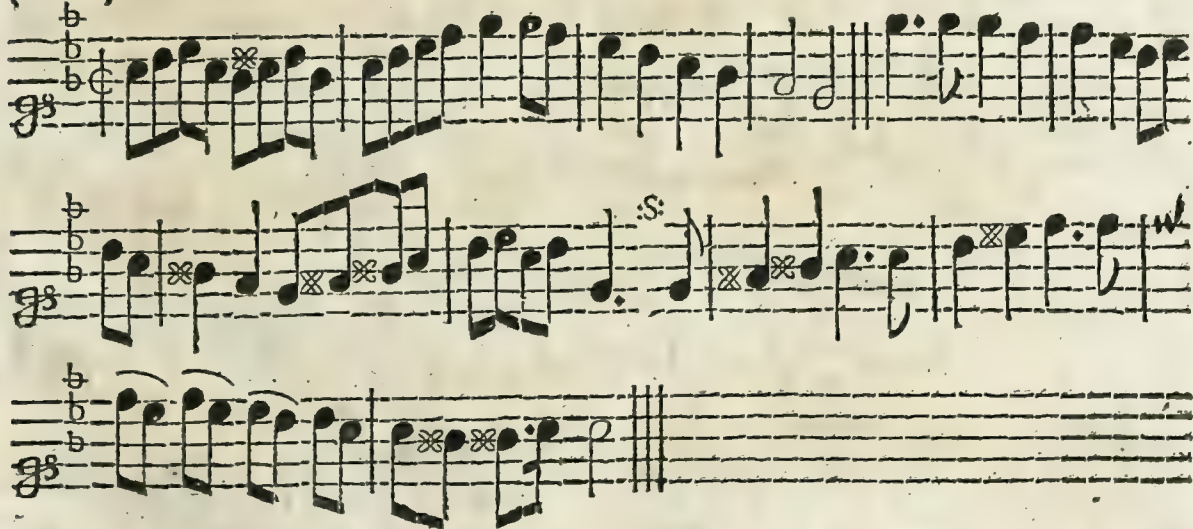
## Second Treble.



( 5. )



( 6. )



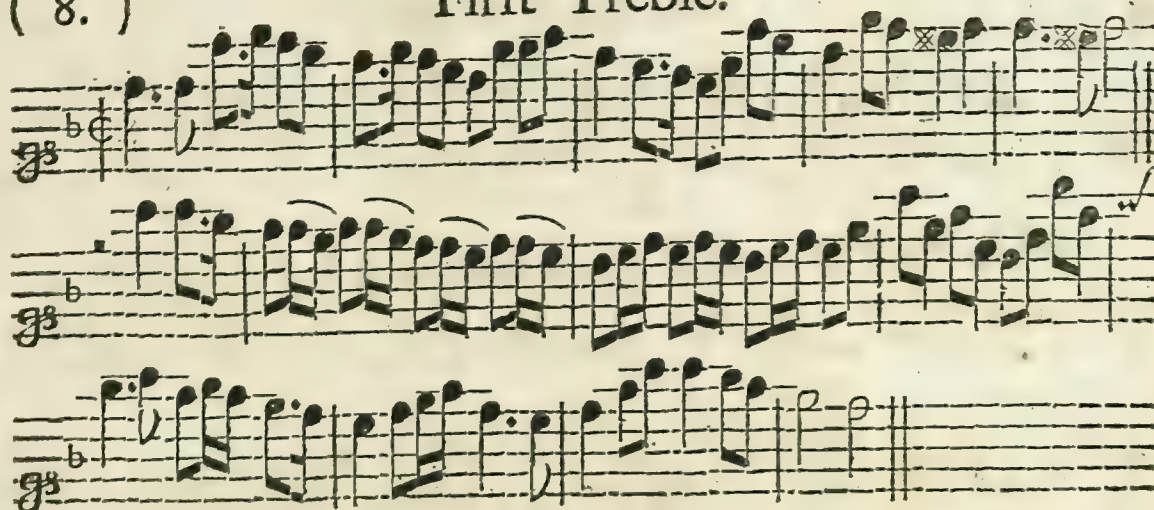
( 7. )





## First Treble.

( 8. )



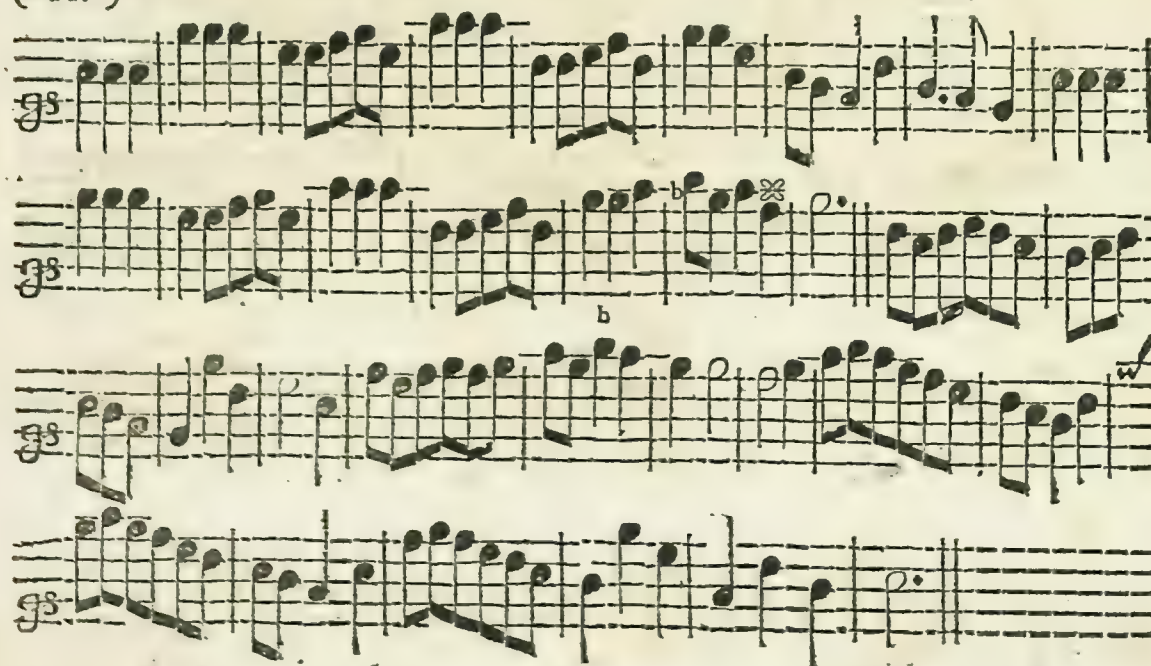
( 9. )



( 10. )



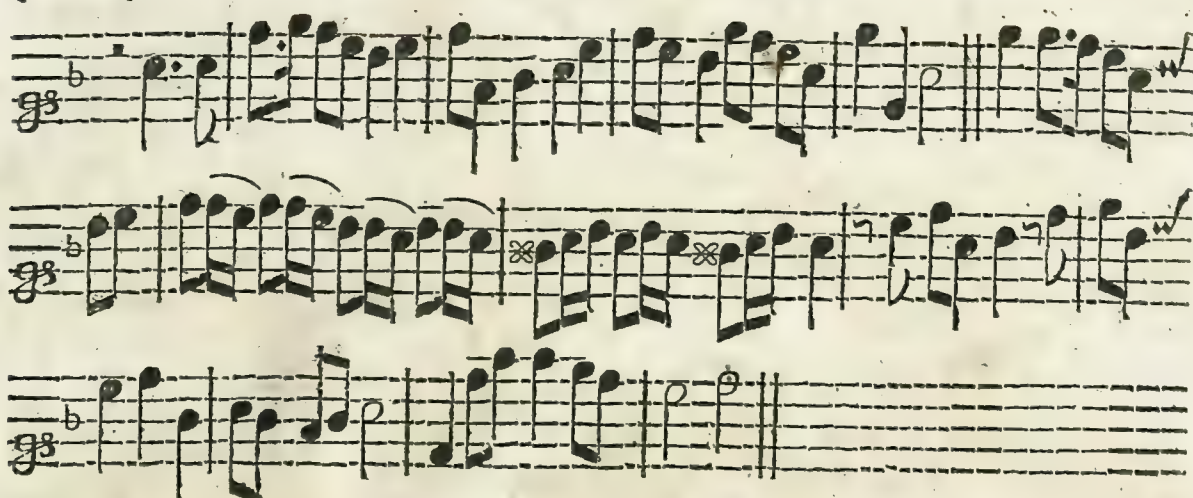
( 11. )



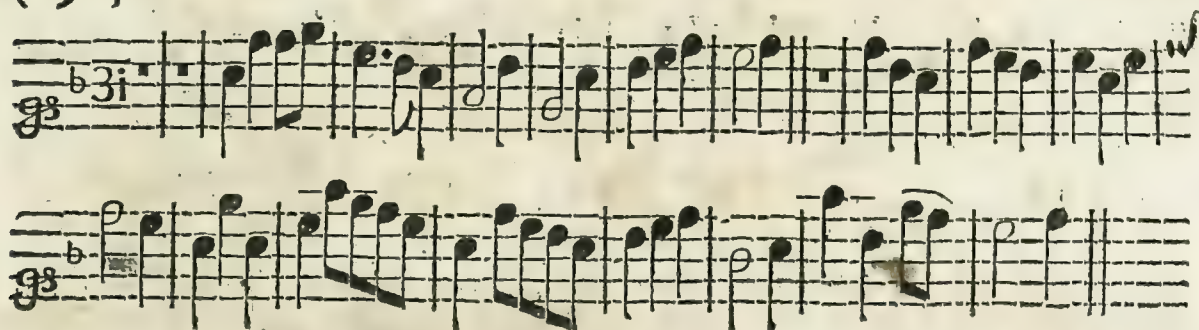


( 8. )

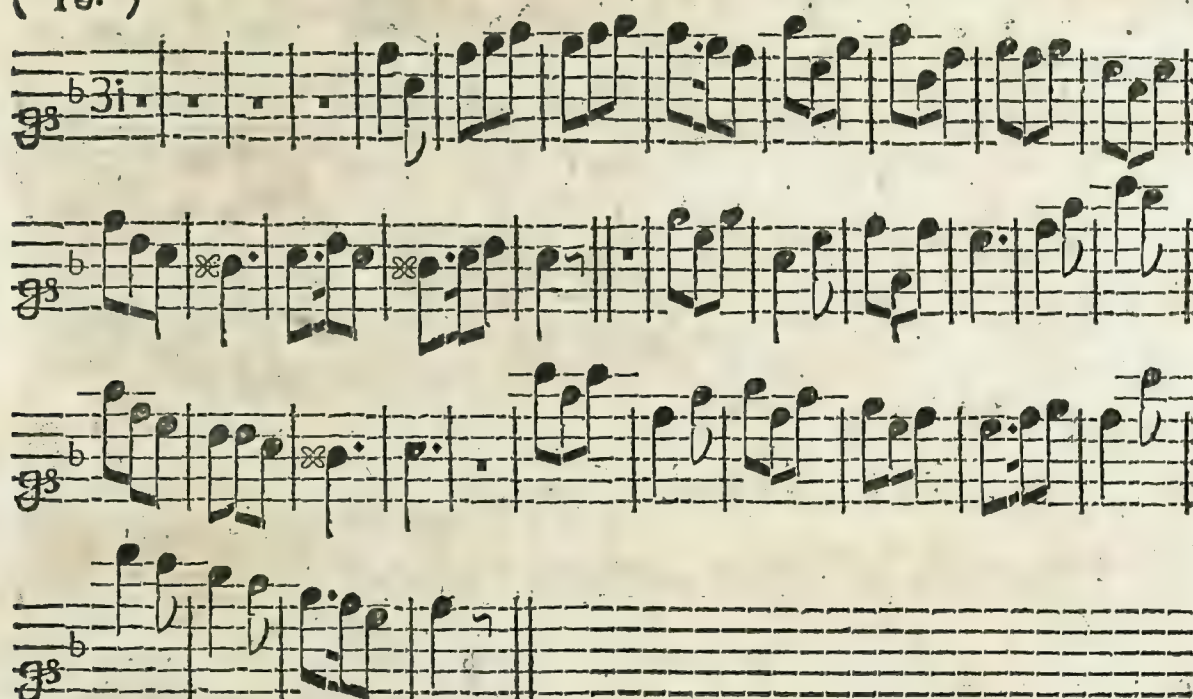
Second Treble.



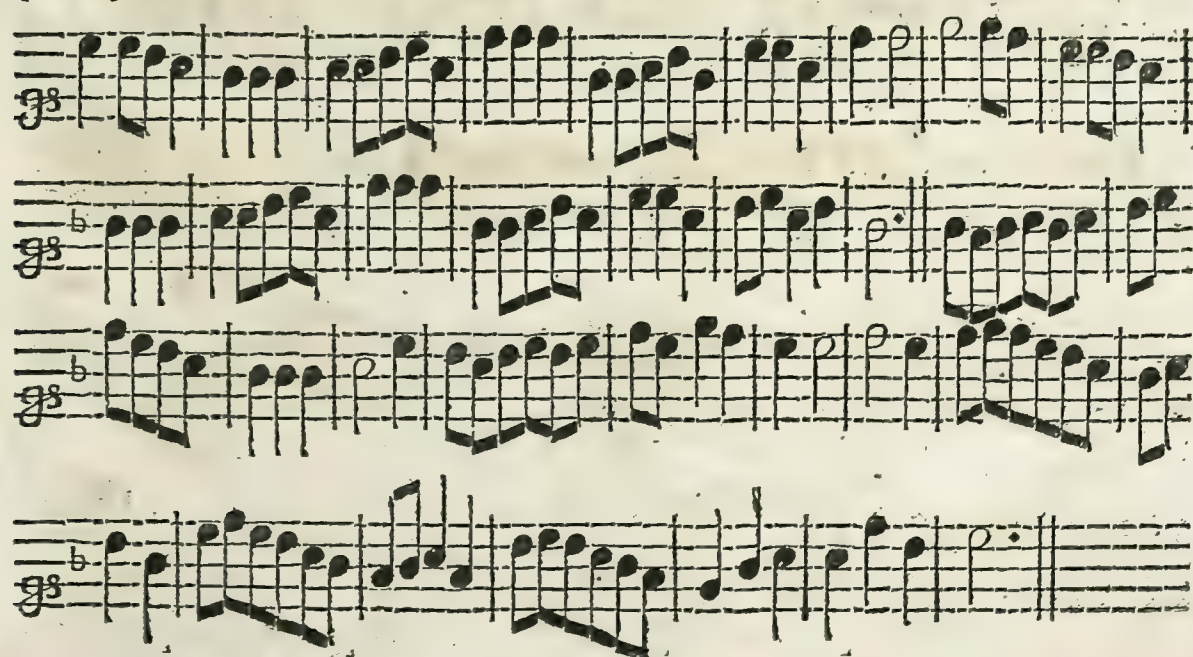
( 9. )



( 10. )



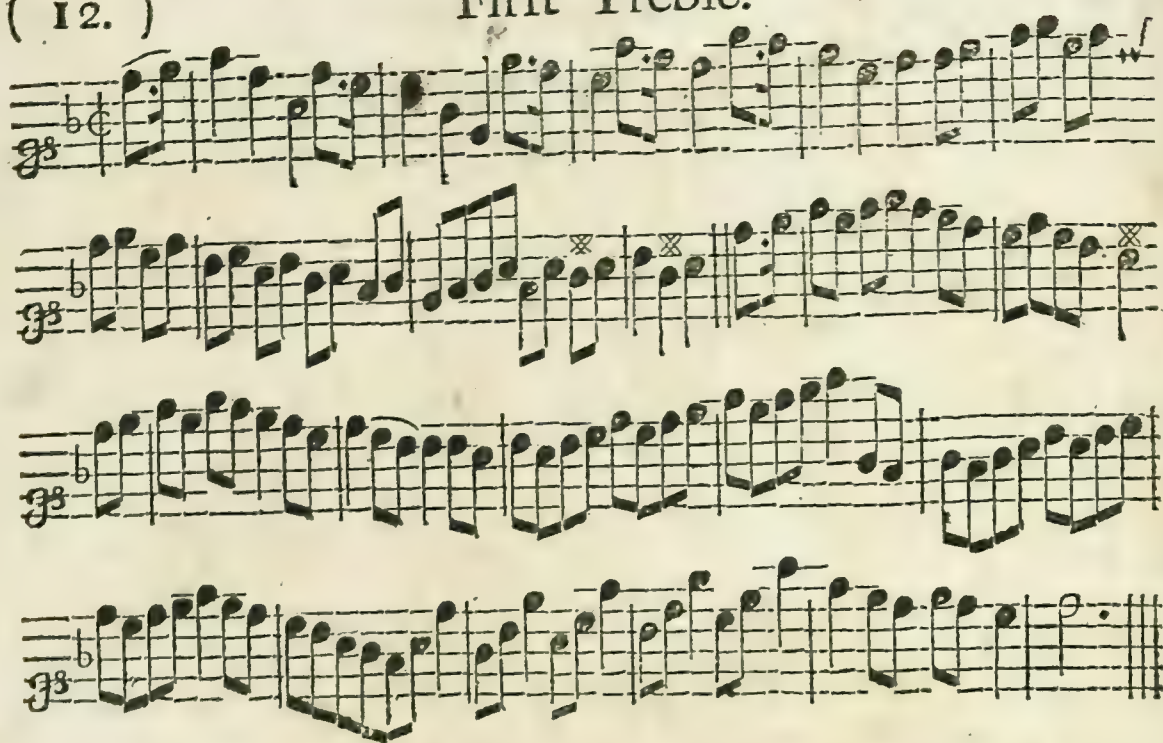
( 11. )



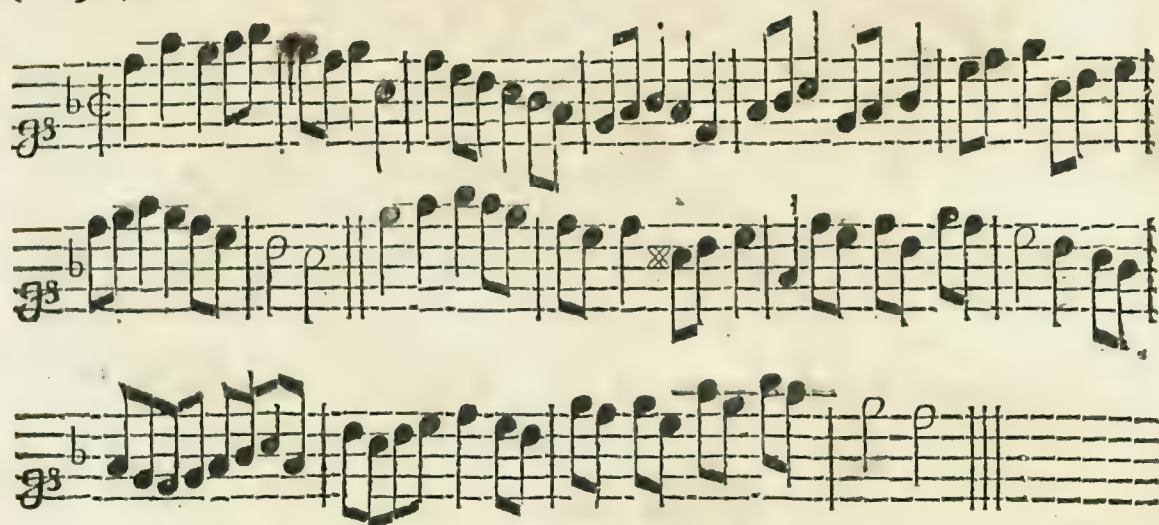


( 12. )

First Treble.



( 13. )



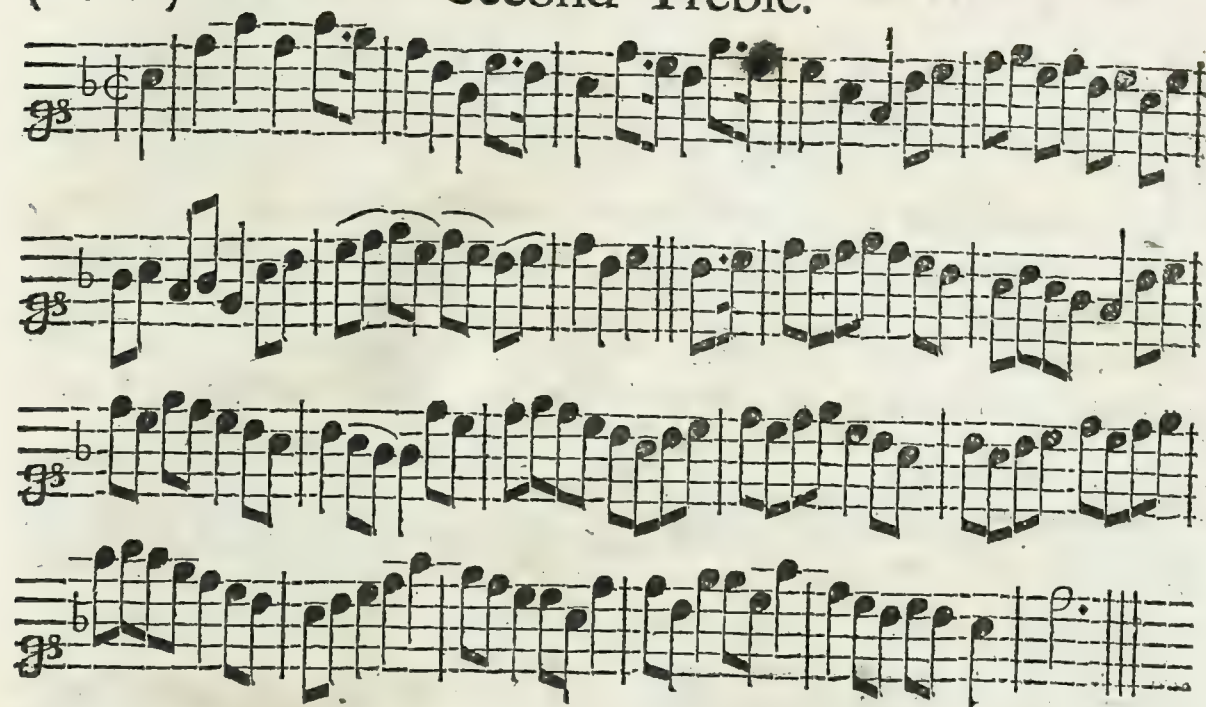
( 14. )



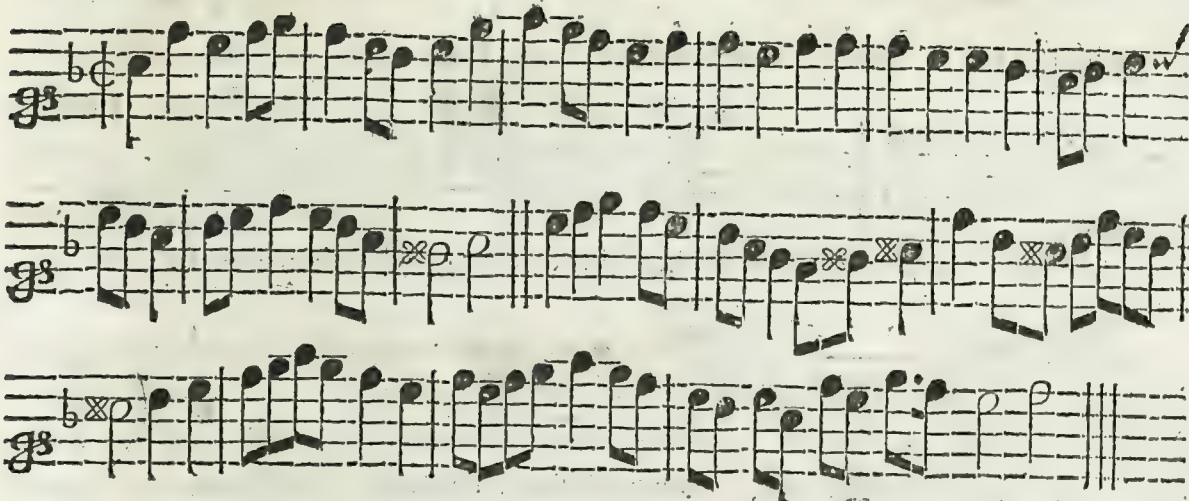


( 12. )

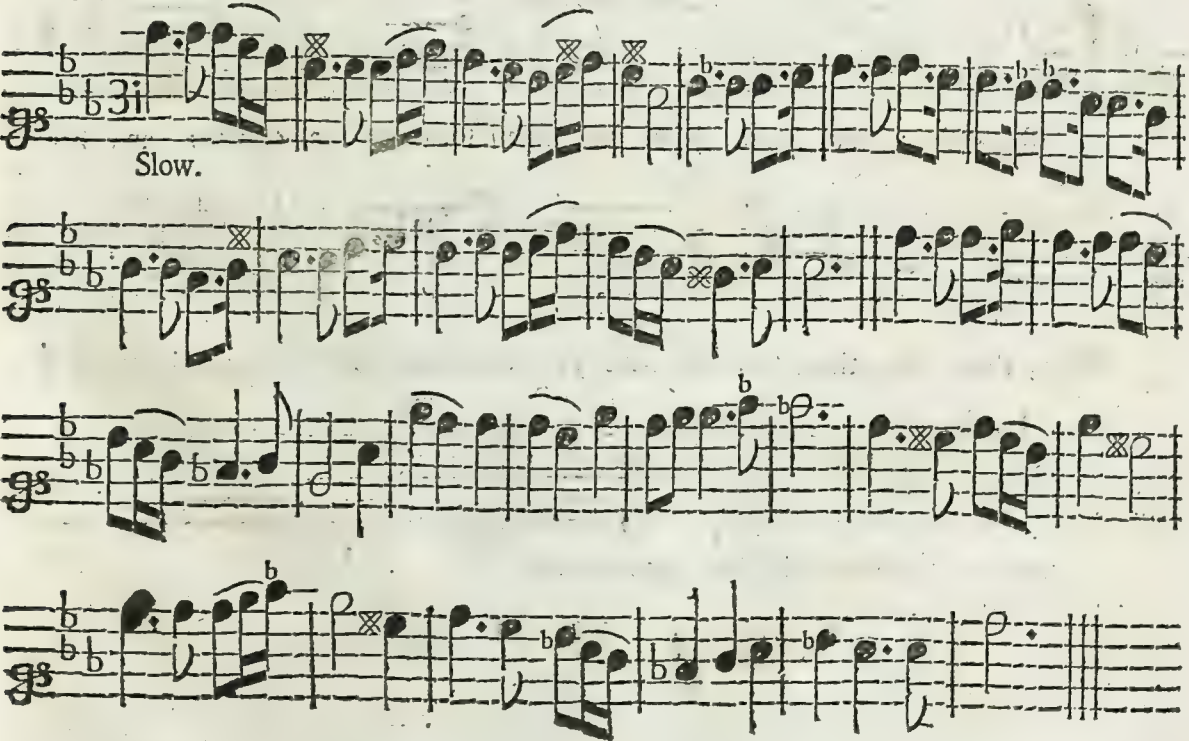
Second Treble.



( 13. )

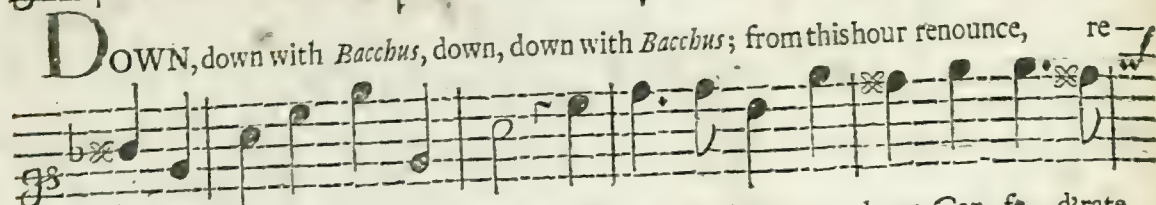
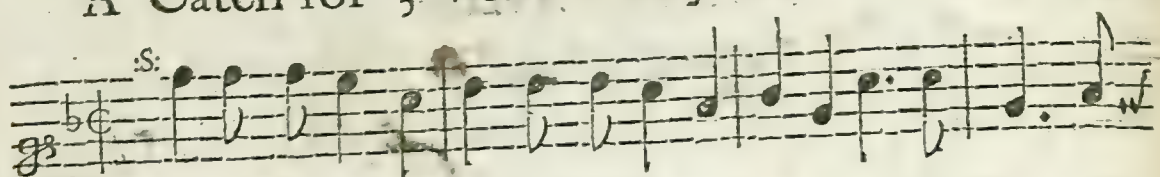


( 14. )

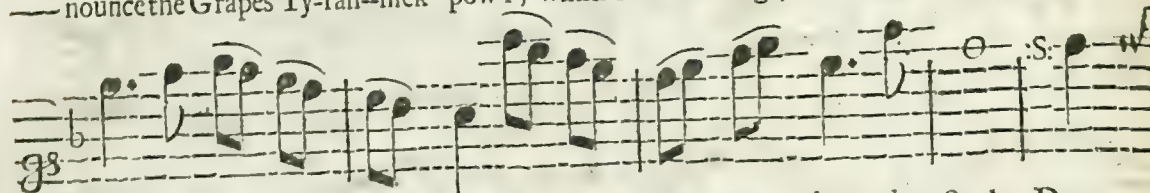




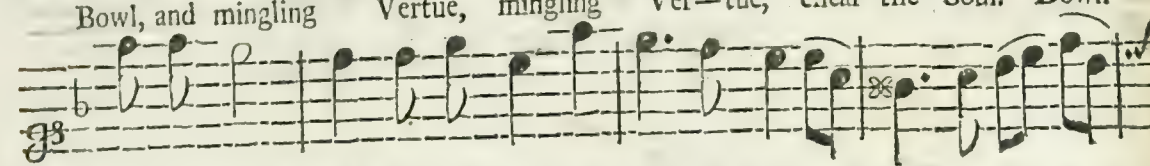
[ 38 ]  
A Catch for 3 Voices. By Mr. H. Purcell.



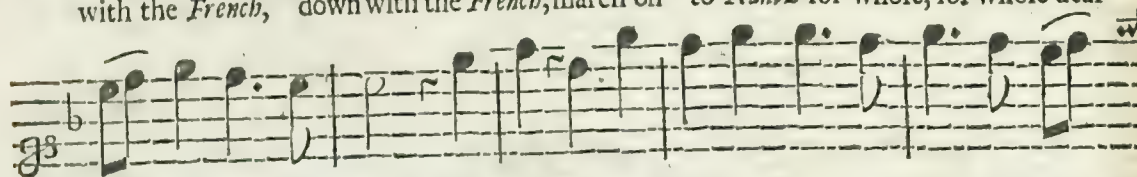
DOWN, down with *Bacchus*, down, down with *Bacchus*; from this hour renounce, re—  
—nounce the Grapes Ty-ran—nick pow'r; whilst in our large, our large Con—fe—d'rate



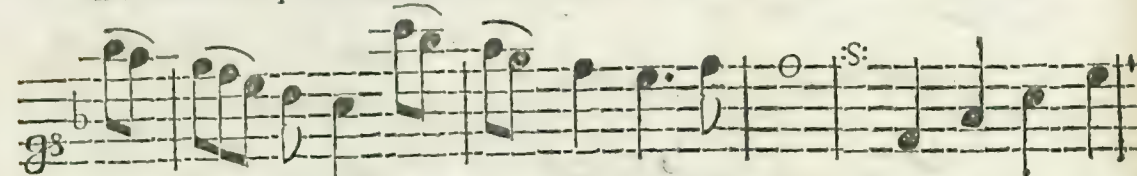
Bowl, and mingling Vertue, mingling Ver—tue, chear the Soul. Down



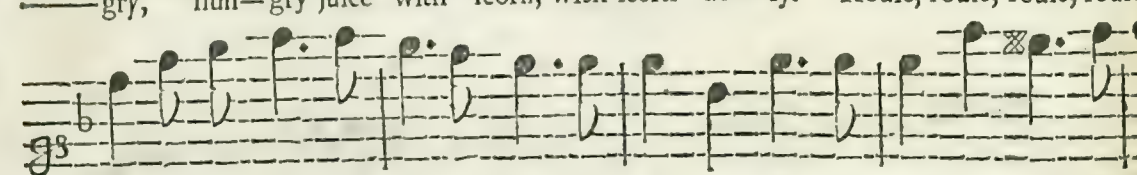
with the *French*, down with the *French*, march on to *Nantz* for whose, for whose dear



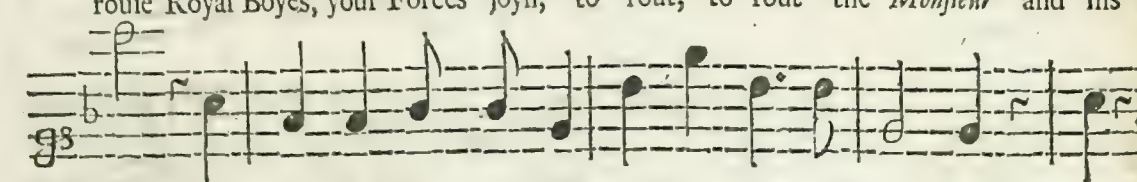
sake we'll con—quer *France*; and when, when th'inspiring Cups swell high, their hun—



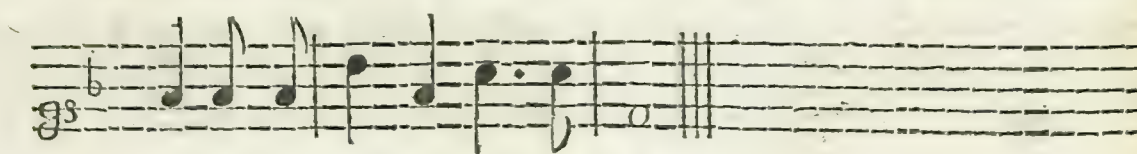
—gry, hun—gry juice with scorn, with scorn de—fy. Rouse, rouse, rouse, rouse,



rouse Royal Boyes, your Forces joyn, to rout, to rout the *Monsieur* and his



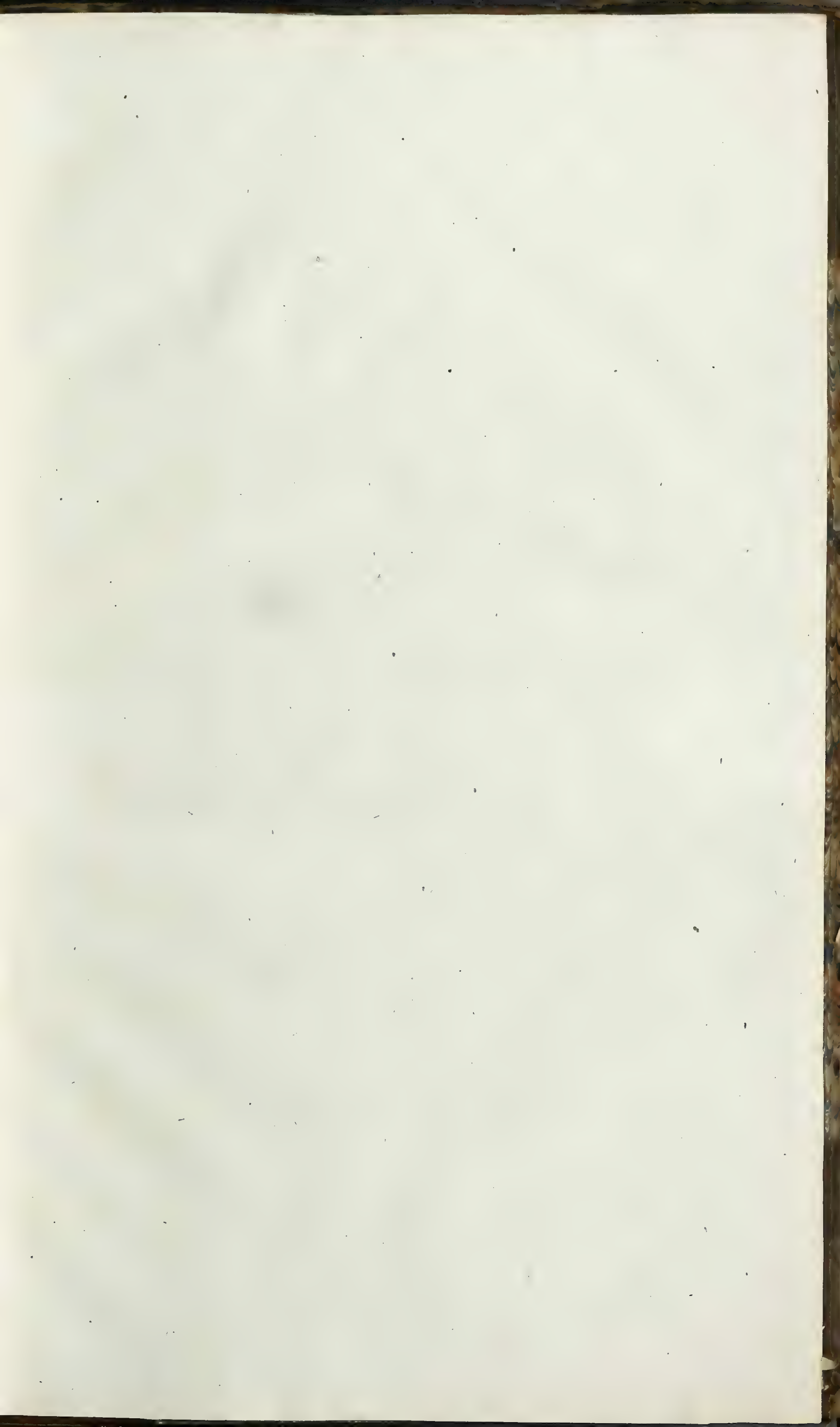
Wine; then, then, then, then the next year, our Bowl shall be quaff'd, quaff'd



un—der the Vines in *Bur—gun—dy*.

F I N I S.











(1)<sup>B</sup>

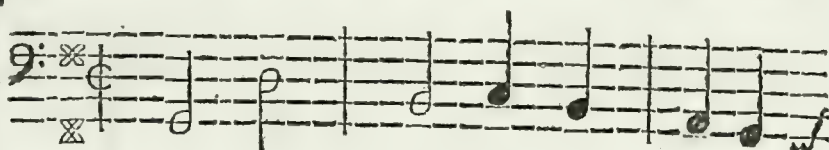
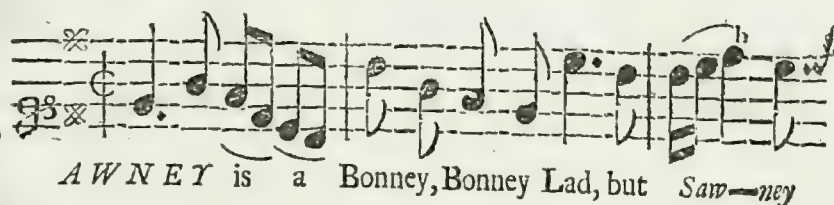


1910/61

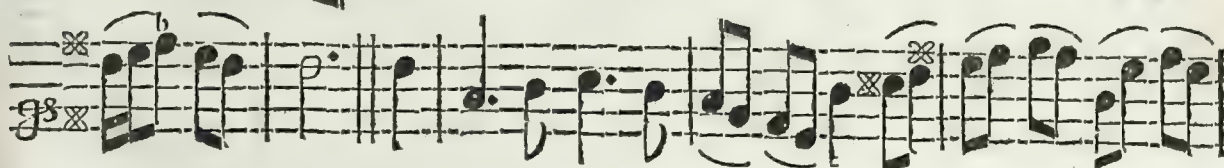
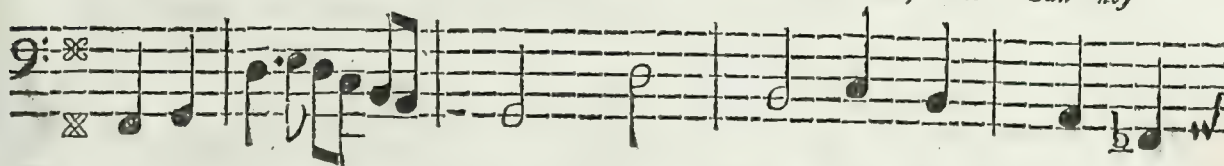
1/2/2



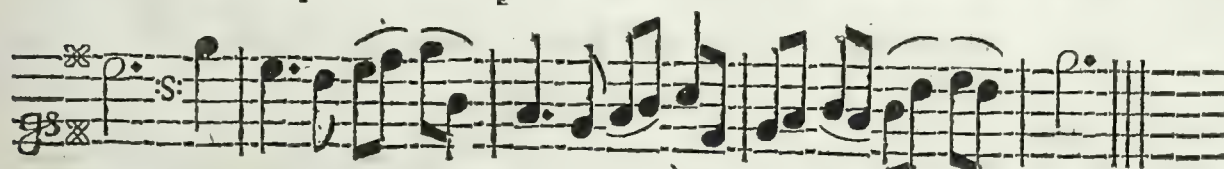
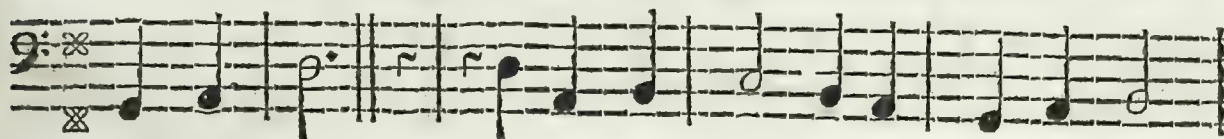
A New Scotch Song Sung at the Confort  
In York-Buildings, at the Entertainment of the  
Prince of *Baden*. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



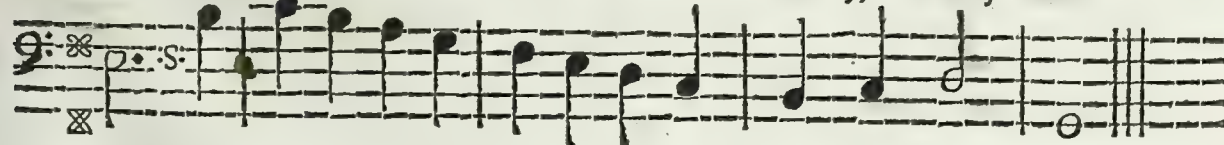
Kens it well ; and *Sawney* might a Boon have had, but *Saw-ney*



loves to tell: He weens that I mun love him soon, gin *Lo-vers* now are



rare; But I'de as leif have none, as one whom twan-ty, twan-ty share.

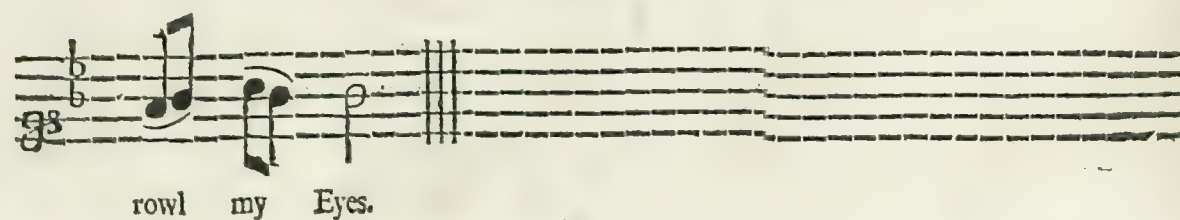
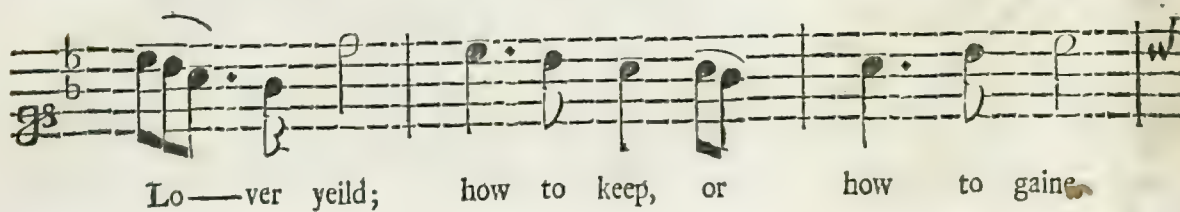
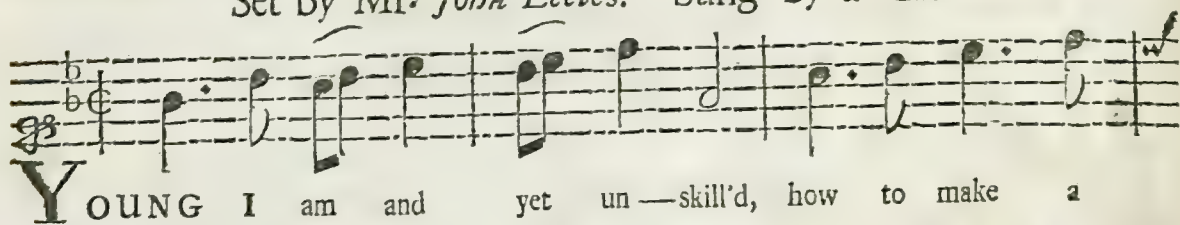


II.

When anent your love you come,  
Ah! *Sawney* were you true;  
What tho' I seem to Frown and Gloom,  
I ne're cou'd gang from you;  
Yet still my Tongue doe what I can,  
With muckle Woe denies;  
Wa's me when once we like a Man,  
It Boots not to be wise.



A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.  
Set by Mr. *John Eccles*. Sung by a Girl.



## II.

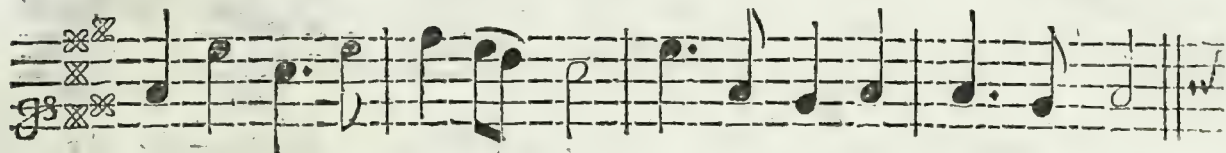
Stay not till I learn the way,  
How to lye and to betray;  
He that Love me first is blest,  
For I may deceive the rest:  
Cou'd I find a blooming Youth,  
Full of Love and full of Truth;  
Brisk and of a *fantee* Meen,  
I shou'd long to be Fifteen.



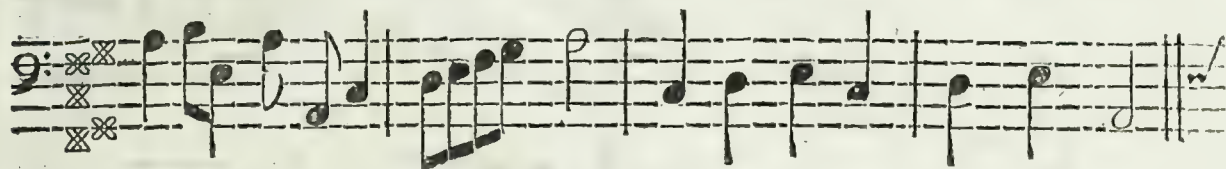
## A Song set by Mr. Godfry Finger.



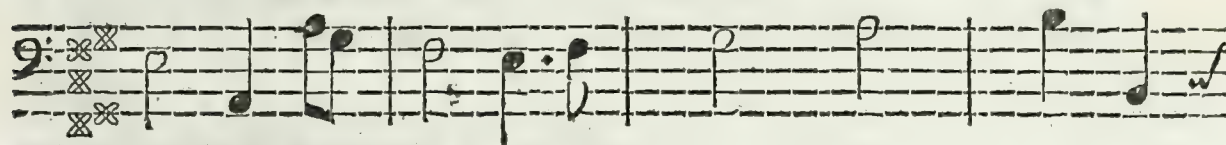
**T** Hink not Sighs or Tears can move, Pray'rs and Vows are ne're re-paid;



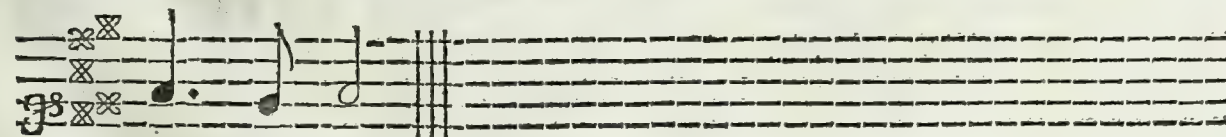
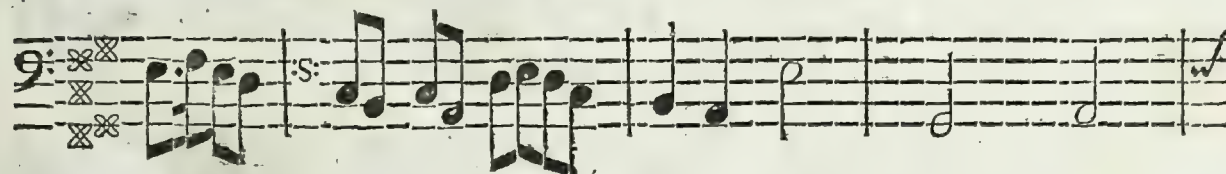
Those are common cheats in Love, dai-ly at our Al-tars made:



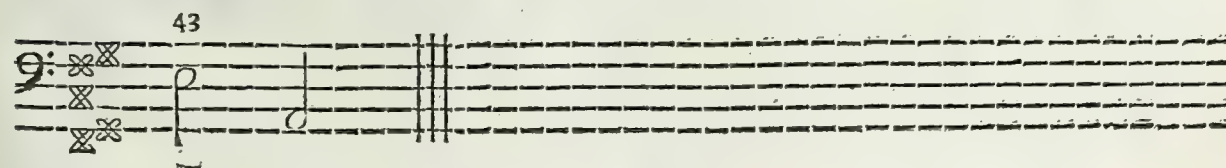
Cu-pid's Vassals may dis-pair, use—less now are all his



Arts; They who hope to wound the fair, e—ver shoot with



Gol—den Darts.

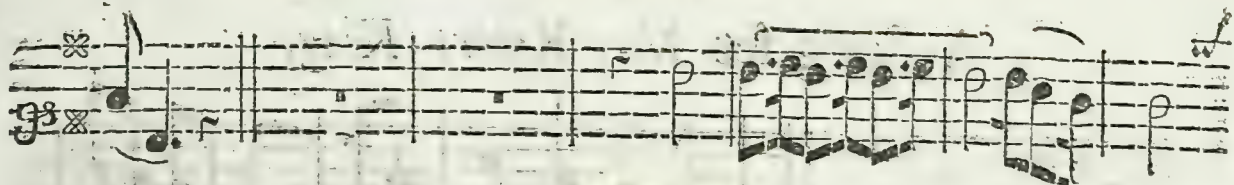




## A Song to a Ground by Mr. Henry Hall.

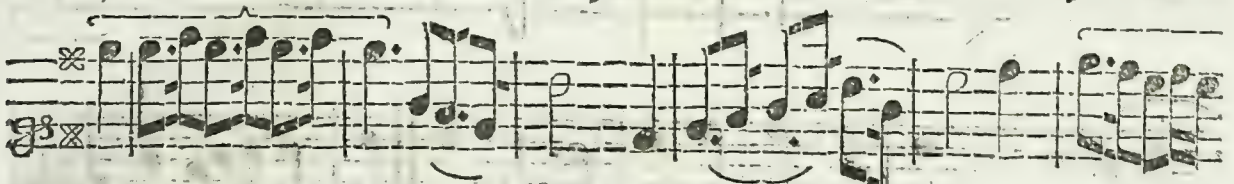
E N—chan—  
 ted, en—chant—ed by your Voice, en—chant—ed by  
 your Voice and Face, in plea—sing Trance I fain—  
 —ting lye. I bleed, I bleed fair Nymph I bleed a—pace; and  
 now I lan—guish, now I dye, now, now, and now I



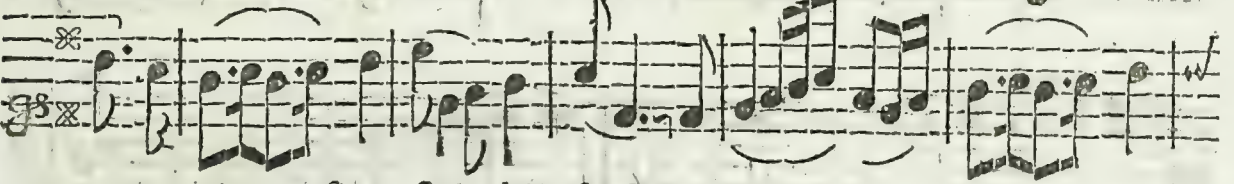


dye.

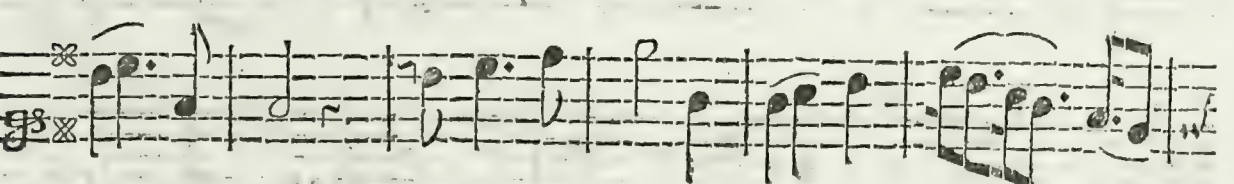
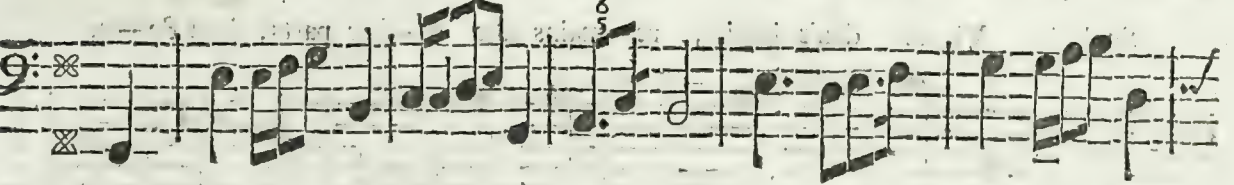
Sin ——— g fair Nymph,



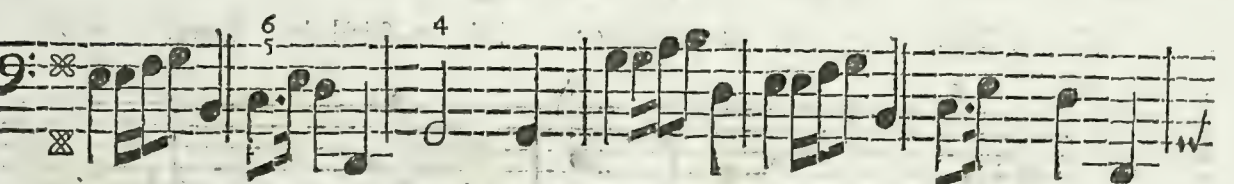
fin ——— g fair Nymph and let your Rays up—on—



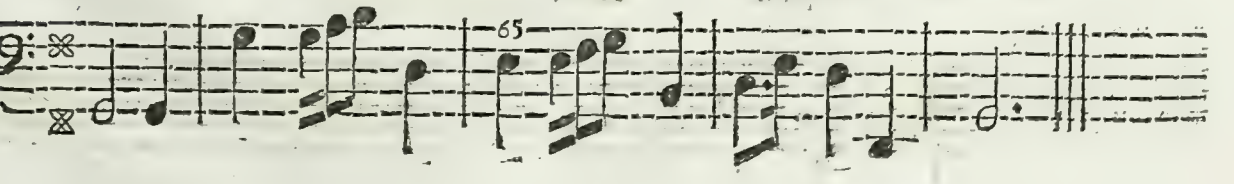
your pro—strate slave be freed, for An—gels Face, and



An—gels Voice, when-e're they please can raise, can raise the



dead, can rai ——— fe the dead.





## A Song set Mr. Robert King.

Is Love that al-ways strikes the fire, which spar-

— kles in our hearts, which sparkles in our hearts: A Soul its Vigour, a

Soul its Vigour don't inspire, re-mains like o-ther parts; And Po-ets

still in Wit im--prove, as more or less in-spir'd by Love, as

more or less in-spir'd by Love.

## II.

If this be true, as sure it is,  
 Can I remain so poor,  
 And of its Portion ever miss,  
 Who with such Zeal adore?  
 Of all thy Bards, Love, tell me why  
 Must only *Strephon's* Fleece be dry?



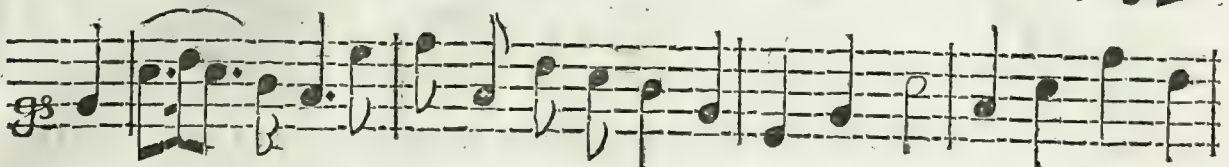
7

# A Song in the Double-dealer, Sung by Mrs. Aylyff,

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



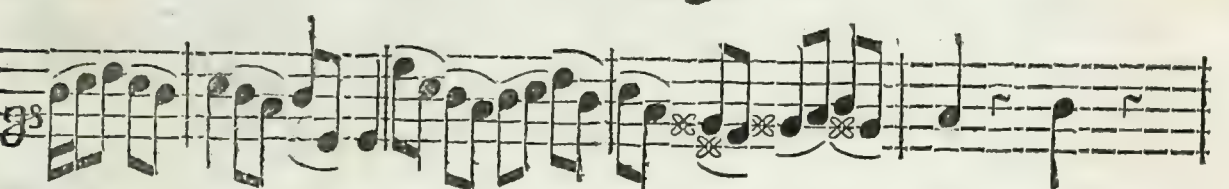
*C*intia frowns when e're I Woe her, yet she's vex'd, she's vex'd if I give o—ver;



much, much she fears I shou'd, I shou'd undoe her, but much more, but much more, much



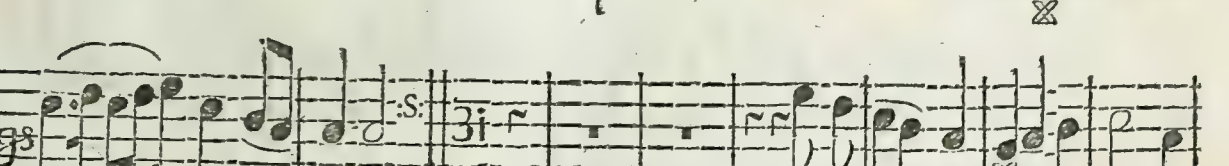
mo—re to lose her Lover; Thus, thus in



doubting she re-fu—ses, and not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus,



thus she loses; And not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus, thus, thus,

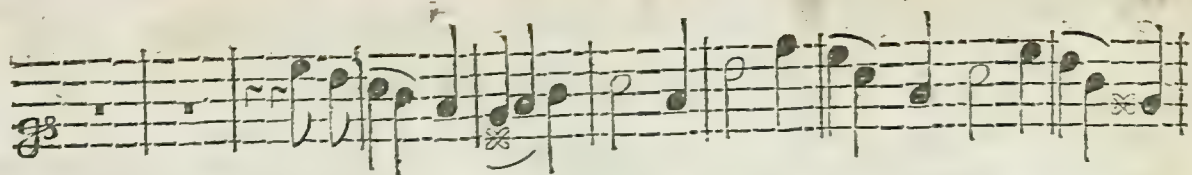


thus, thus she loses:

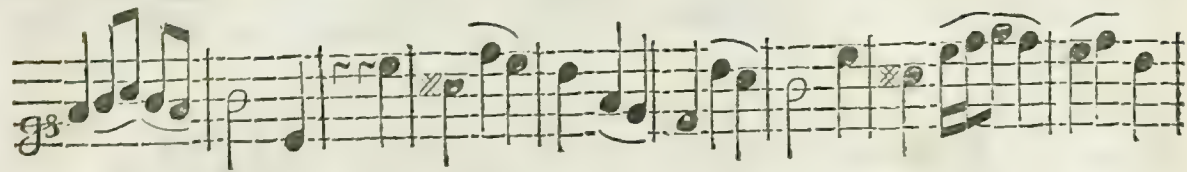
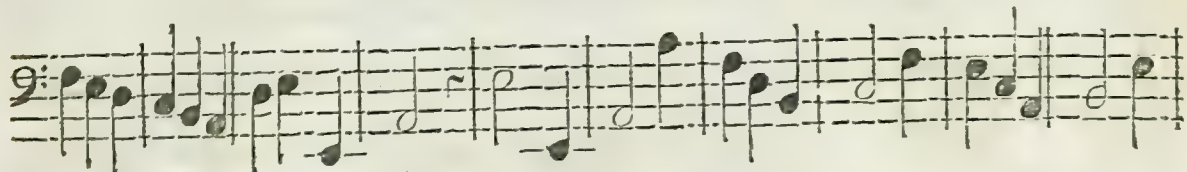
Prethee *Cintia* look behind you,



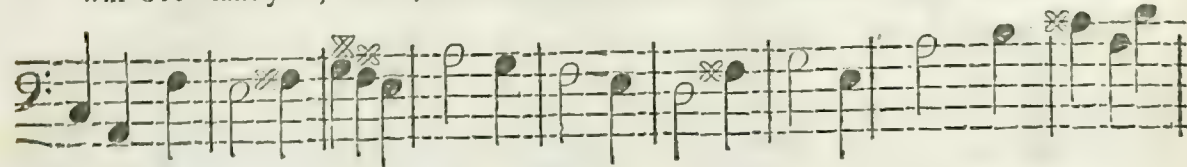




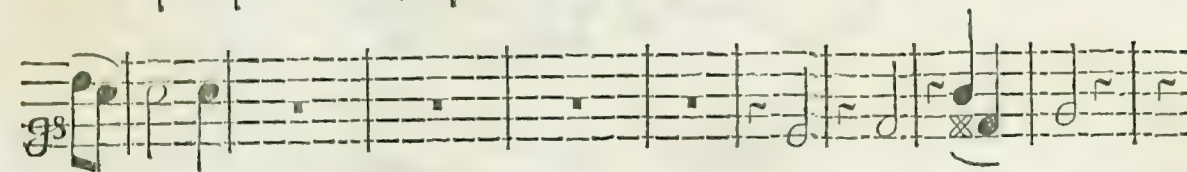
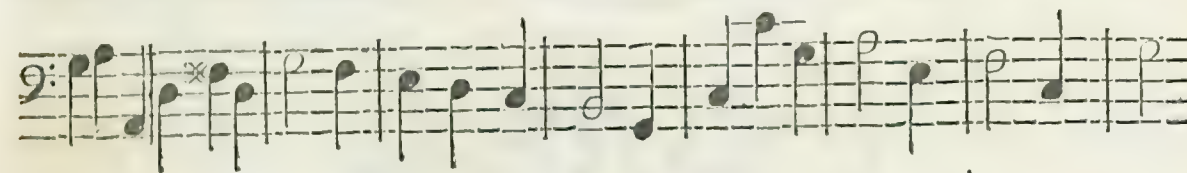
prethee *Cimbia* look behind you, Age and Wrinckles, Age and Wrinckles



will o're--take you; Then, then too late, too late, too late, then, then to late De--



—fire will find you; When the po—w'r does

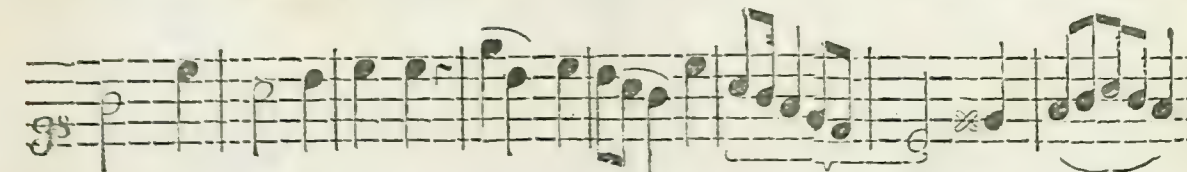


forfake you;

Think, think, oh! think,



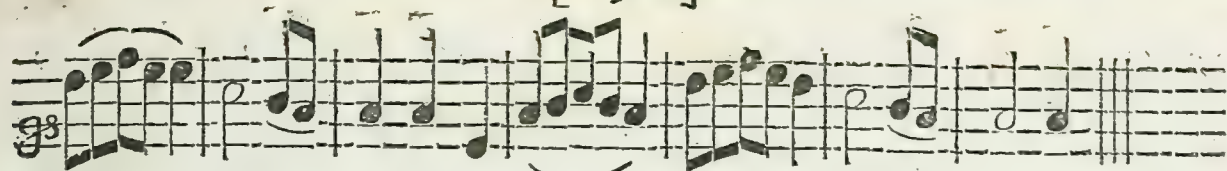
think, think, oh! think, oh! sad con—dition to be past, yet



wish, yet wish fru--ition; to be past, be past, yet wish,



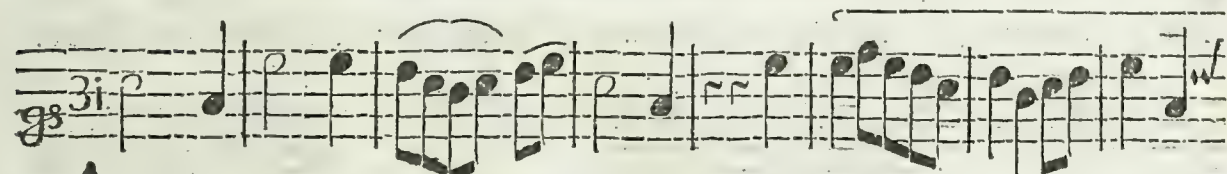




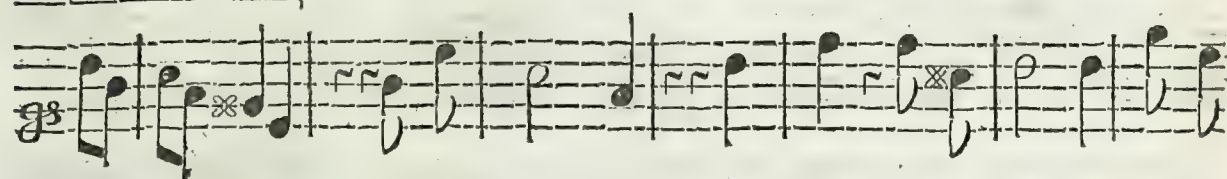
wish, wish fru—ition, yet wish, . wish, wish fru—ition.



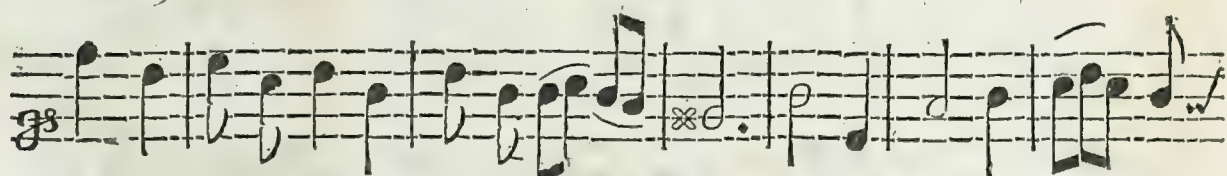
A Song set by Mr. *Bowman* in the *Comedy* call'd  
the *Double-dealer*.



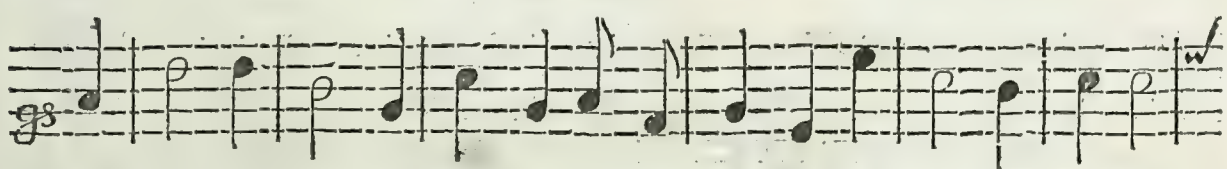
A Ncient *Phil-lis* has young Graces, young Gra—



ces; 'tis a strange thing, a strange but a true one; Shall I



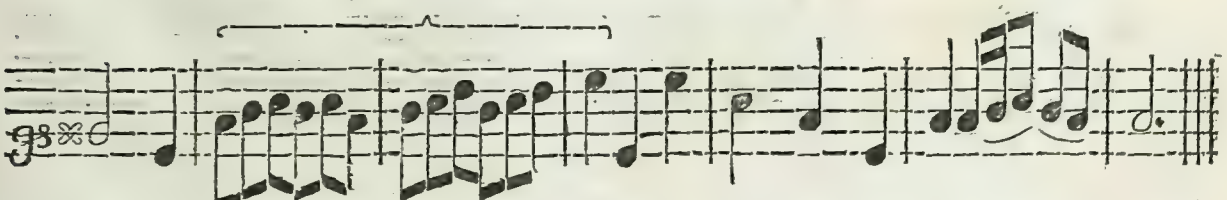
tell you, tell you, tell you? Shall I tell you, how she her self shall make her



own Fa—cis; And each Morning, Morning, Morning, still wear's a new one;



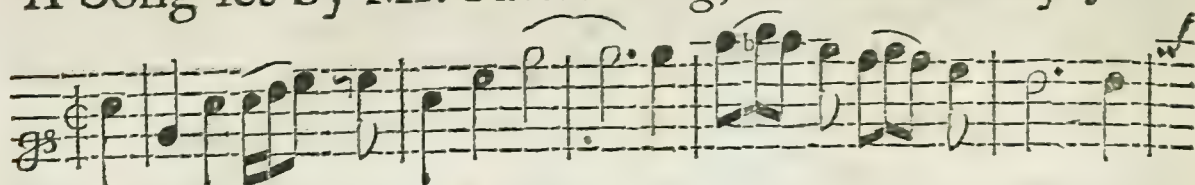
where's the Won—der now, now, now, now? where's the Won—der now, now, now,



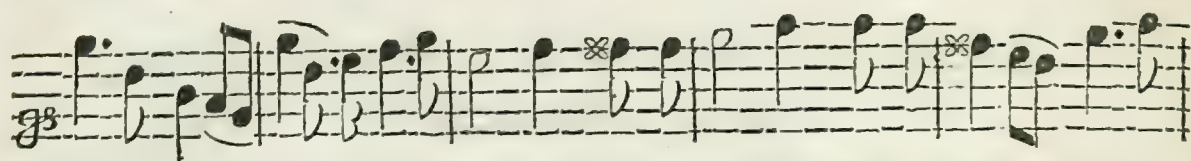
now? the Won—der now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now?



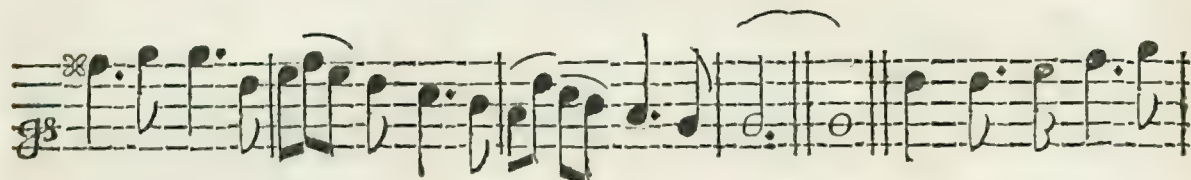
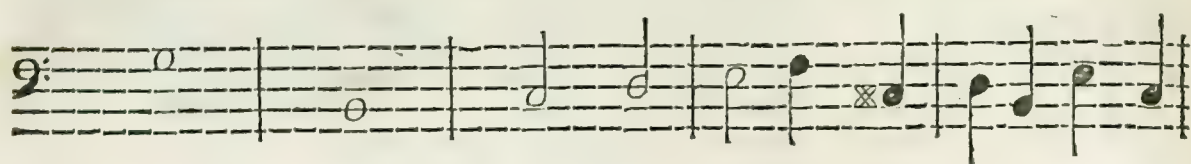
A Song set by Mr. Robert King, the Words by J. F.



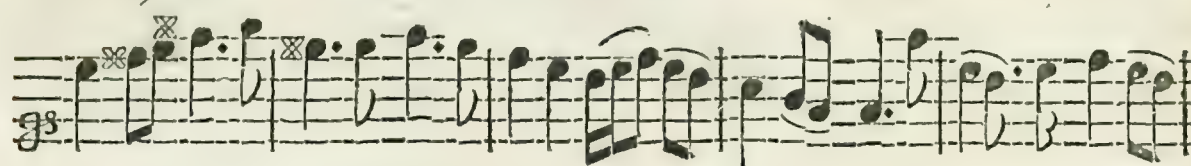
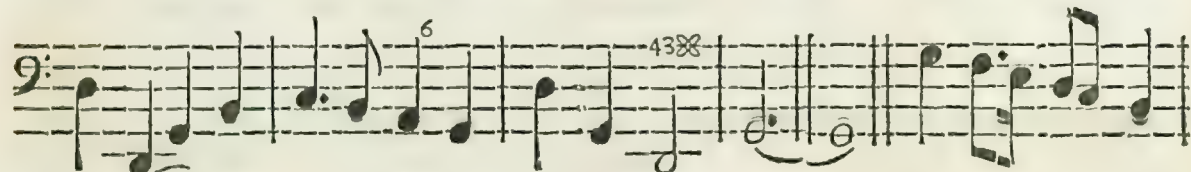
When on her Eyes, when on her Eyes, my hap-py Star I gaze; A



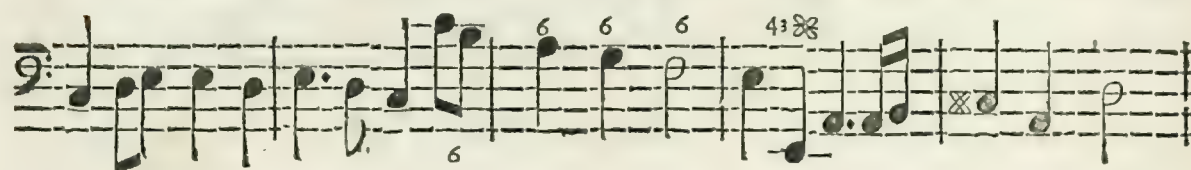
strange Commotion sei-ses ev'ry part; Fain wou'd I speak, fain wou'd I speak the Cause of



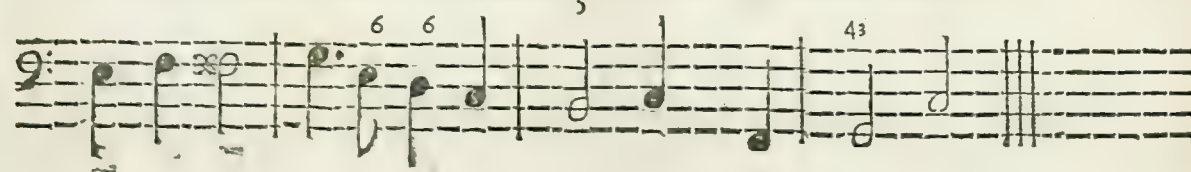
my diseafe, but fear to tell the sto-ry of my heart. Her looks severe, yet



so endearing awes; The Womens Envy, but Mankinds aplause; Her looks severe, yet

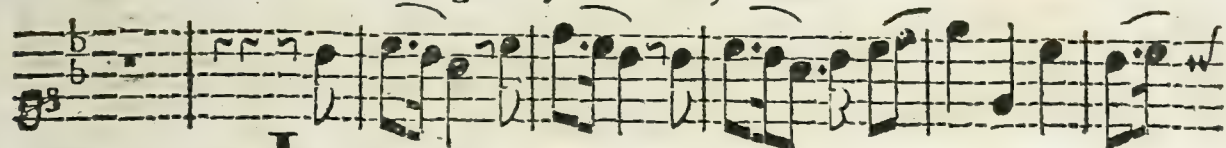


so en-dear-ing awes; The Womens En-vy, but Mankinds aplause.

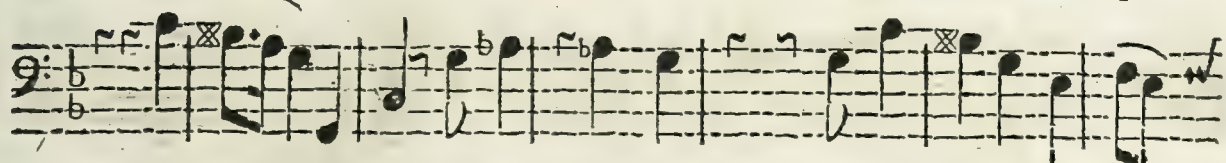




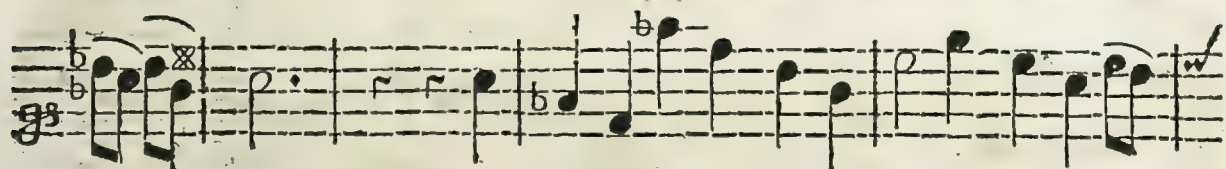
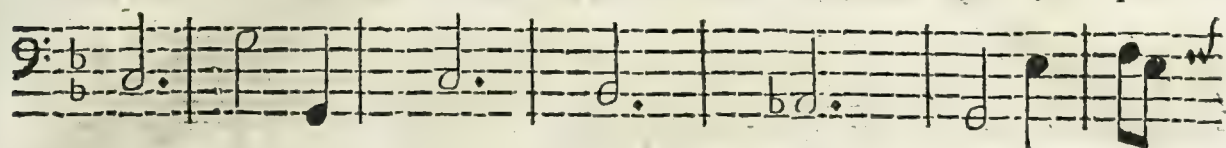
## A Song set by Mr. Henry Hall.



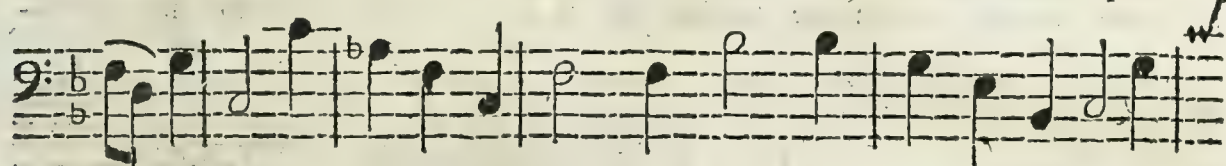
IN vain, in vain, in vain my fair Sylvia your pre—



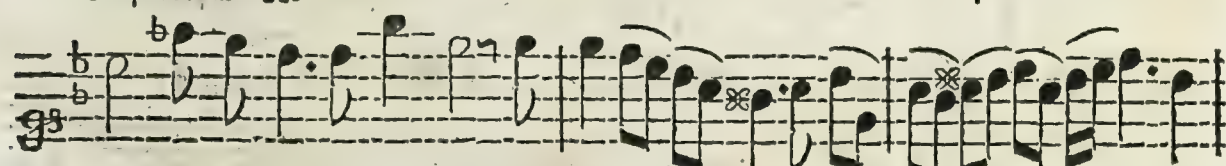
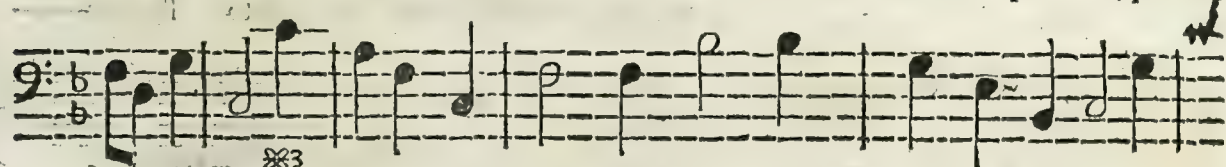
In vain, in vain my fair Sylvia, my fair Sylvia your pre—



—fence I shun; No distance, no distance preserves, no distance pre—



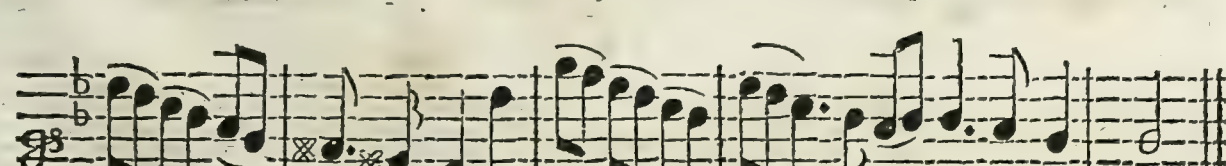
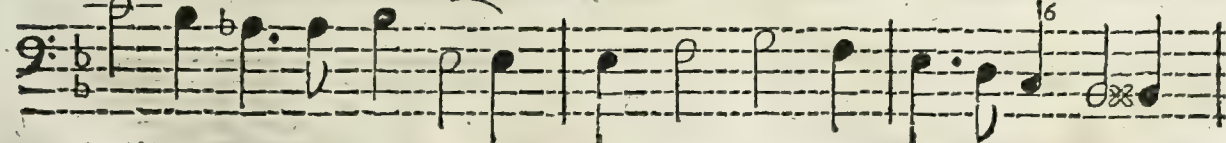
—fence I shun; No distance preserves, no, no, no distance preserves, pre—



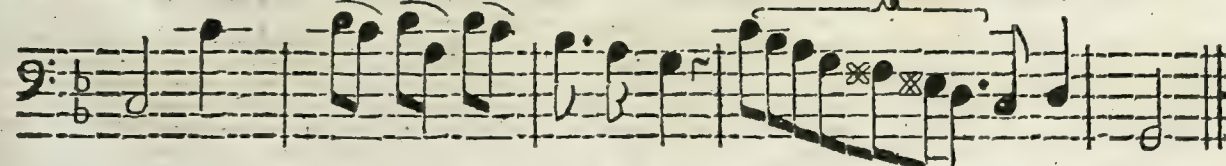
—serves from the source of your Darts; Wheree-ver I goe, or where e—ver I run, your



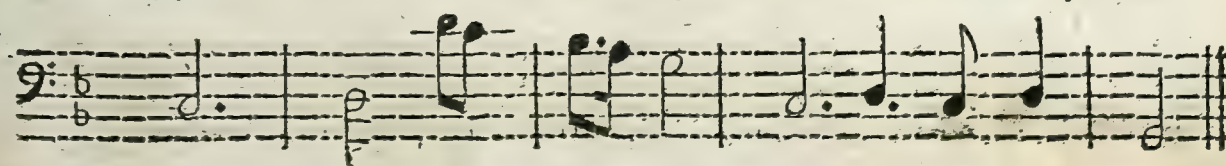
—serves from the source of your Darts; Where e—ver I goe, or where e—ver I run, your



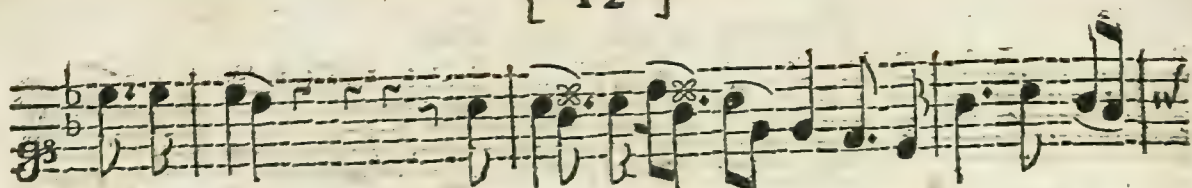
train of Ar—til—le—ry, your train of Ar—til—le—ry reaches my heart:



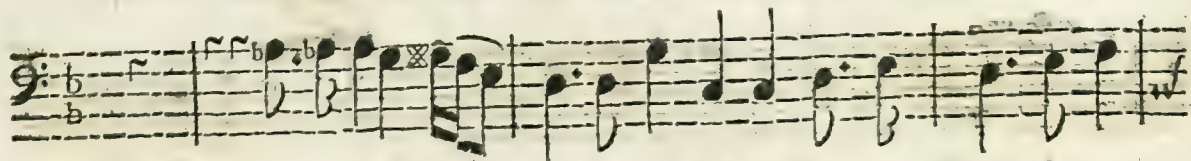
train, your train of Ar—til—le—ry rea—ches my heart:



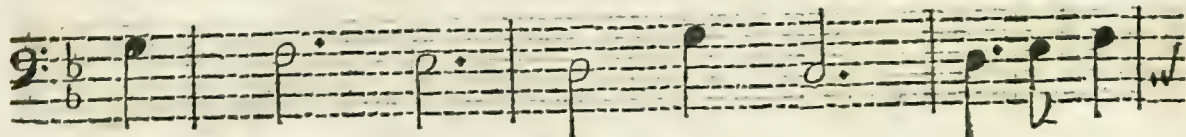




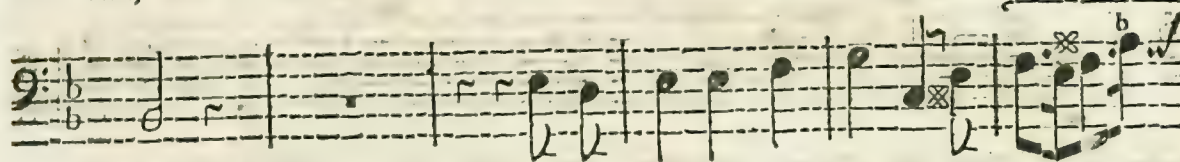
And a—las! a—las 'tis a fol—ly all the World must needs



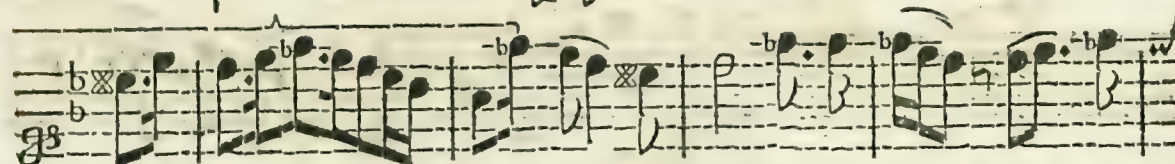
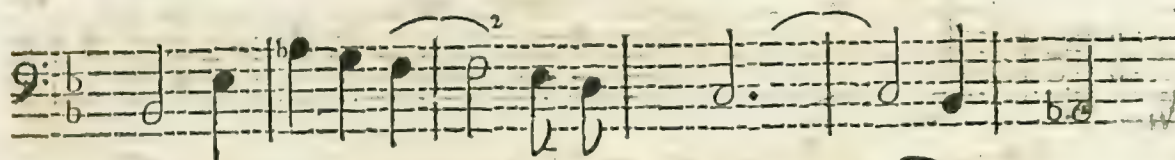
And a—las! a—las 'tis a fol—ly all the World must needs



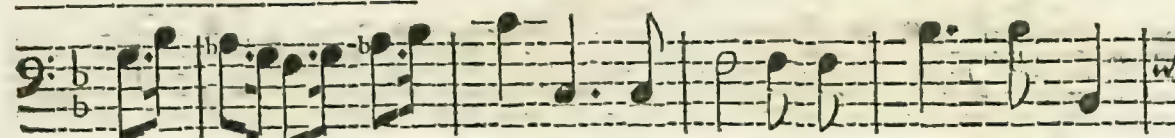
own, the in—fec—tion once ta—ken to fl ——— y, to fl ———



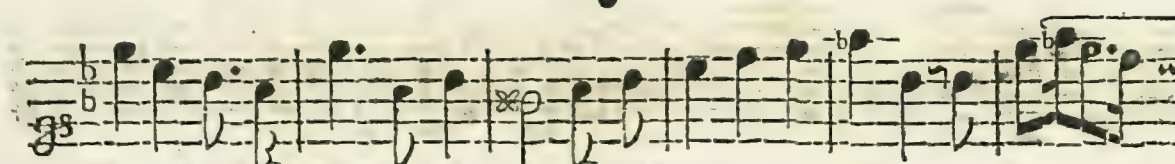
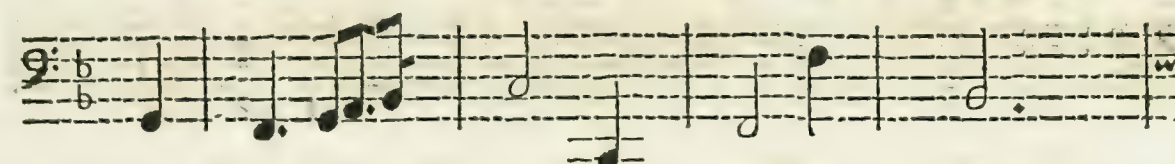
own, the in—fec—tion once ta—ken to fl ———



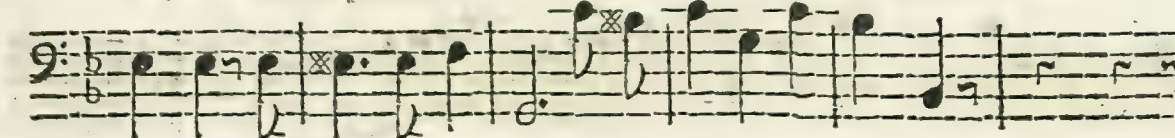
——— y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a



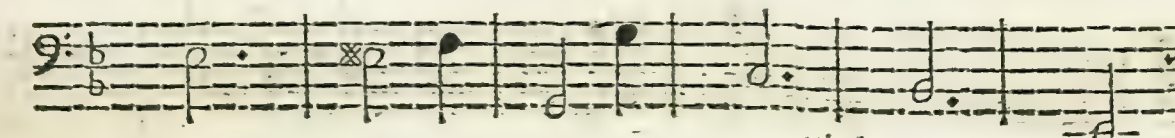
——— y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a



fol—ly all the world must needs own, the in—fec—tion once ta—ken to fl ———



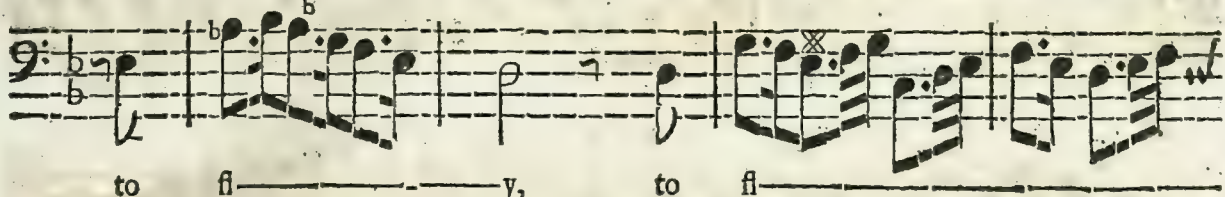
fol—ly the world must needs own, the in—fec—tion once ta—ken



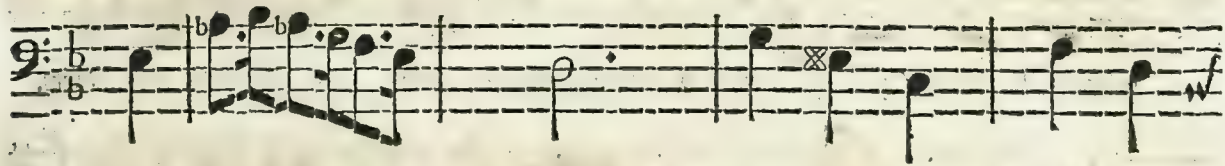




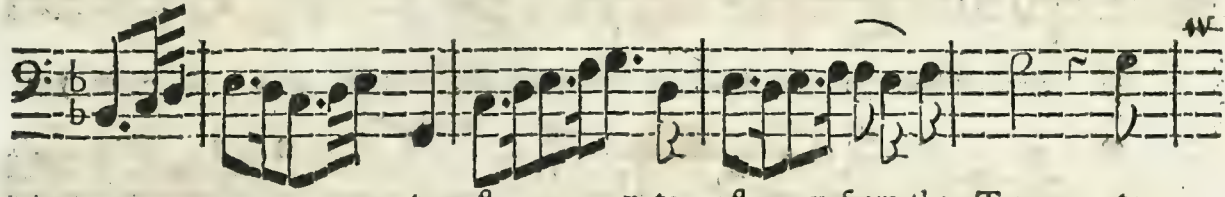
y to fi



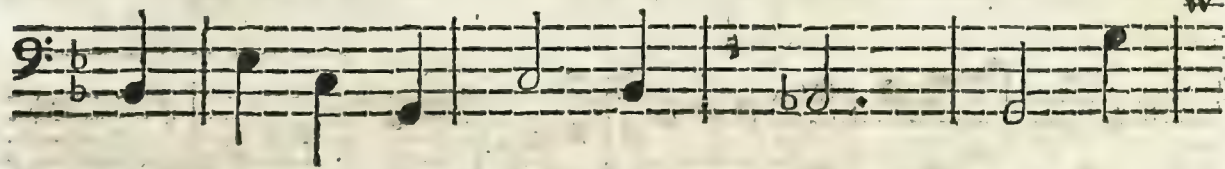
to fi — y, to fi



y, to fi — y from the



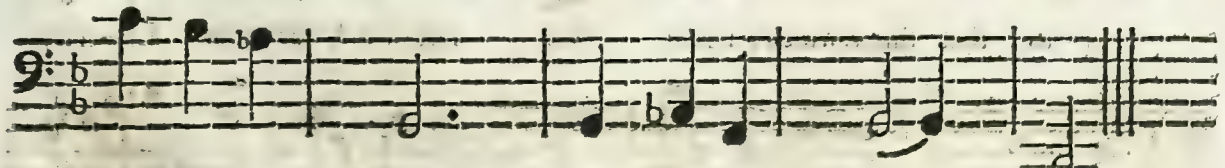
y, to fi — y, to fi — y from the Town, to



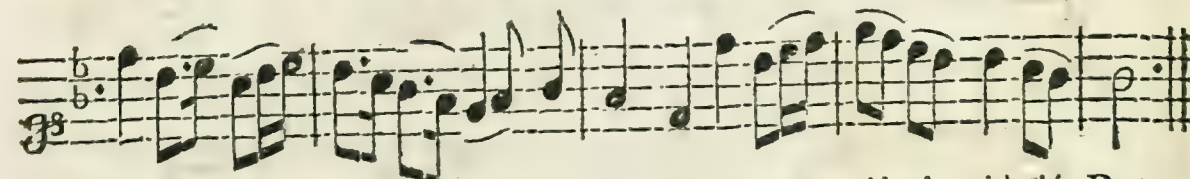
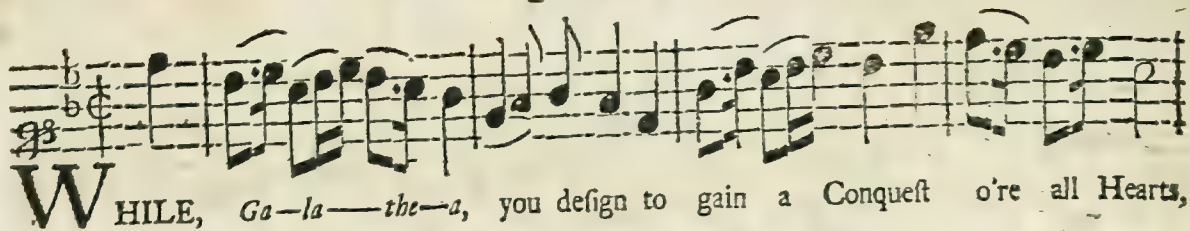
Town, to fi — y from the Town,



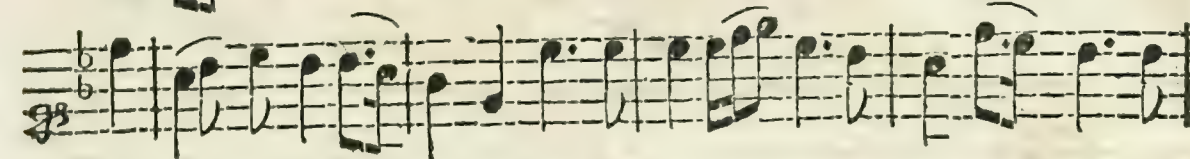
fi — y from the Town.



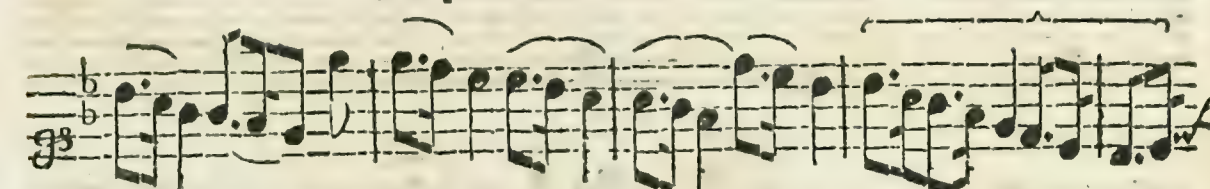
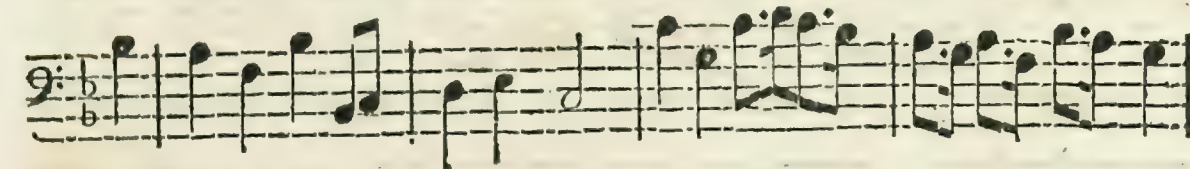




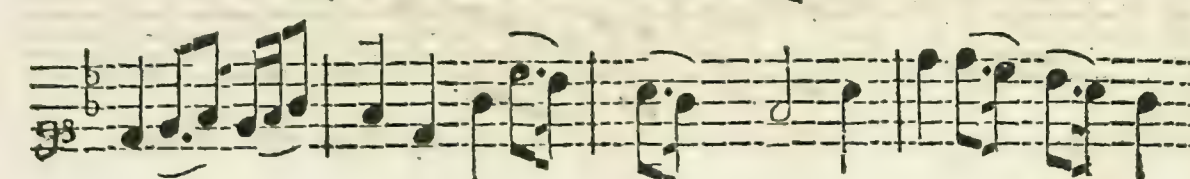
take heed lest you your own re-sign, Love play's not id-ly with his Darts.



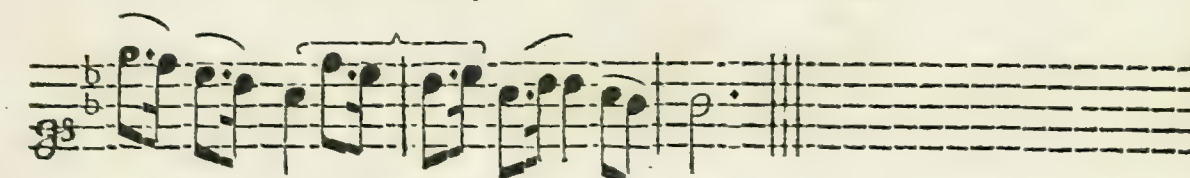
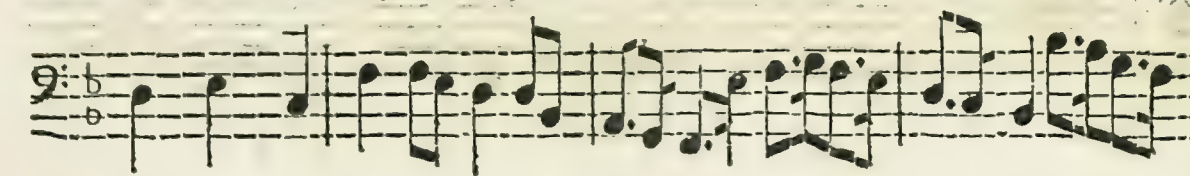
Be care-full how you fan his Fire, and while you strive to give de--fire, you



do not fall, you do not fall, fall, do not fa———ll

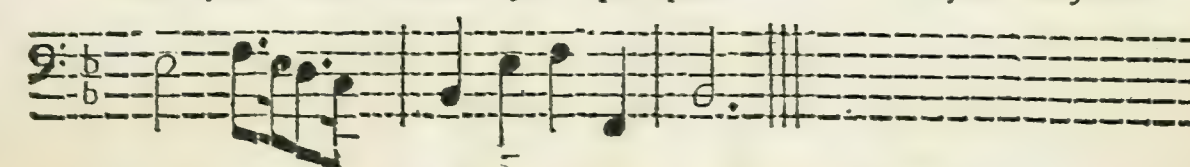


in—to that Snare, which for your Lo—ver, which for your Lo—ver,



for your Lo—ver you pre-pare.

By Mr. Henry Hall.



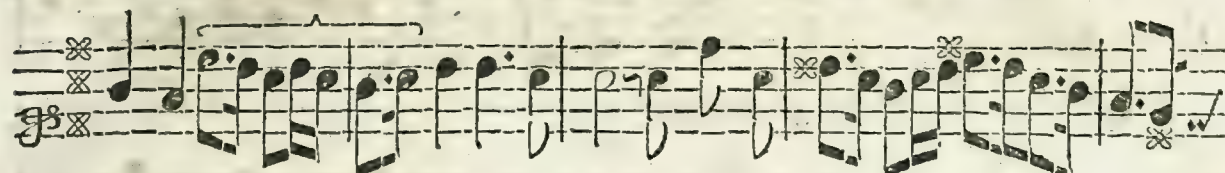


[ 15 ]

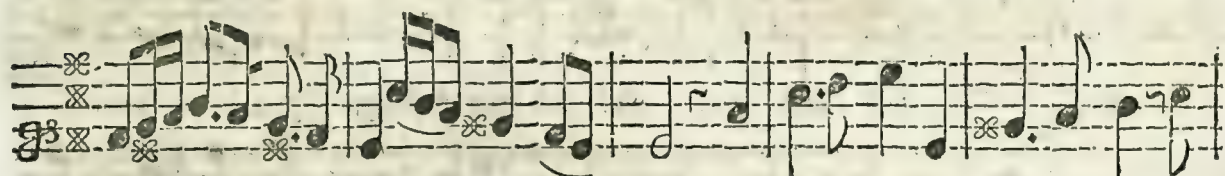
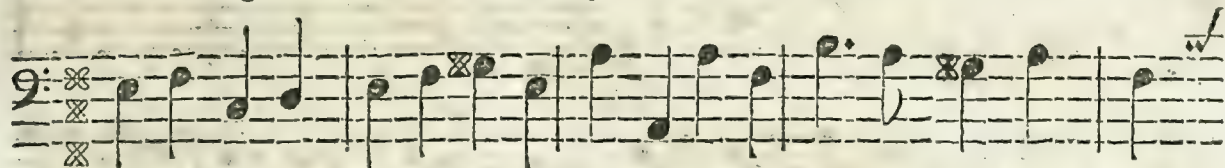
A New Song in the *Prophetess*, or the History of *Dioclesian*, Sung in the  
Third Act. By Mrs. *Ayliff*. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



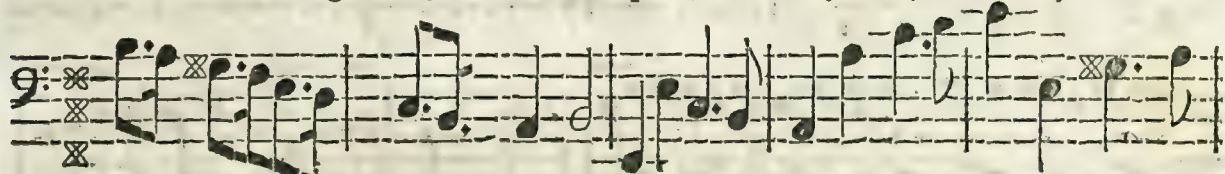
W H E N first I saw the brig ——— ht *Au-re-lia's* Eyes, when first I



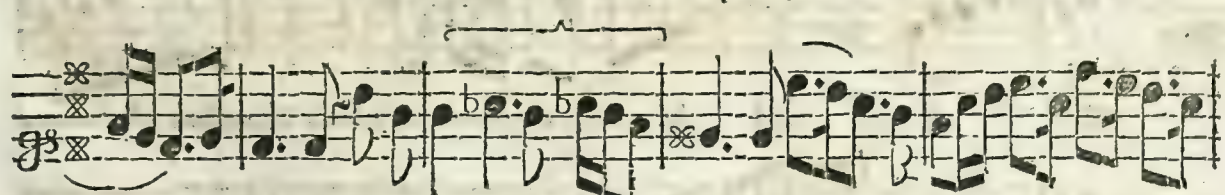
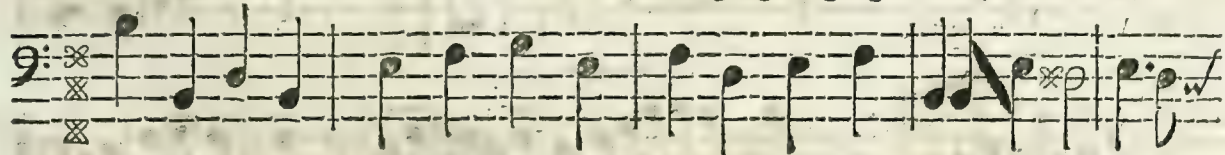
saw the brig ——— ht *Au-re-lia's* Eyes; a suddain trem ———



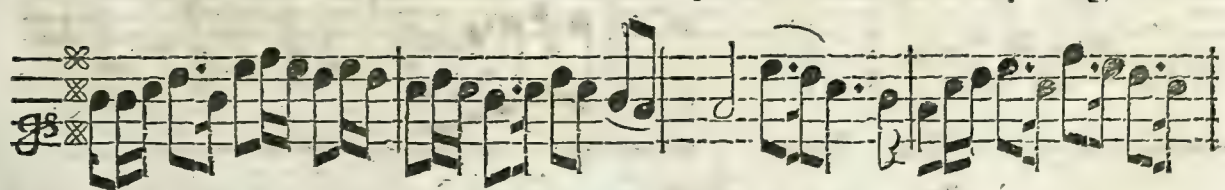
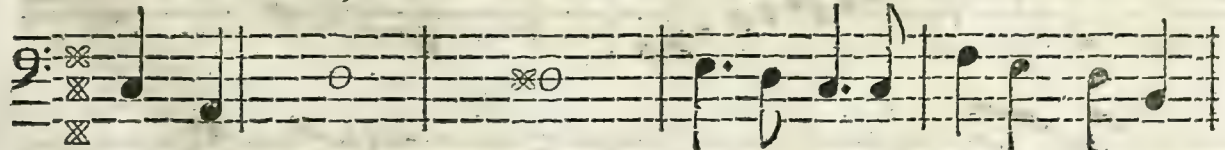
——— bling did my Limbs sur — prize, in ev'ry Vein, in ev'ry Vein I



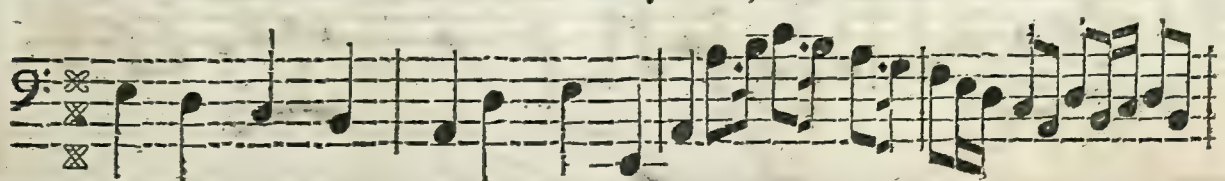
felt a tin ——— gling, tingling smart, and a co ———



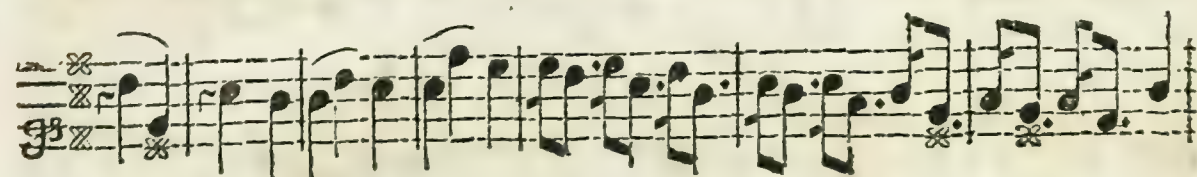
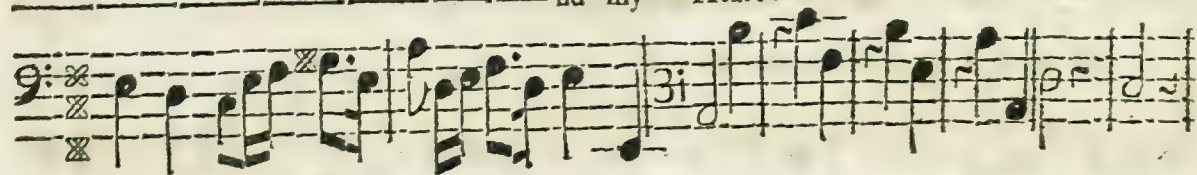
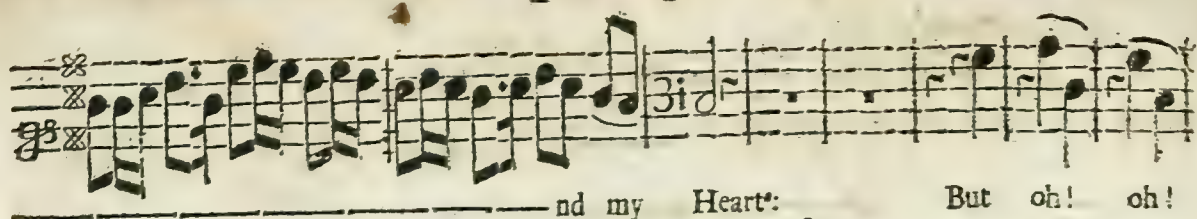
ld faintness, and a co ——— ld faintness all a — rou ———



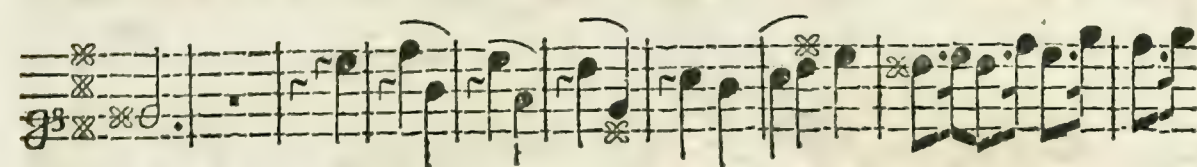
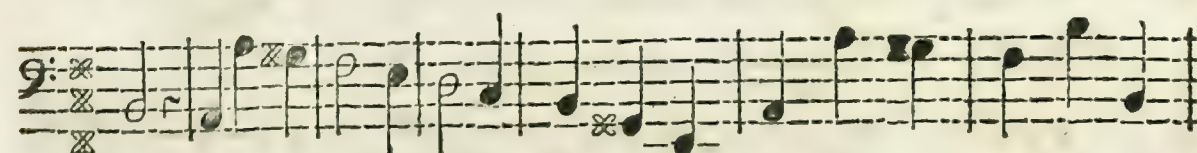
nd my Heart, all a — rou ———



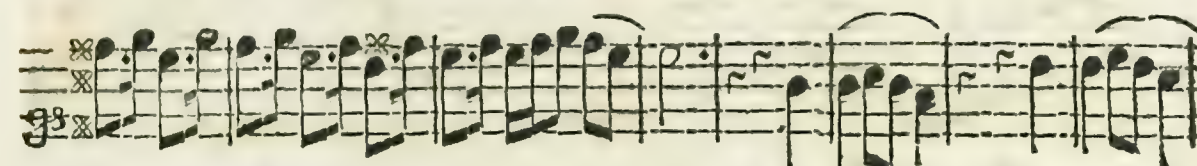
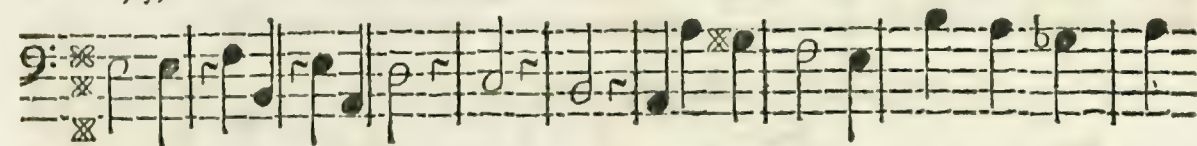




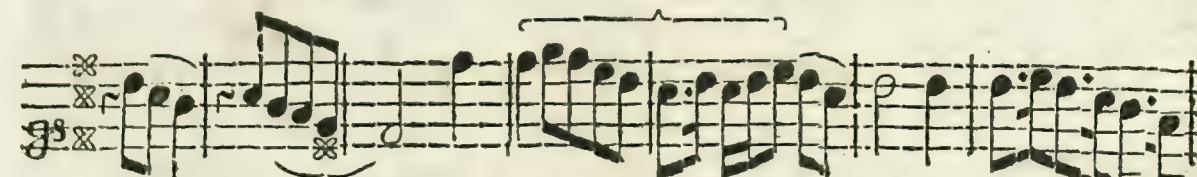
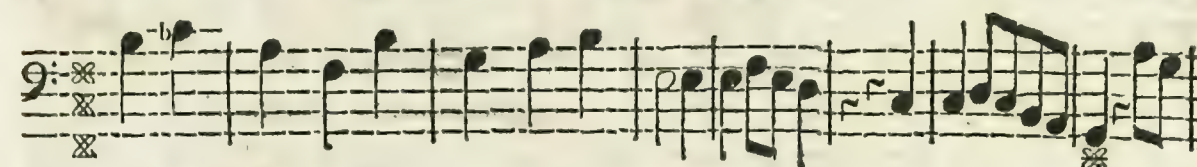
oh! oh! the piercing, piercing pier ——— cing



joy, but oh! oh! oh! oh! the pleasing, plea ———



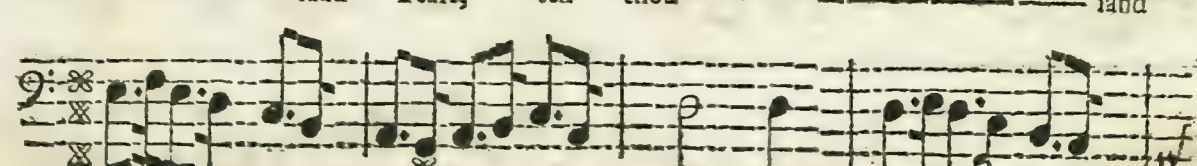
——— sing pain; And oh! and oh! ———



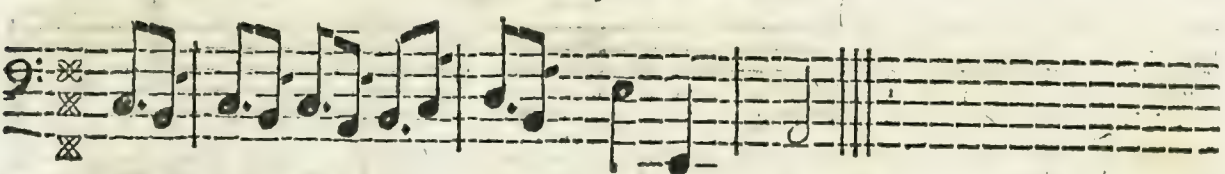
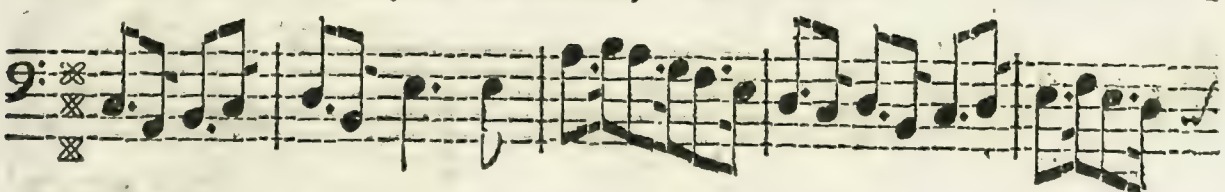
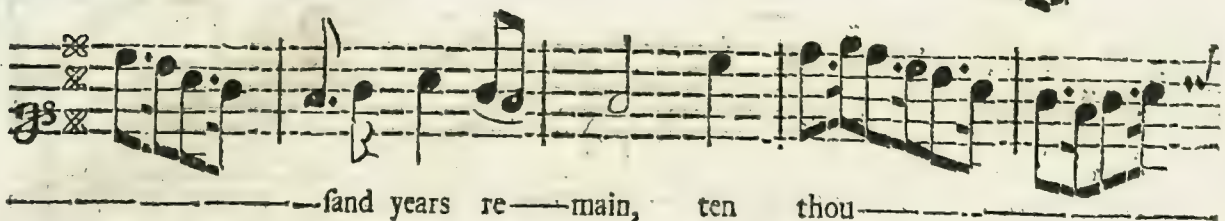
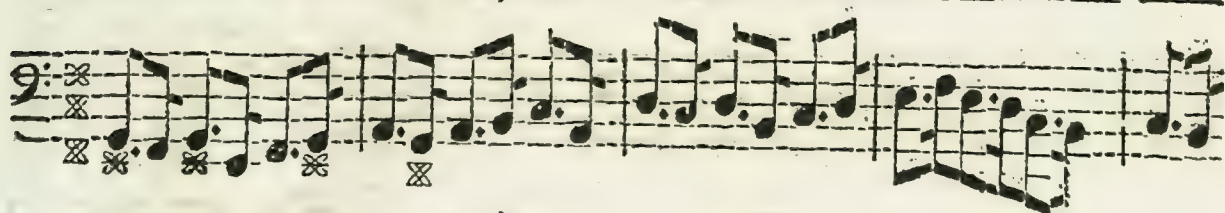
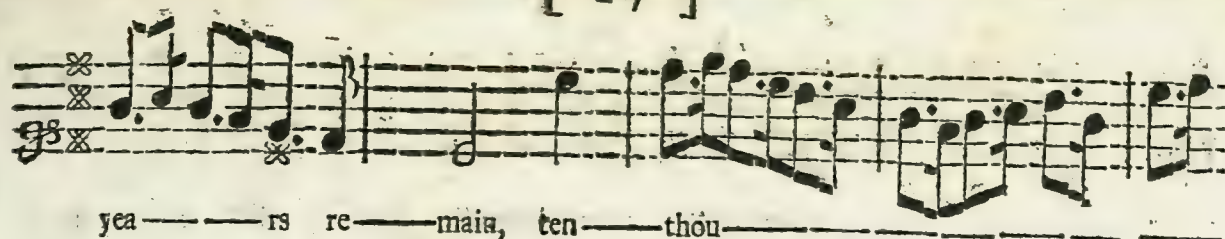
oh! oh! and oh! ——— may both ten—thou ———



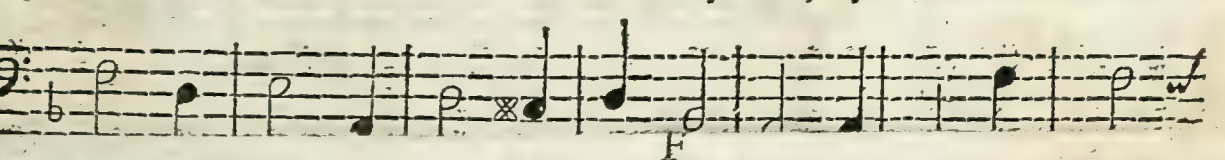
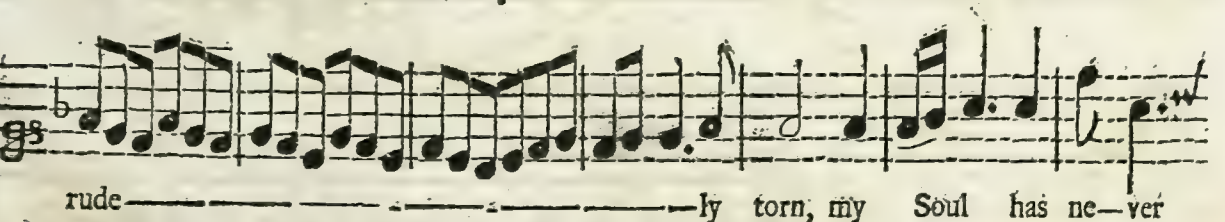
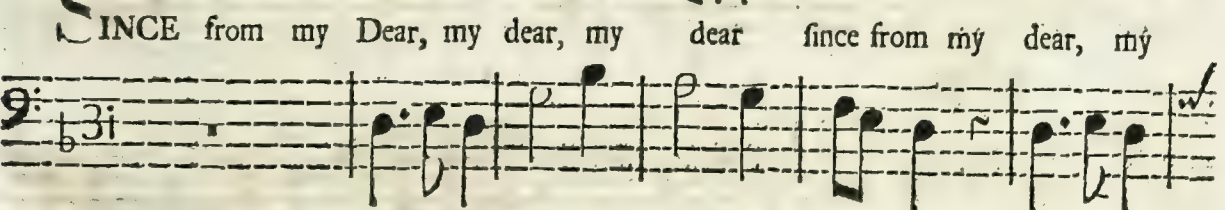
——— sand Years, ten—thou ——— sand



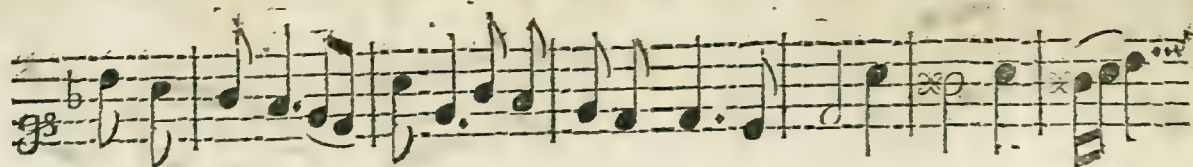




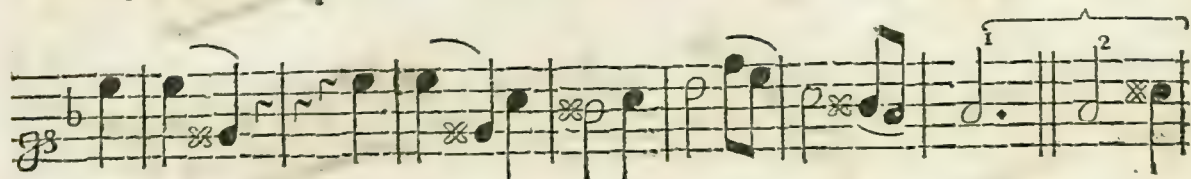
A New Song in the *Prophetess*, or the History of *Dioclesian*. Sung in the last Act. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.







never, never, has never, never, never known de—light, un—less it were



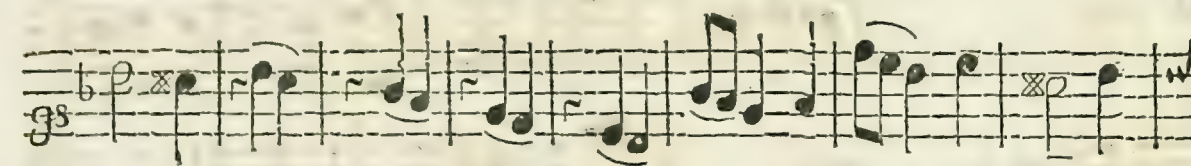
to mourn, to mourn, un—less, un—less it were to mourn, mourn. But



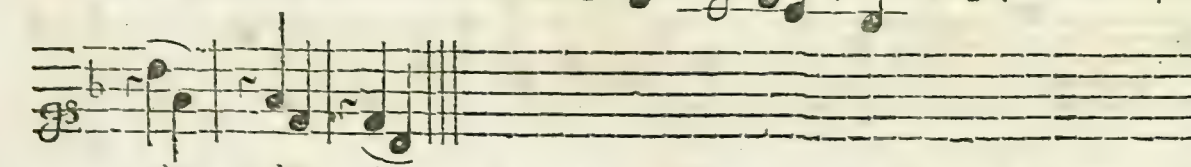
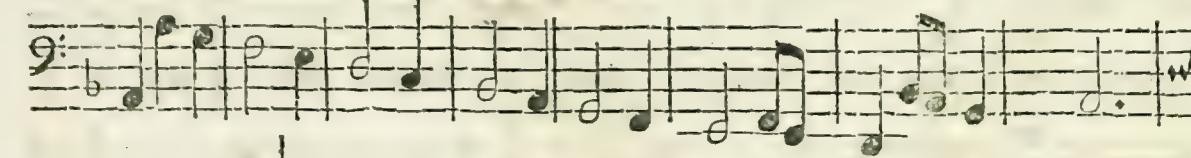
oh! a—las, a—las, with weep—ing Eyes, and bleeding, blee—ding



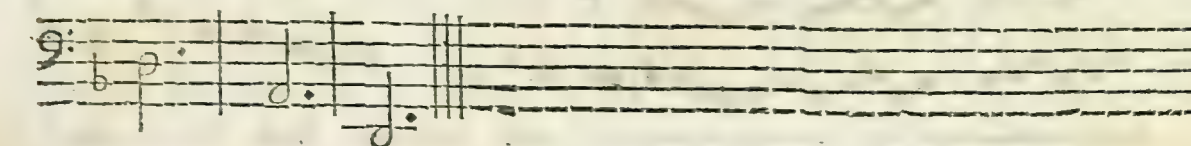
heart I lye; thinking on her, on her, whose absence 'tis that makes me



wish to dye, dye, dye, dye, makes me, makes me wish to

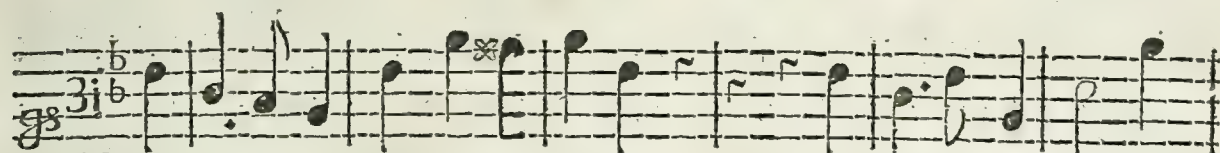


dye, dye dye.

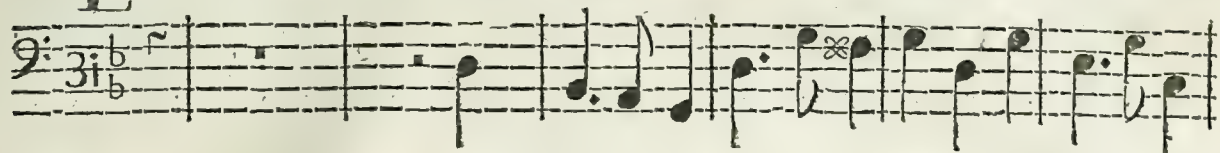




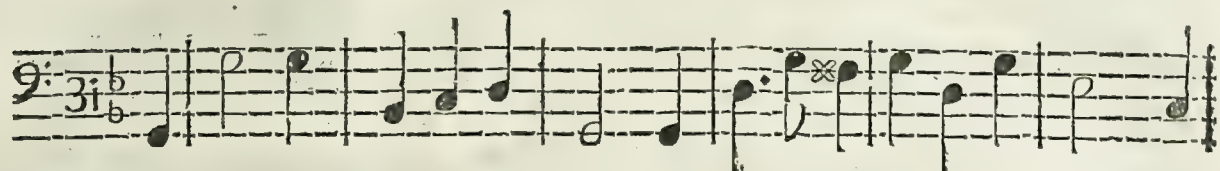
## A Song for Two Voices, set by Mr. R. Courtivelle.



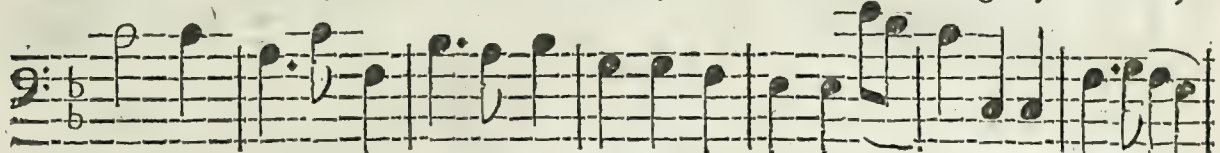
**L** u—cin—da is Young, and she's Witty; her humour is good, her



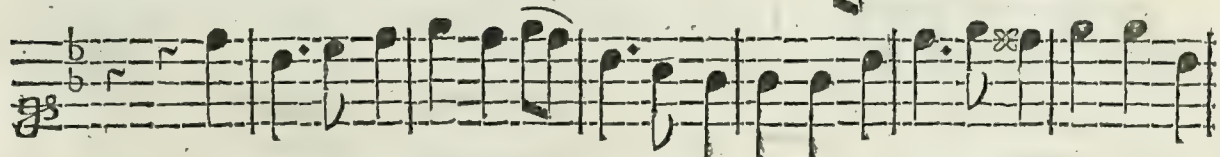
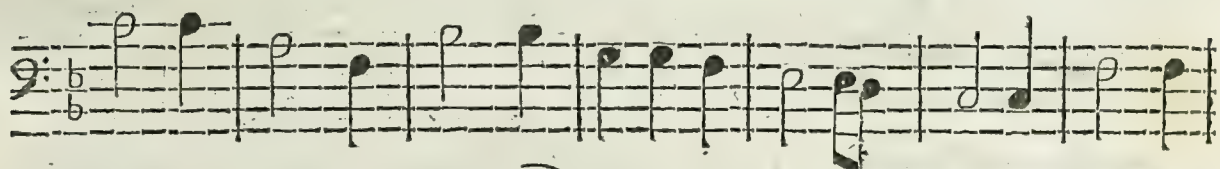
Lu—cin—da is Young, and she's Witty, her humour is



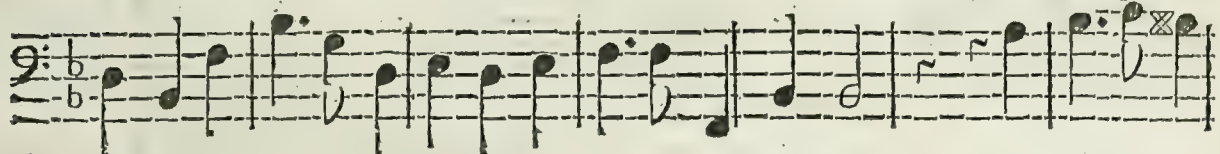
humour is Good, is Good, and she's Pritty; as Nature has le-gi-bly written;



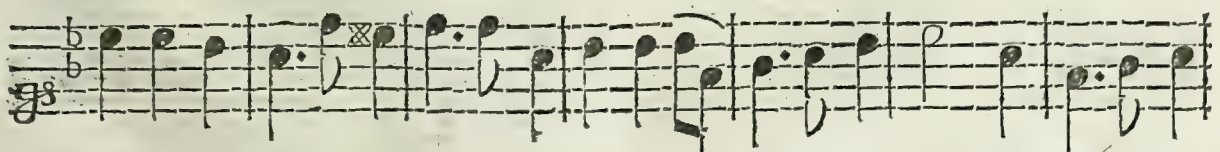
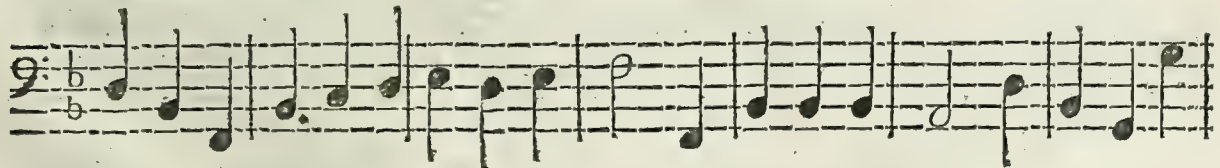
good, her humour is Good, and she's Pretty; as Nature has le-gi-bly, le-gi-bly



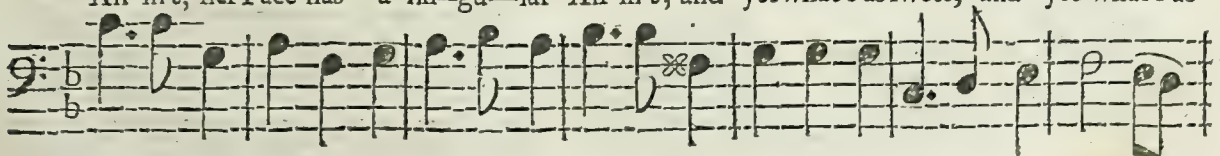
and all that smile on her, smile on her are smitten; Her Face has a sin-gu-lar



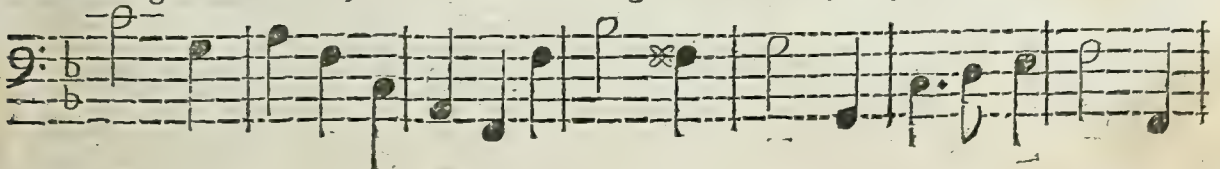
written, and all that smile on her, smile on her are smitten; Her Face has a



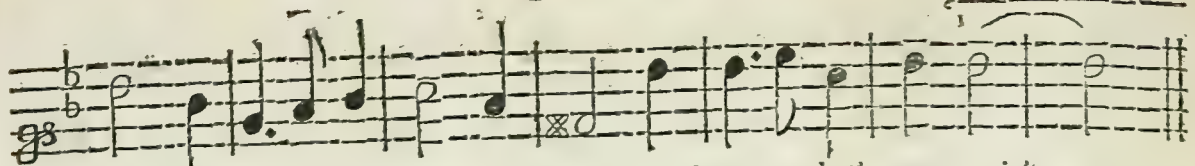
Air in't, her Face has a sin-gu-lar Air in't, and yet what's as sweet, and yet what's as



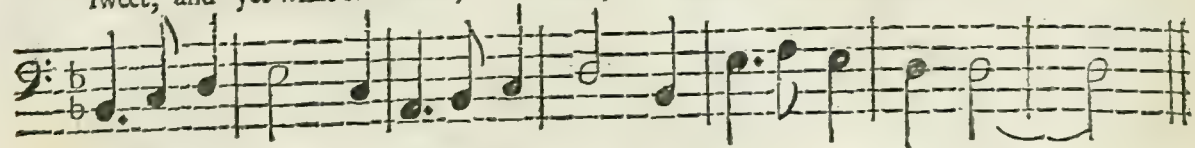
sin-gu-lar Air in't, her Face has a sin-gu-lar Air in't, and yet what's as sweet, and







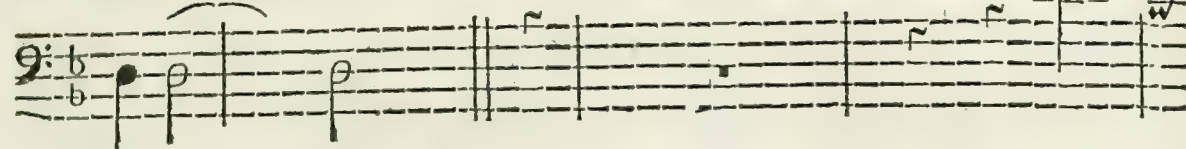
sweet, and yet what's as sweet, as sweet, as sweet, as what's rare in't:



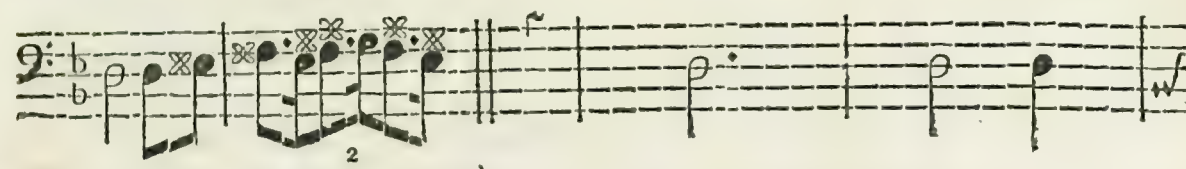
yet what's as sweet, and yet what's as sweet, as sweet as what's rare in't:



rare in't. So love—ly Lu—



rare in't. So



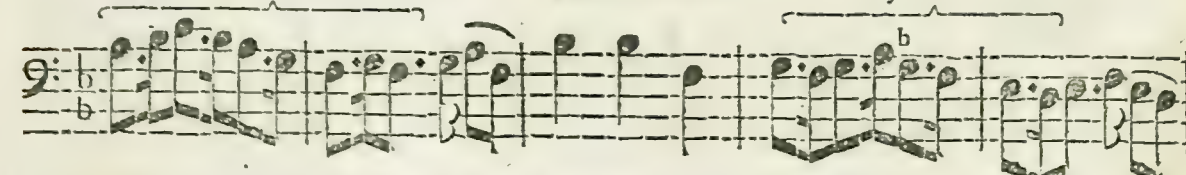
—cin—da, fo love—ly Lu—



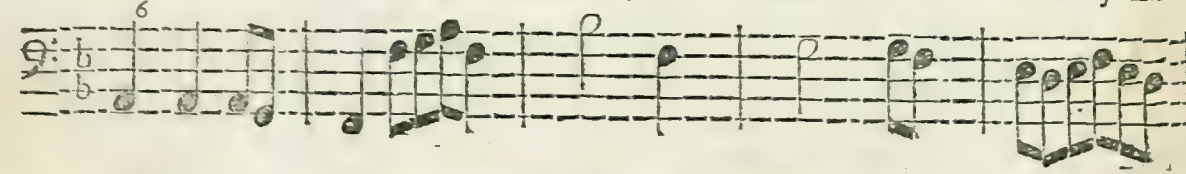
love—ly Lu—cin—da, fo



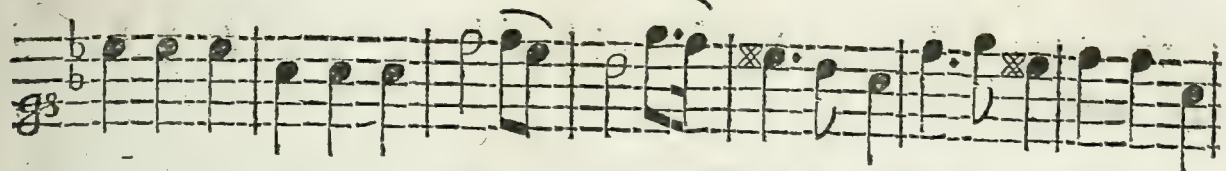
—cin—da, fo love—ly Lu—cin—da who



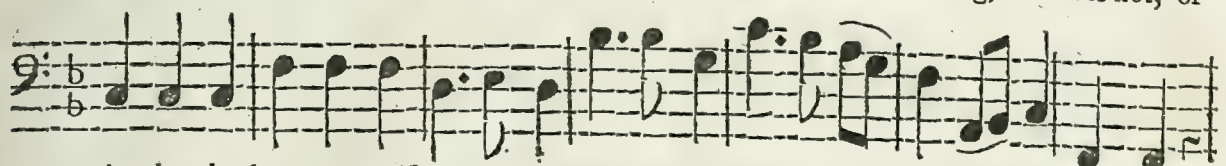
love—ly Lu—cin—da, fo love—ly Lu—



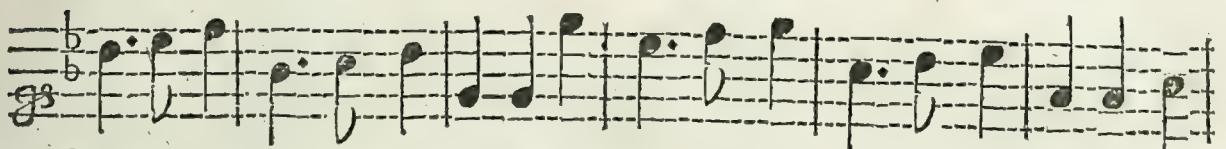
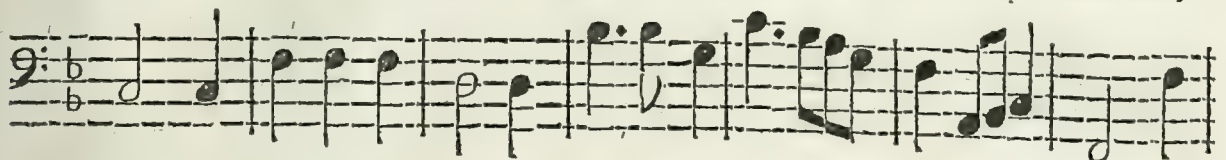




loves not, who loves not a Drefs, a drefs, a drefs by ad-mi-ring, it moves not, or



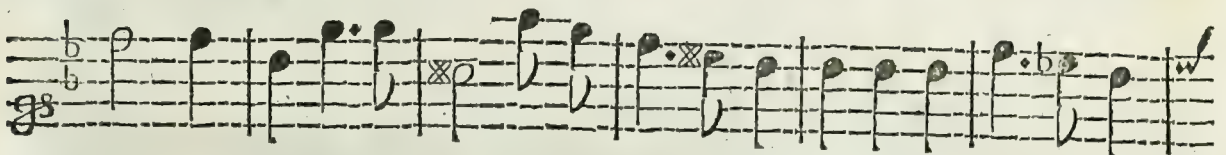
— cin-da, who loves not a Drefs, by ad-mi-ring, a drefs by ad-mi-ring, it moves not,



shou'd you your pas-sion dif-co-ver, or shou'd you your pas-sion dif-co-ver, she



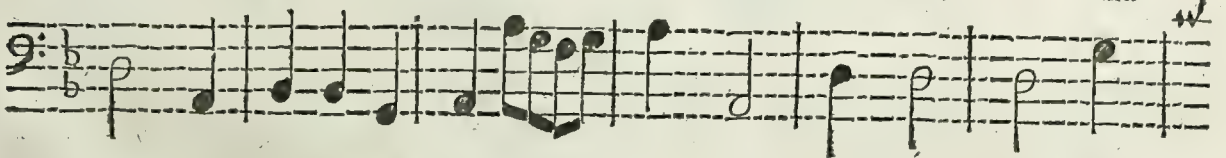
or shou'd you your pas-sion dif-co-ver, or shou'd you your pas-sion dif-



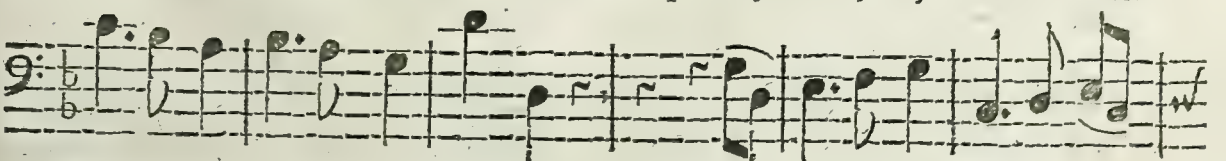
looks, she looks uncon-cera'd, unconcern'd on the Lo-ver; and Cu-pid may



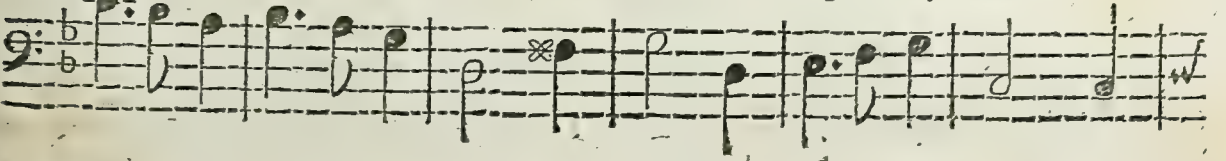
—co-ver, she looks un-concern'd, un-concern'd on the Lo-ver; and



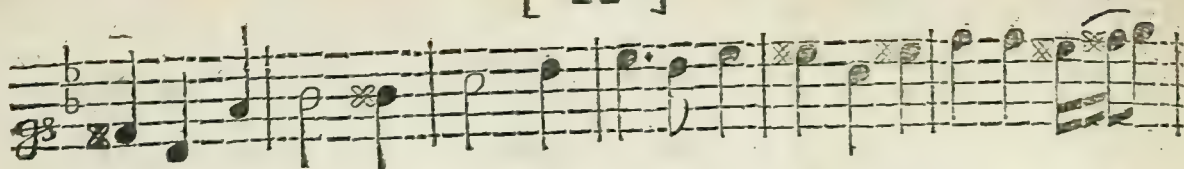
wast, may wast a whole Quiver, and Cu-pid may wast, may wast a whole



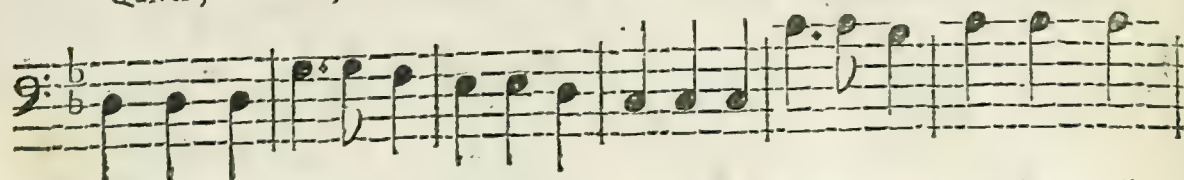
Cupid may wast a whole Quiver, and Cupid may wast a whole



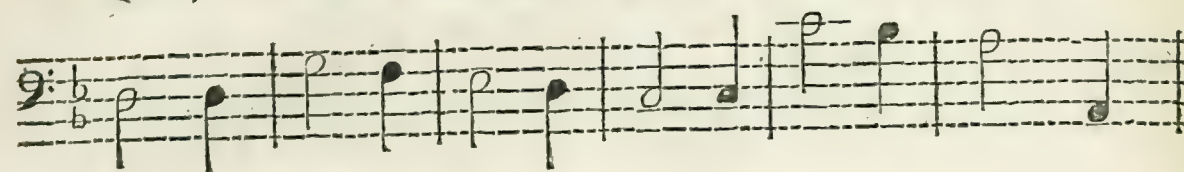




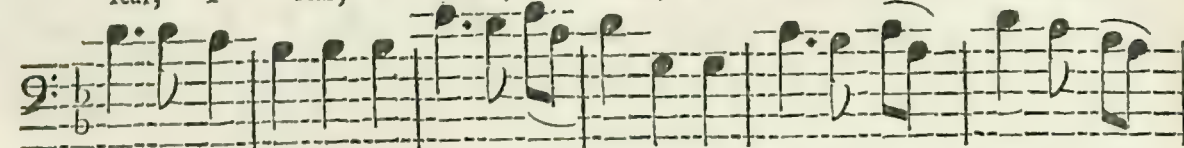
Quiver; I fear, I fear, I fear she'l re—sist him for e—ver, I



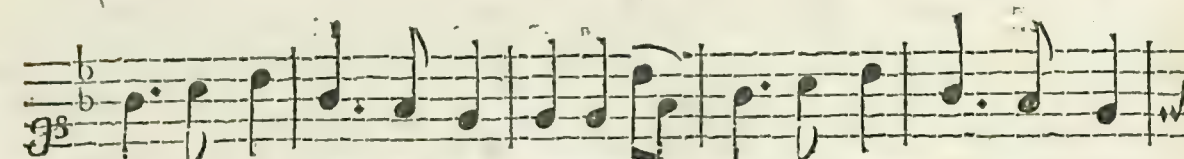
Quiver; I fear she'l re—sist him for e—ver, I fear she'l re—sist him, I



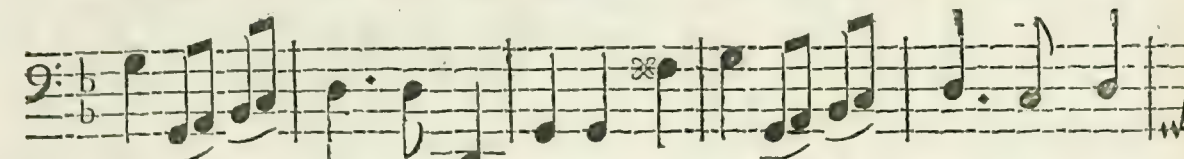
fear, I fear, I fear, fear, I fear she'l re—sist him, I



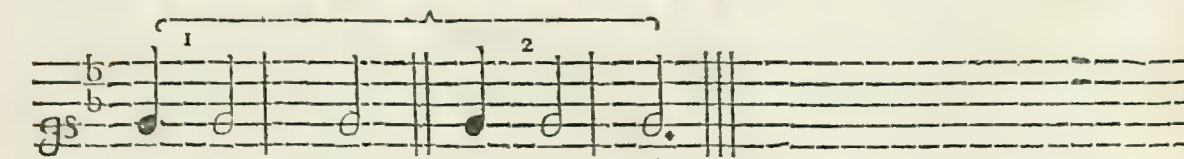
fear, she'l re—sist him, I fear she'l re—sist him, I fear she'l re—sist him for



fear she'l re—sist him for e—ver I fear she'l re—sist him for



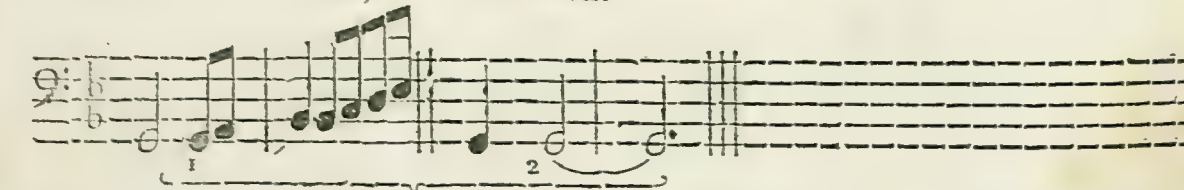
e—ver, re—sist him for e—ver, I fear she'l re—sist him for



e—ver, e—ver.



e—ver, e—ver.





















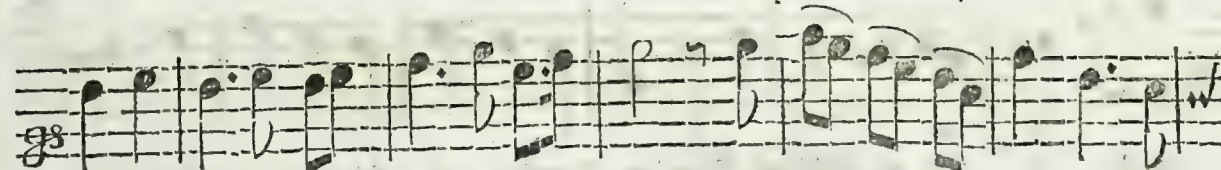
## A Song in King Arthur, set by Mr. Henry Parcell.



Sound a par—ly yee fair and fur—ren—der, found, found, found, found a par—



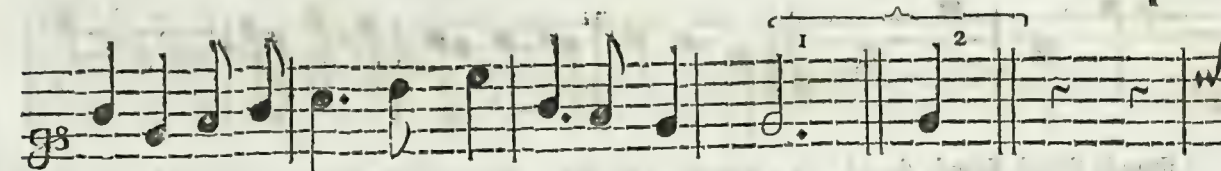
Sound, found, found, found a par—ly yee fair and fur—ren—der,



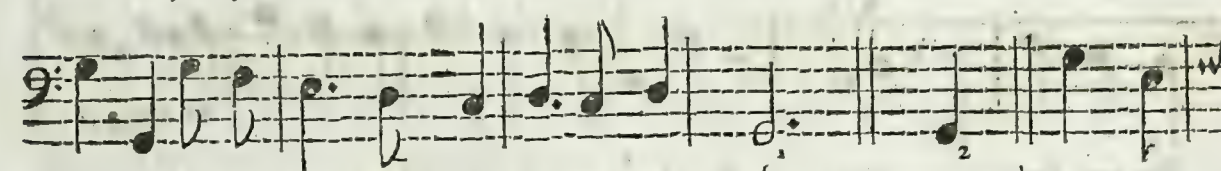
—ly yee fa ———— ir, a par—ly yee fair, and fur—



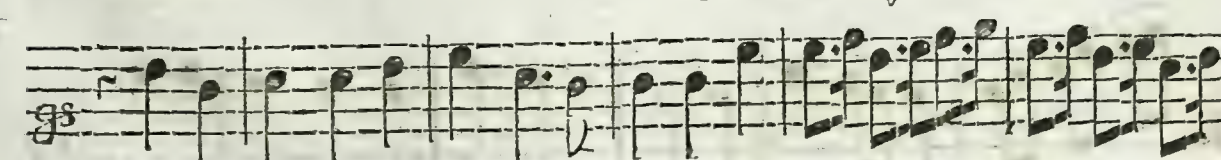
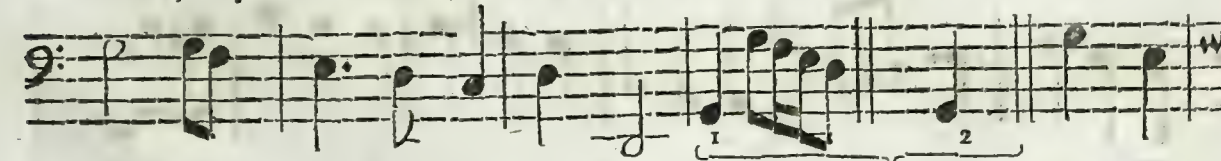
found a par—ly yee fair, found a par ———— ly yee fair and fur—



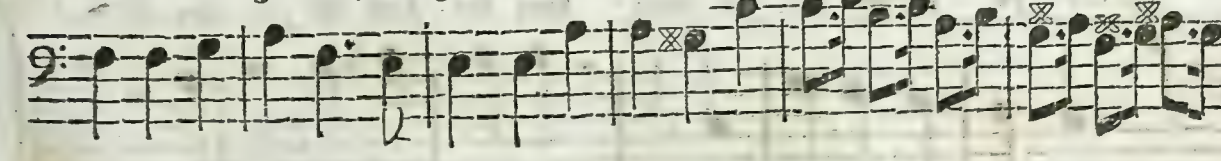
—render ; set your selves and your Lover's at ease :



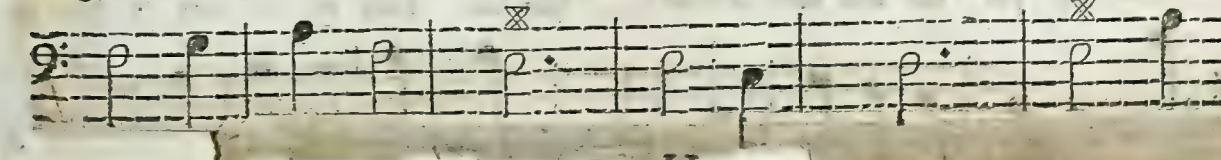
—render ; set your selves and your Lover's at ease : He's a



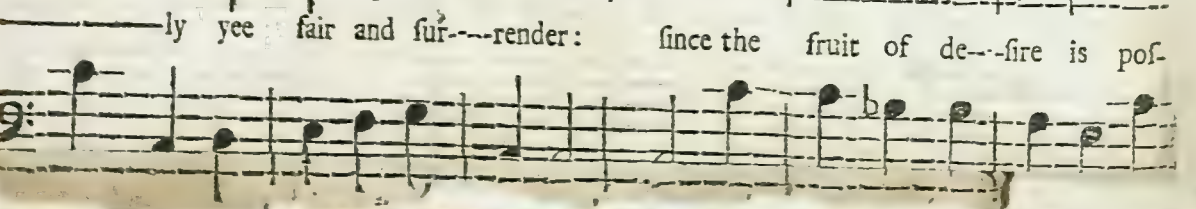
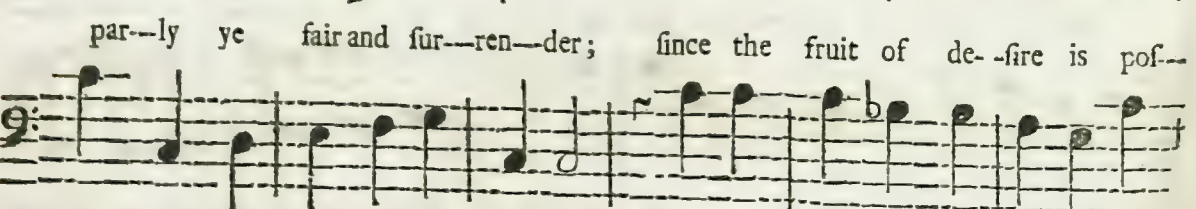
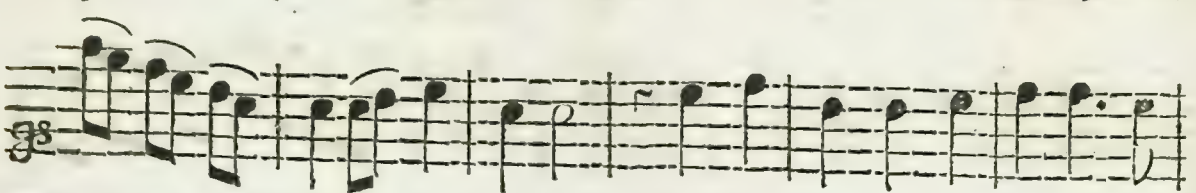
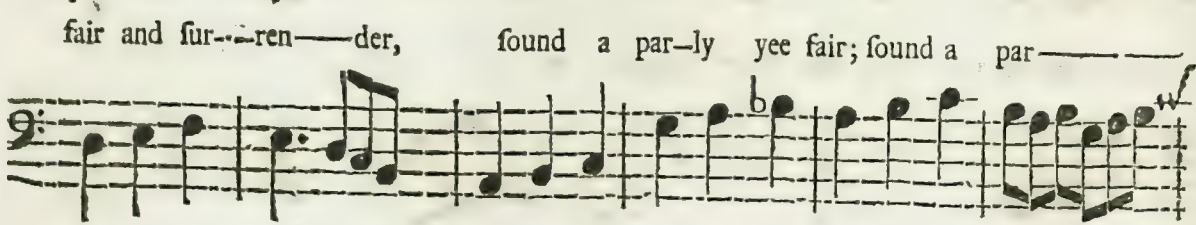
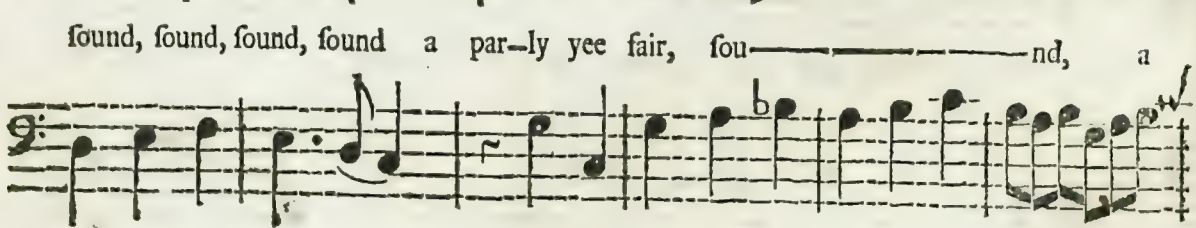
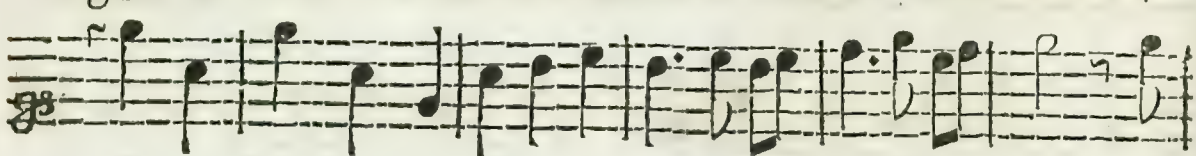
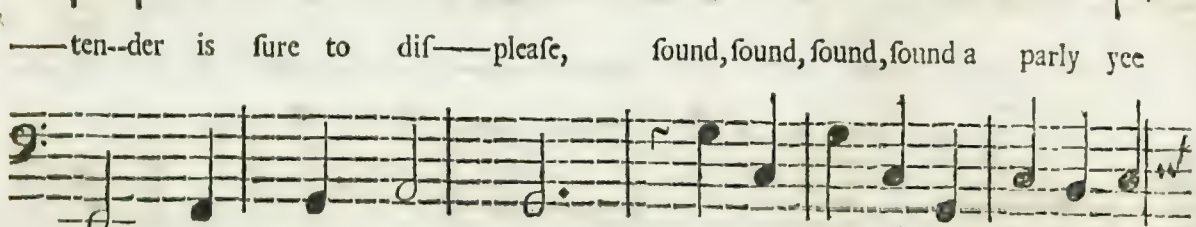
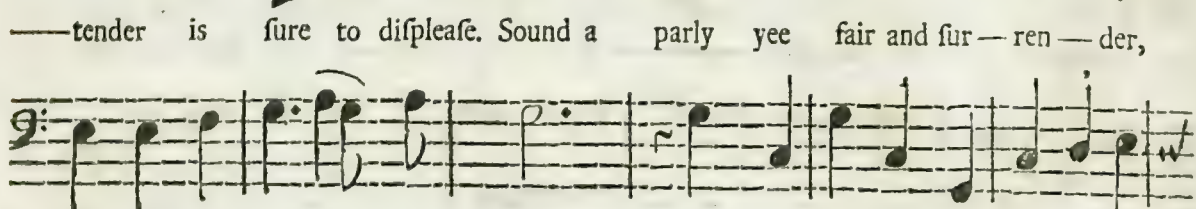
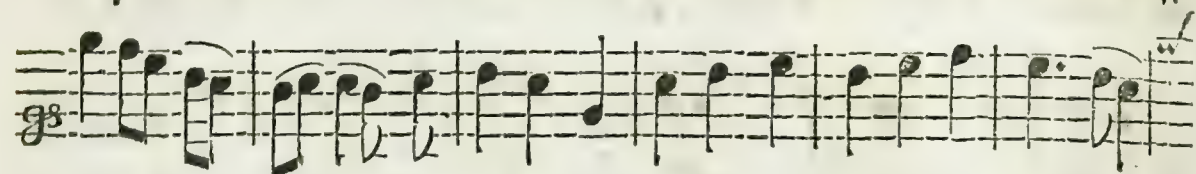
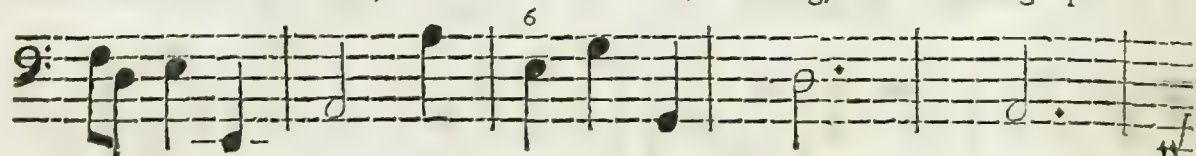
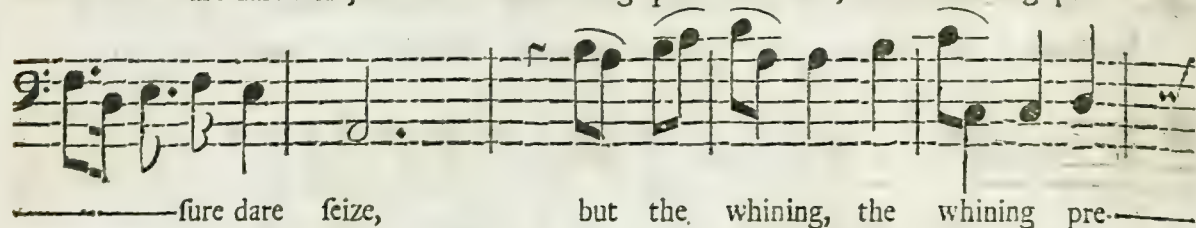
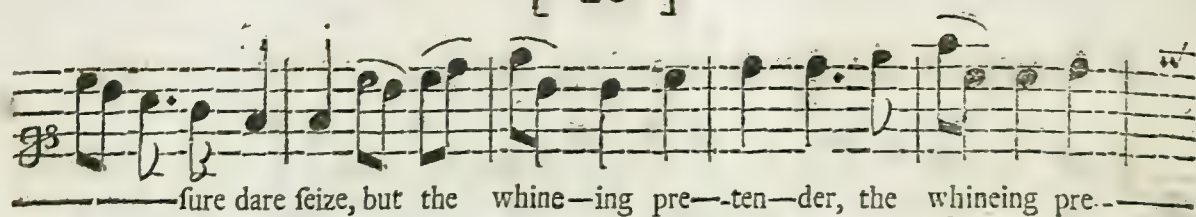
He's a gratefull, a gratefull of—fen—der who plea



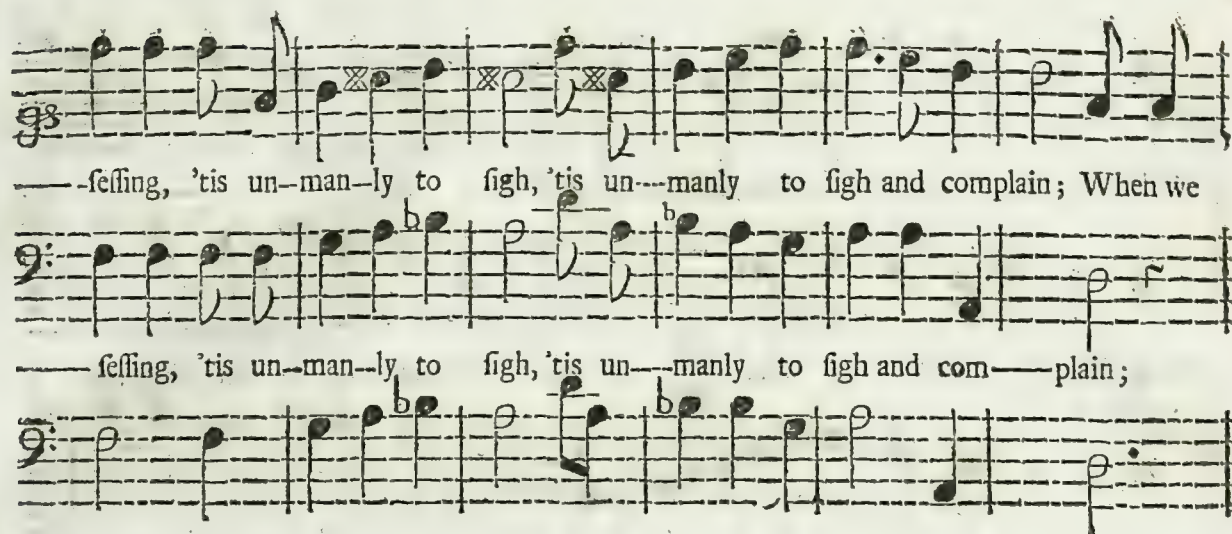
gratefull, a gratefull of—fen—der who pleasure, who plea





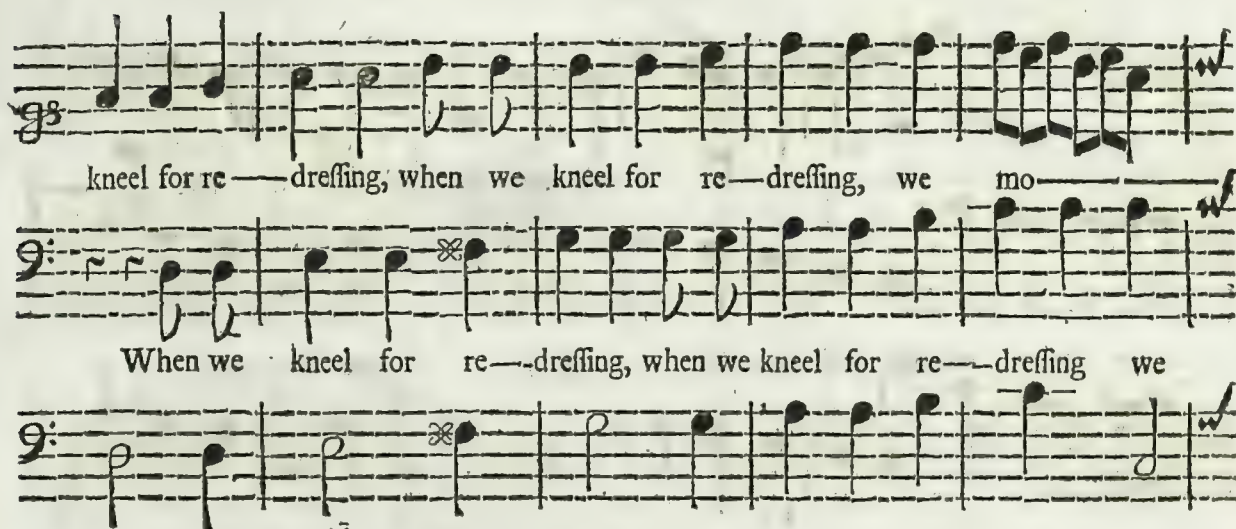






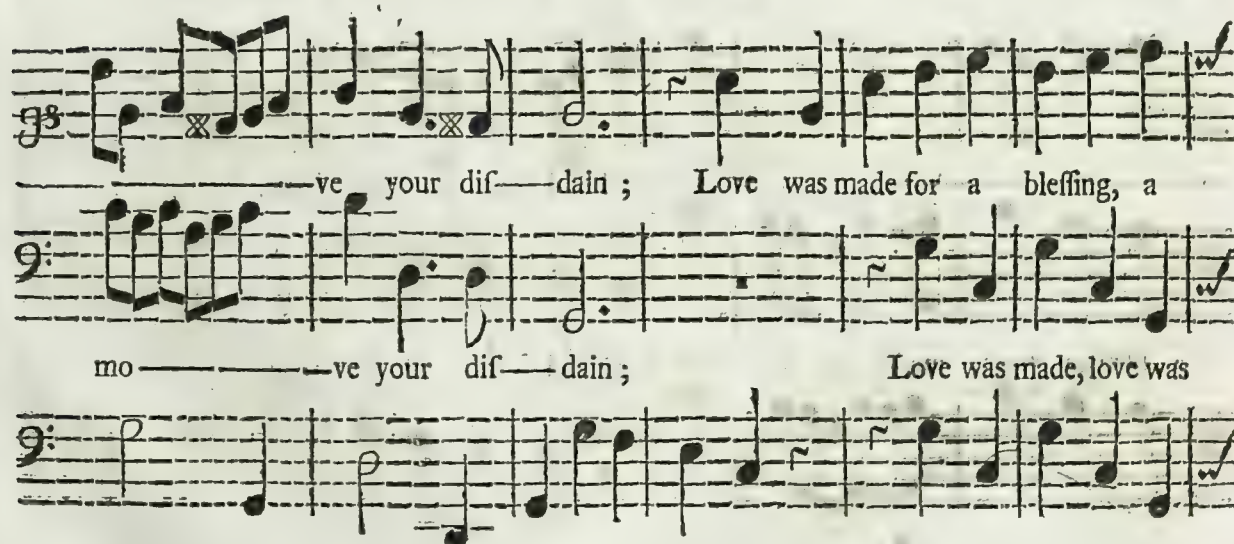
— felling, 'tis un—man—ly to figh, 'tis un—manly to figh and complain; When we

— felling, 'tis un—man—ly to figh, 'tis un—manly to figh and com—plain;



kneel for re—dressing, when we kneel for re—dressing, we mo—

When we kneel for re—dressing, when we kneel for re—dressing we



—ve your dif—dain; Love was made for a blessing, a

mo—ve your dif—dain; Love was made, love was



blef—sing, Love was made, love was made for a blef—

made, love was made for a blef—sing, love was made for a blef—sing, was

—sing, and not for a pain, love was made for a blef—

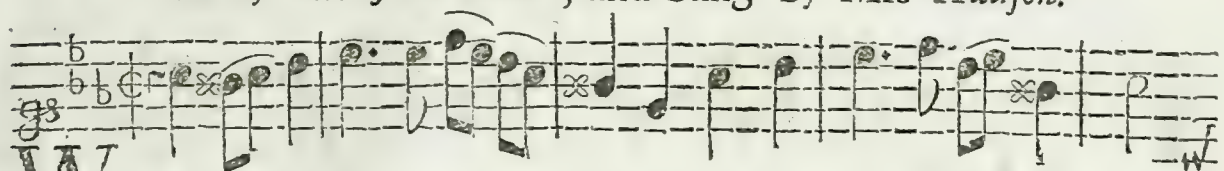
made for a blessing, and not for a pain; love was made for a

—sing and not for a pain.

blessing, was made for a blessing and not for a pain.



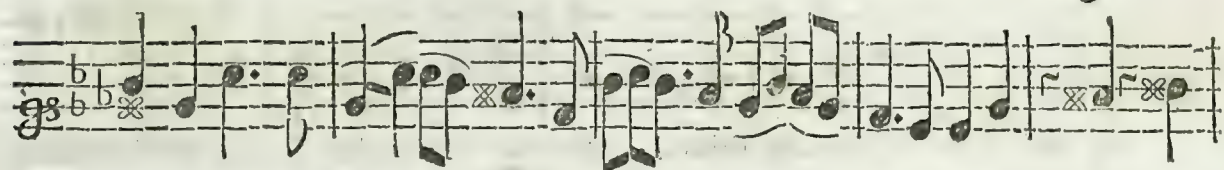
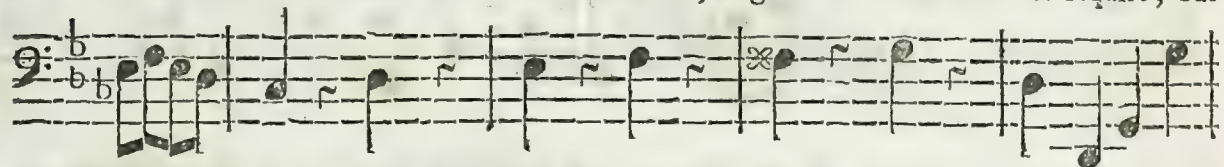
A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant, &c.*  
Set by Mr. *John Eccles*, and Sung by Mrs. *Hudson*.



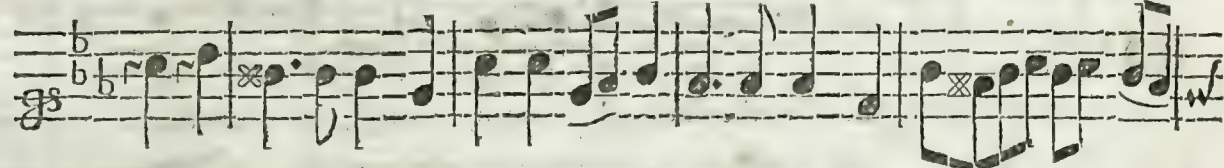
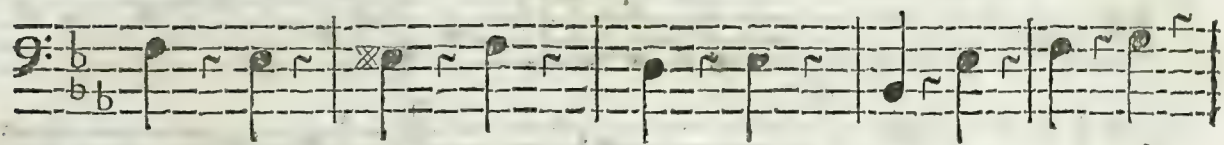
W Hat state of life can be so blest, as love that warms a lo—vers breast;



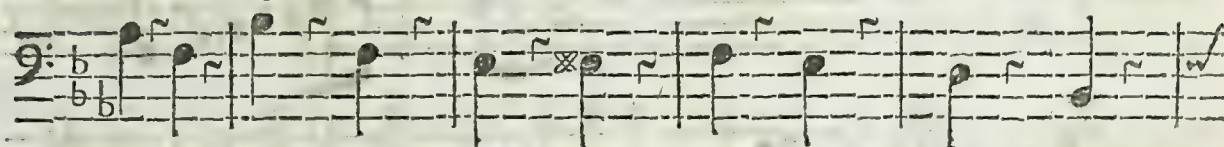
two souls in one the same de—fire, to grant the blifs and to require; but



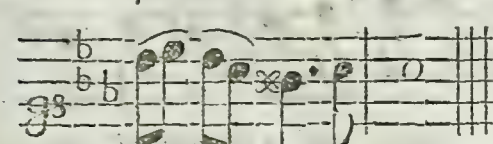
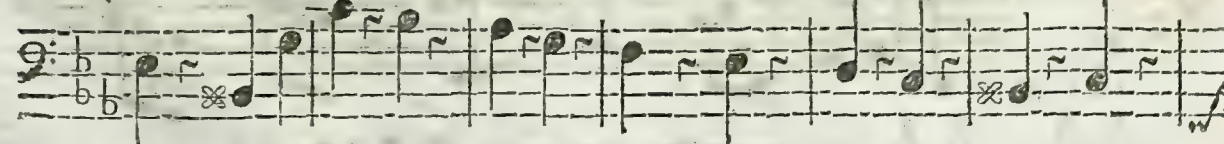
if in Heav'n a Hell we find, 'tis all from thee, oh! Jealousie, oh! oh! oh!



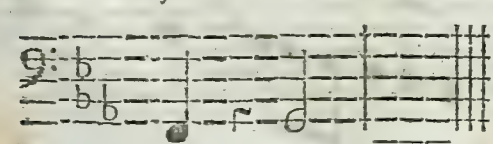
oh! oh! Jealousie, thou tyrant, tyrant. Jealousie thou ty—rant,



, Jealousie, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! Jealousie, oh! oh! oh! Jealousie thou



ty—rant of the mind.



II.

All other Ills tho' sharp they prove,  
Serve to refine and perfect love;  
In absence or unkind disdain,  
Sweet hope relieve the lover's pain;  
But oh! no cure but death we find,  
To set us free from Jealousie.

Oh! oh! &c.

II.

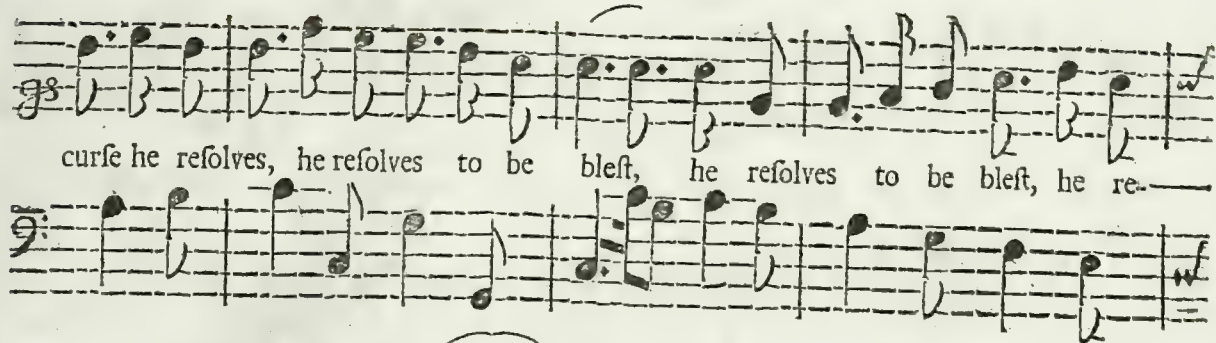
False in thy glass all Objects are,  
Some set too near, and some too farr,  
Thou art the fire of endless night,  
The fire that burns, and gives no Light;  
All Torments of the damn'd we find, In only thee, on! Jealousie.



A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.  
Set by Mr. *H. Purcell*, and Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff*.

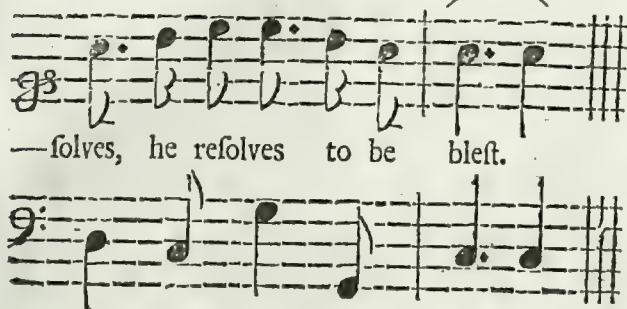
HOW happy's the Husband, how happy's the Husband whose  
Wife has been try'd, has been try'd; not damn'd to the Bed, not damn'd to  
the Bed of an ig-no-rant Bride: se-cure of what's left, se-cure of what's left he  
ne're misses the rest, but where there's enough, enough, enough, but where there's e-  
-nough sup-poses a Feast; so foreknowing the cheat he escapes the deceit, and in  
spight of the curse he resolves, he resolves to be blest; and in spight of the



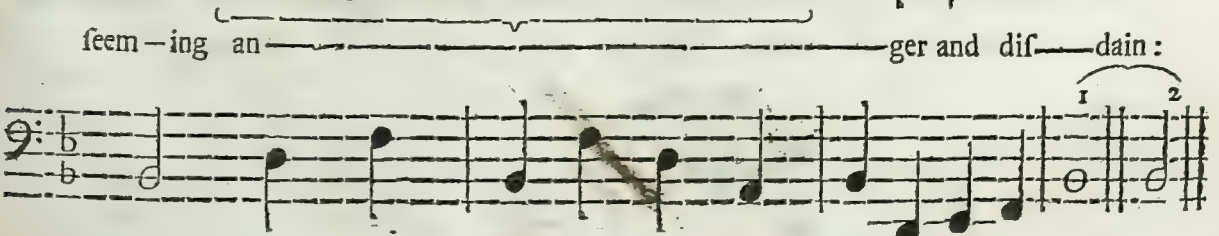
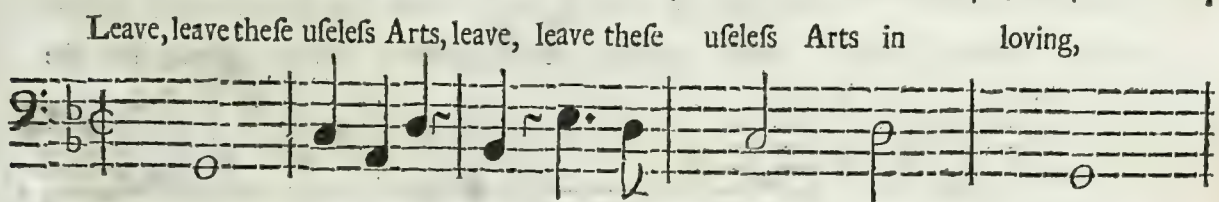
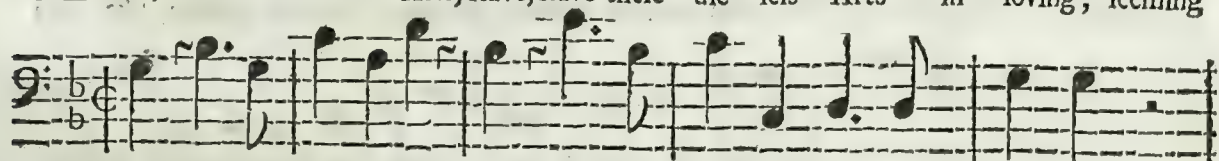
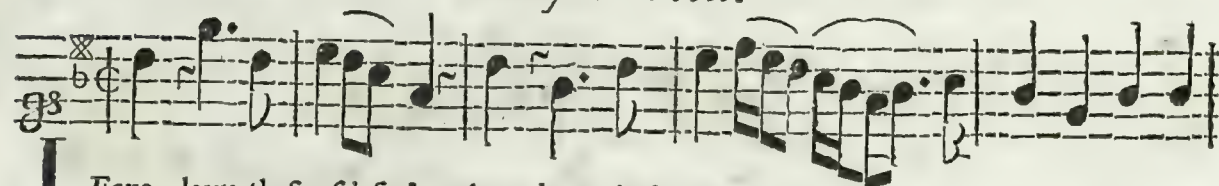


II.

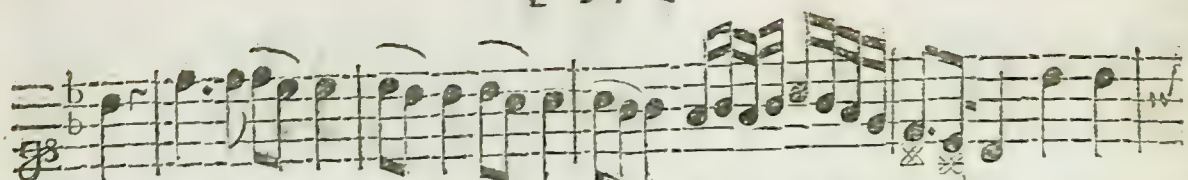
If Children are blessings,  
His Comfort's the more,  
Whose Spouse has been known  
To be fruitfull before;  
And the Boy that she brings,  
Ready made to his Hand,  
May stand in his stead  
For an Heir to his Land:  
If his own prove a Sot,  
When 'tis lawfully got;  
As when e're it is so,  
If it don't I'll be hang'd.



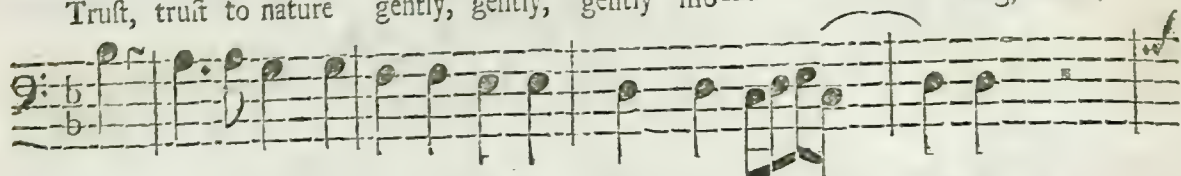
A New Song in *Epsome-Wells* set by Mr.  
*Henry Purcell.*



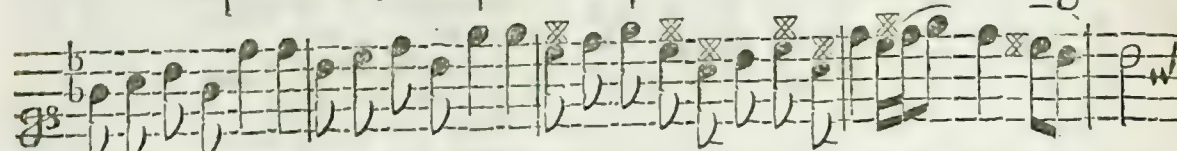
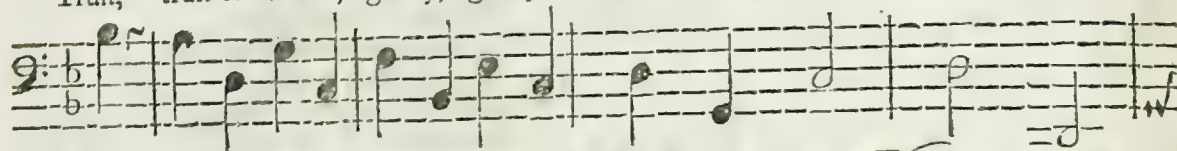




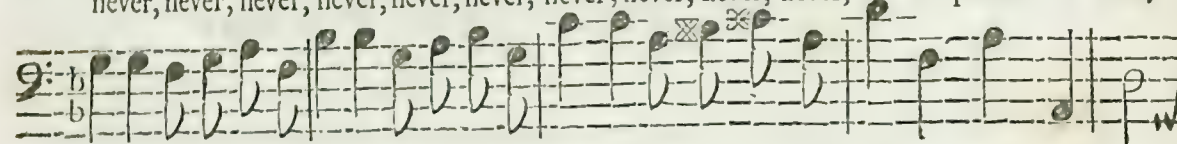
Trust, trust to nature gently, gently, gently mo—ving, nature



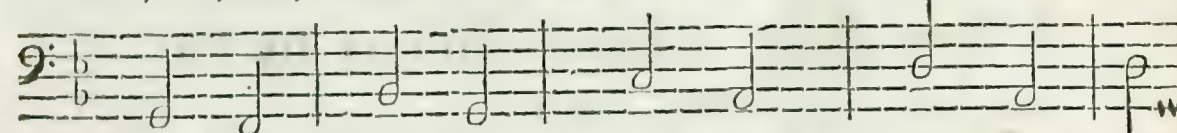
Trust, trust to nature, gently, gently, gent—ly, mo—ving,



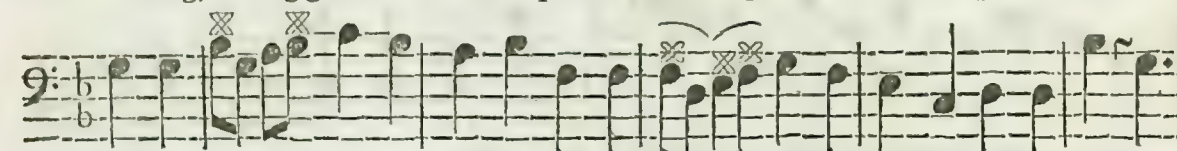
never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver pleads in vain;



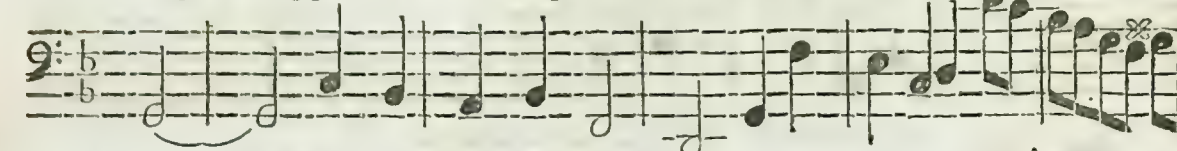
nature, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver, never, never, ne—ver pleads in vain;



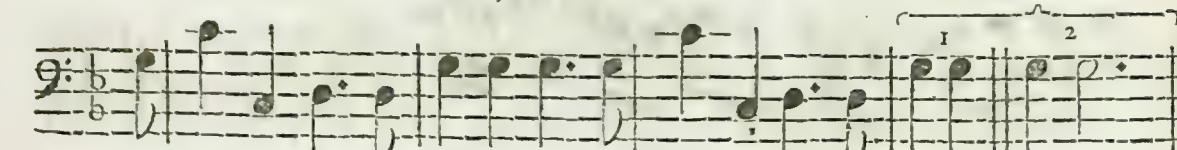
nothing, nothing guides a lo—vers passion, nothing guides a lo—vers passion, like, like



nothing, nothing guides a lovers passion, nothing guides a lovers passion, like, like



the fair ones in—cli—nation, like the fair ones in—cli—nation.



the fair ones in—cli—nation, like the fair ones in—cli—nation.













































(1)<sup>c</sup>



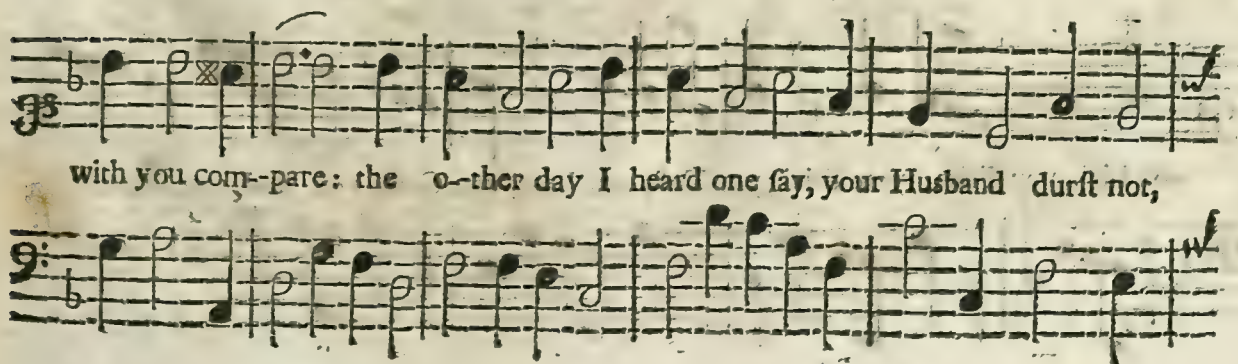
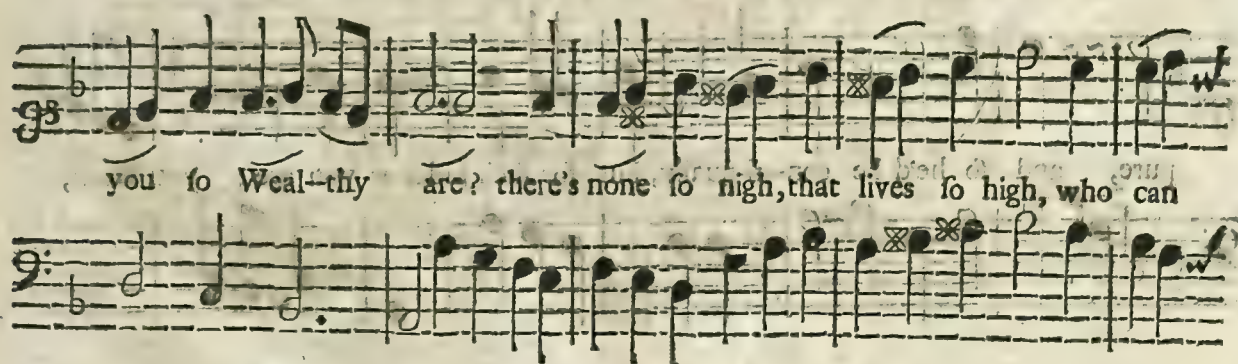
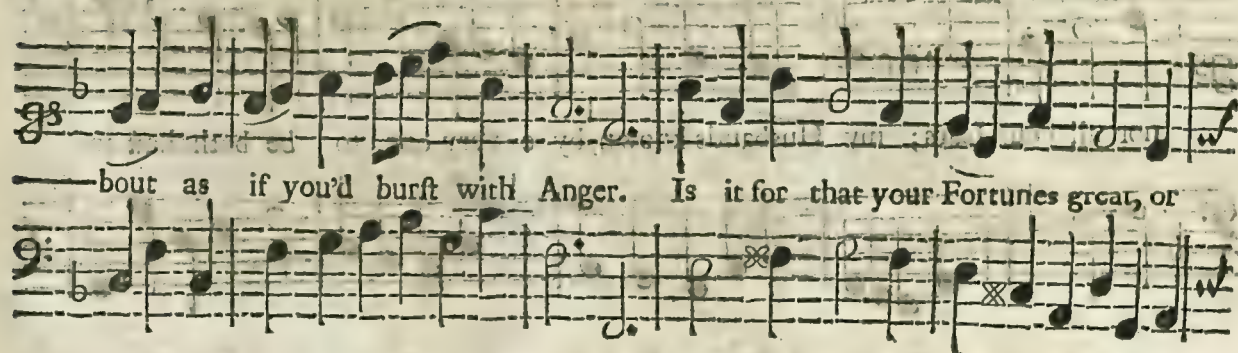
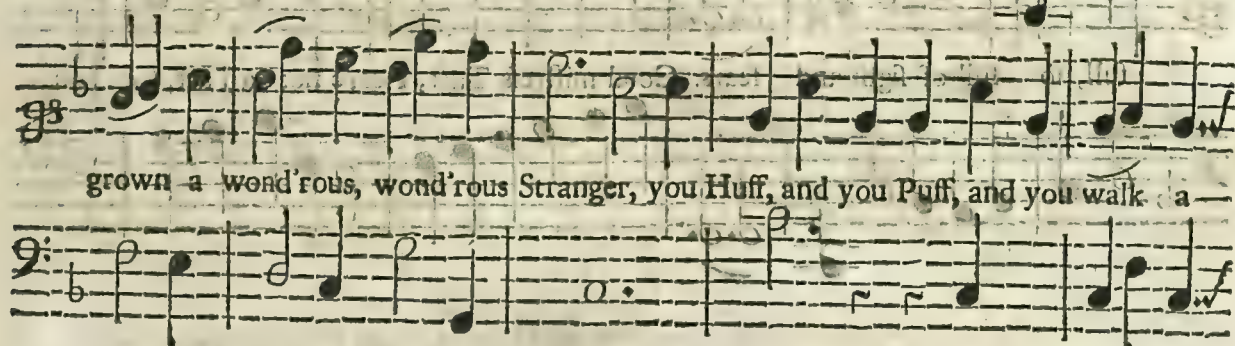
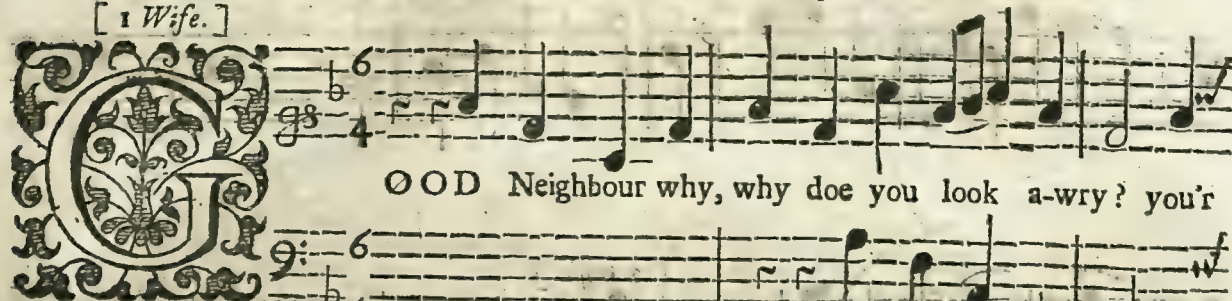
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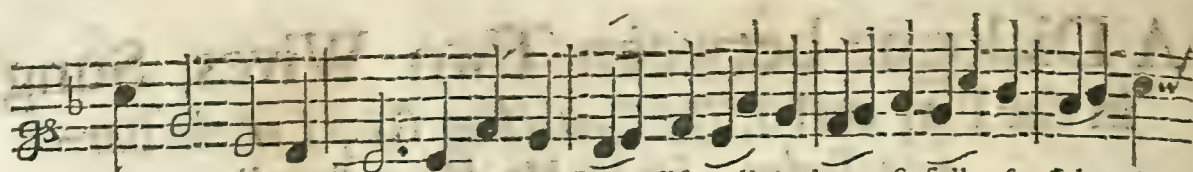


A Dialogue between Two Wives, Sung  
in the Play call'd, *The Canterbury Guests, or the Bar-*  
*gain Broken.* Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

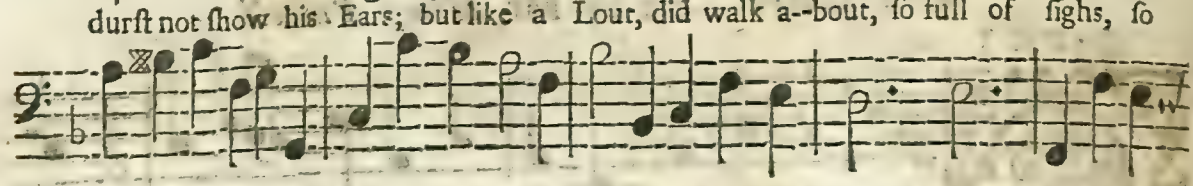
[ 1 Wife. ]







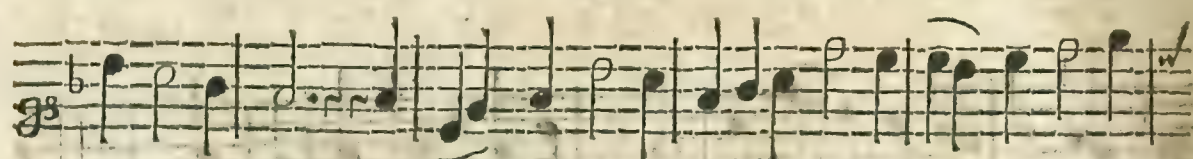
durft not show his Ears; but like a Lout, did walk a-bout, so full of sighs, so



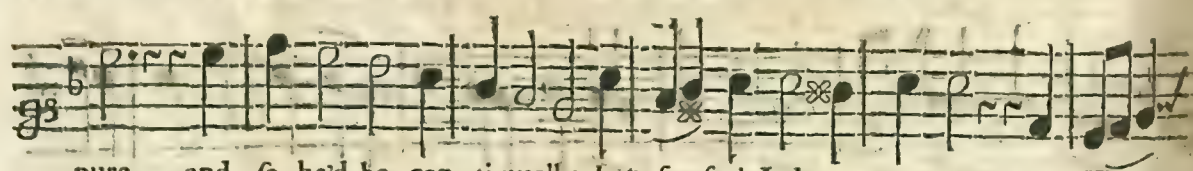
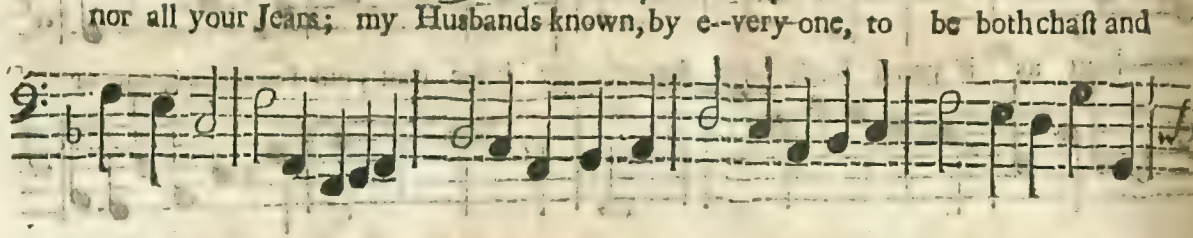
[ 2 Wife. ]



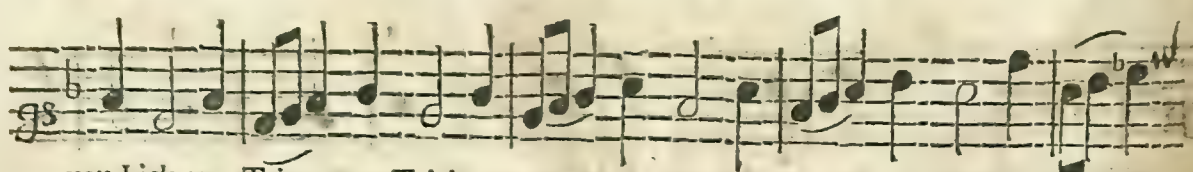
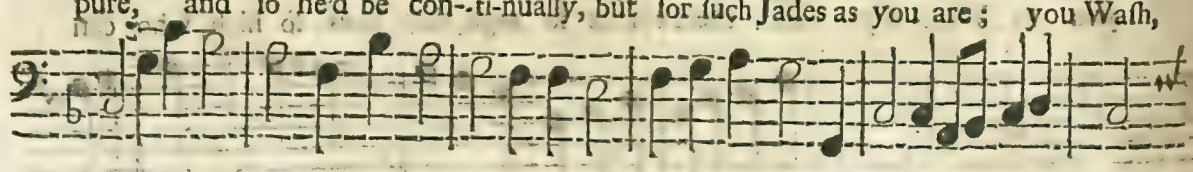
full, so full of sighs and fears. Good mistress Tart, I care not a Fart, for you



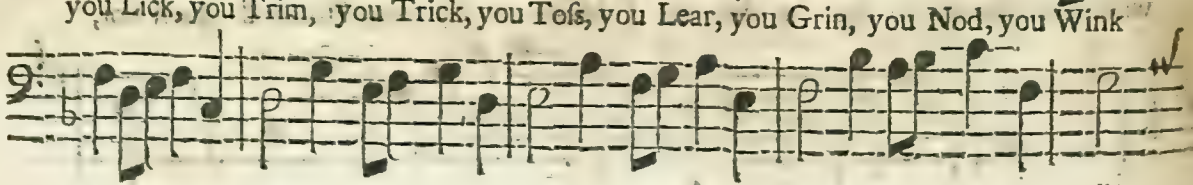
nor all your Tears; my Husbands known, by e-very one, to be bothcast and



pure, and so he'd be con-ti-nually, but for such Jades as you are; you Wash,

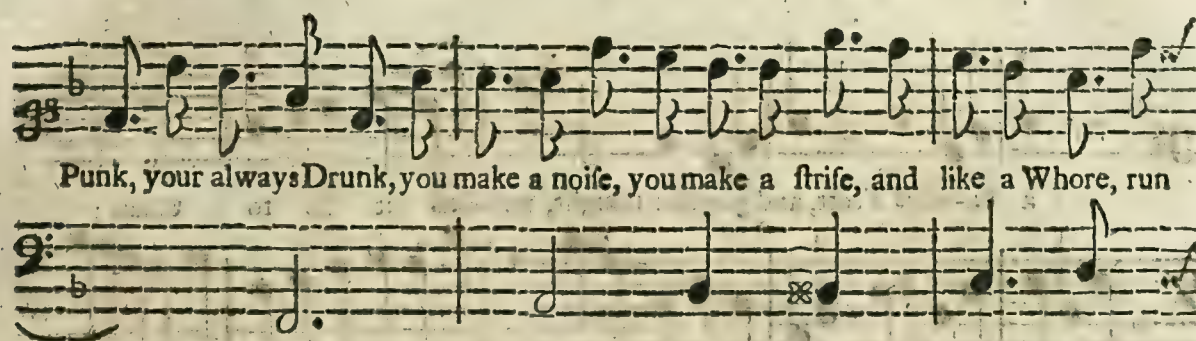
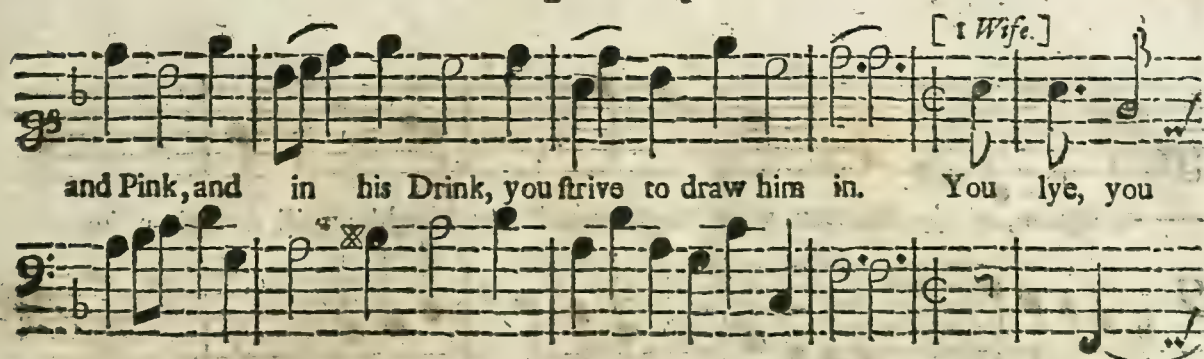


you Lick, you Trim, you Trick, you Toss, you Lear, you Grin, you Nod, you Wink

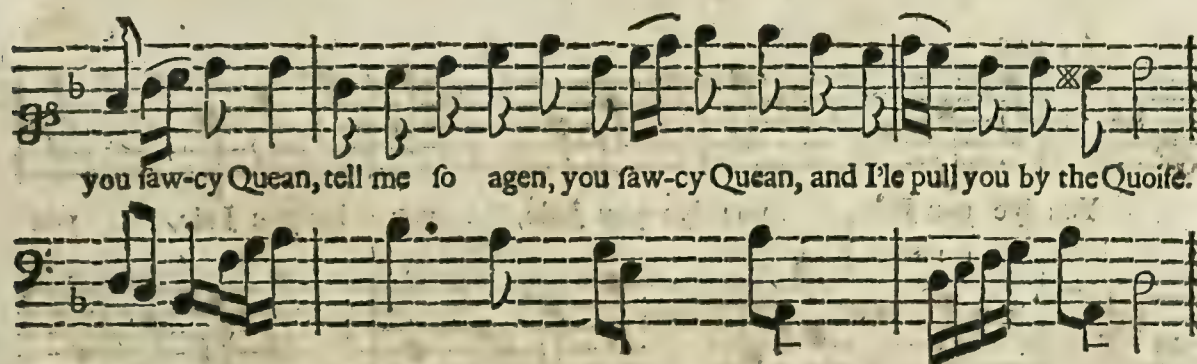




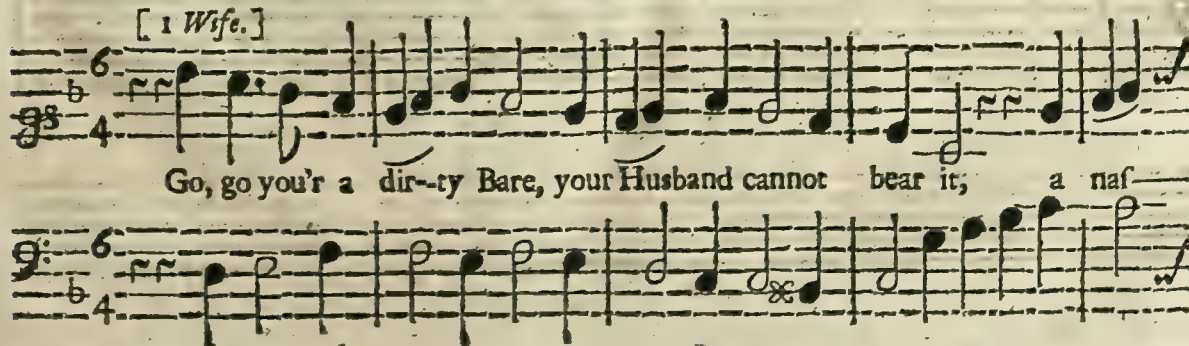
[ 1 Wife. ]



[ 2 Wife. ]



[ 1 Wife. ]





4

—ty Quean, as e're was seen, your Neighboursall, your Neighboursall de—clare it;

a ful—some Trottr, and good for nought, un—less it be to Chatt;

you stole a Spoon out of the Room, last Christning you were ar.

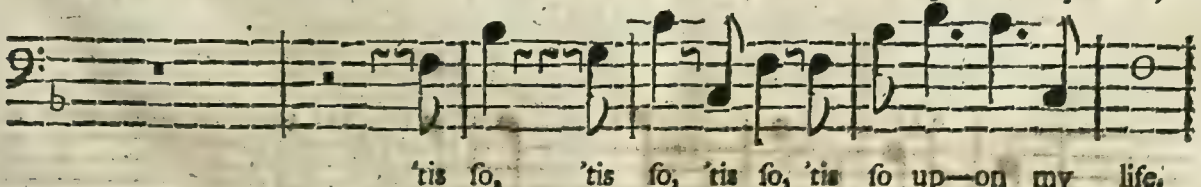
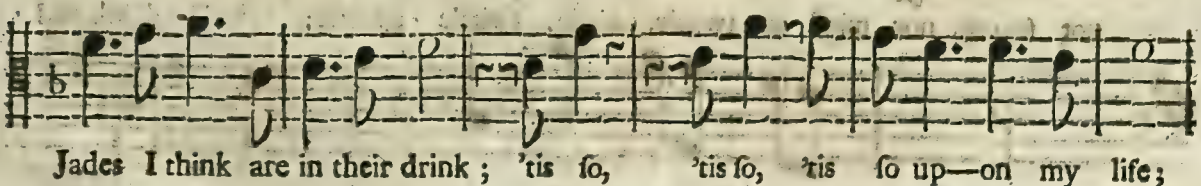
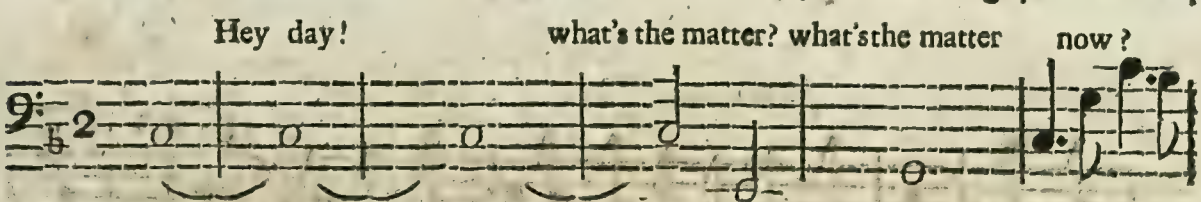
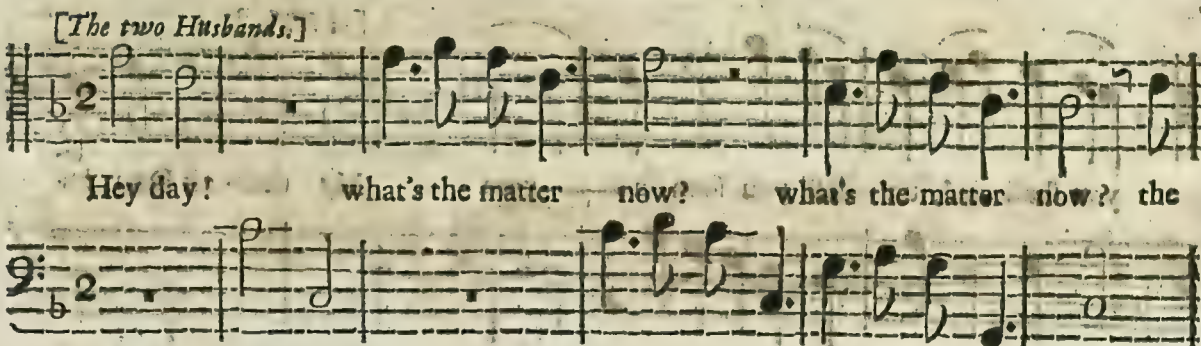
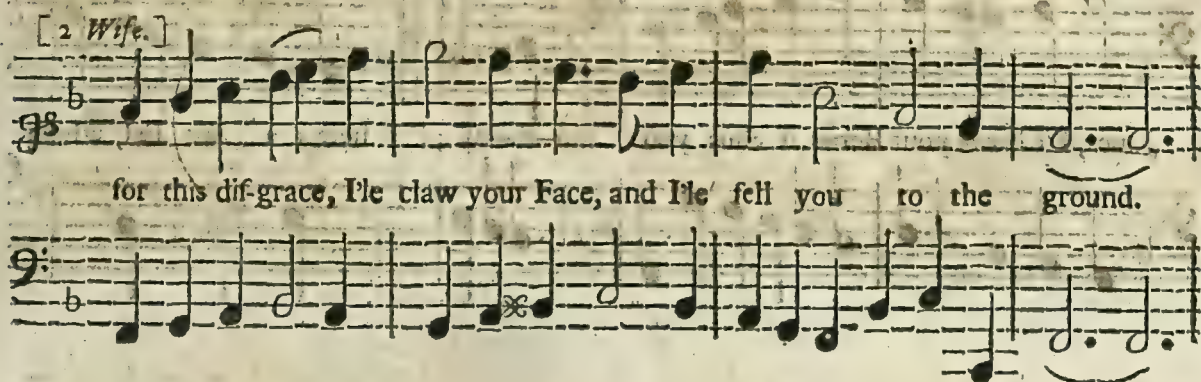
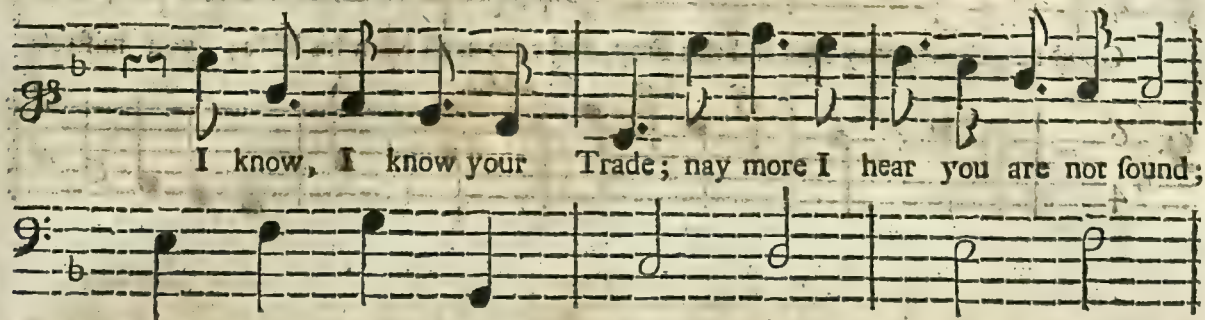
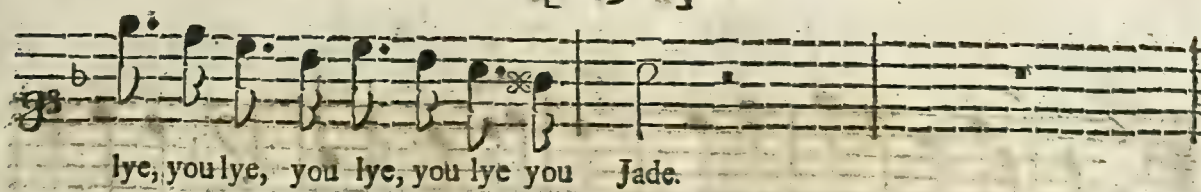
[ 2 Wife. ]

You lye you Jade, you lye you Jade, you lye you Jade, you

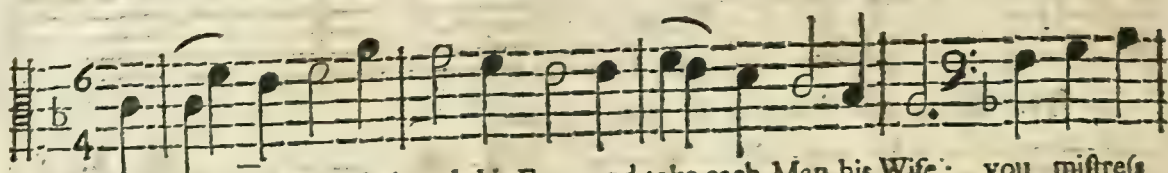
[ 1 Wife. ]

I know your Trade, I know your Trade, I know your Trade;

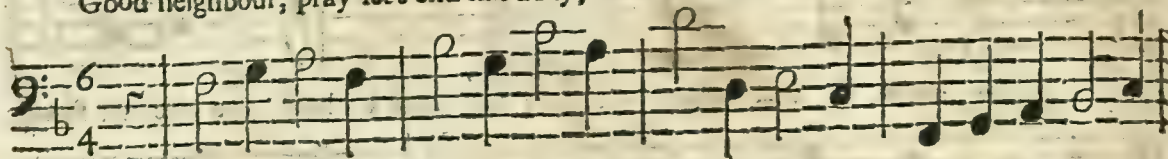




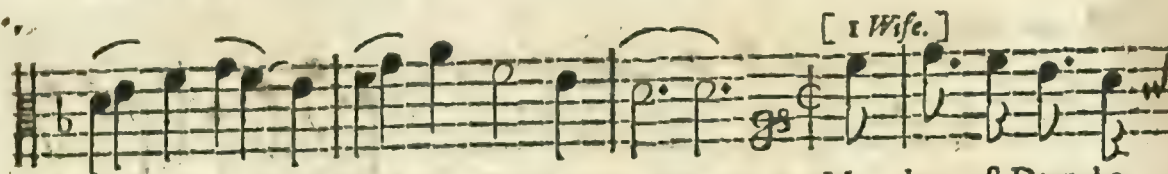
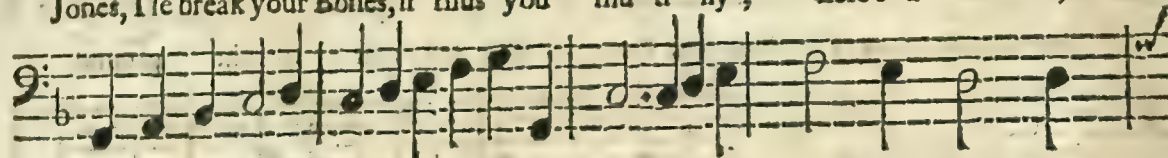




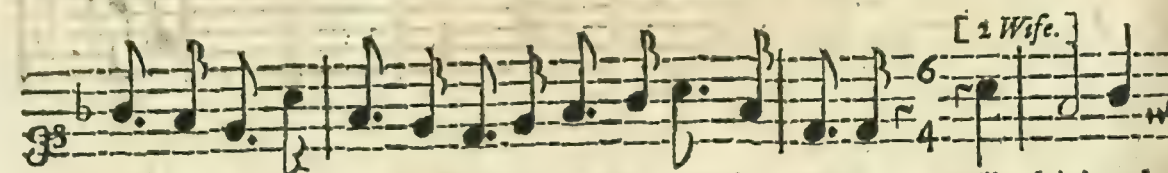
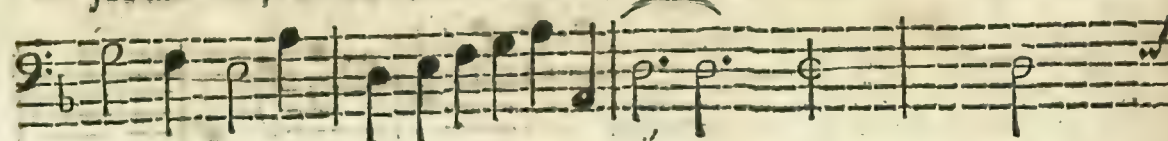
Good neighbour, pray let's end this Fray, and take each Man his Wife; you mistress



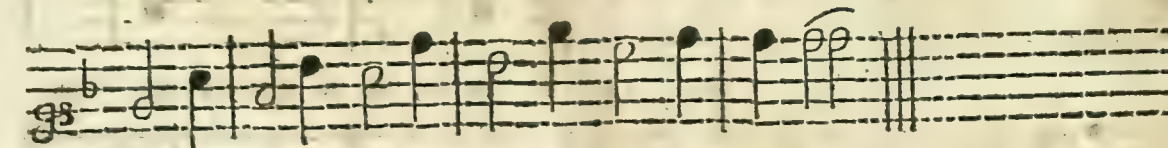
Jones, I'll break your Bones, if thus you mu-ti-ny; here's a salt Eel, which



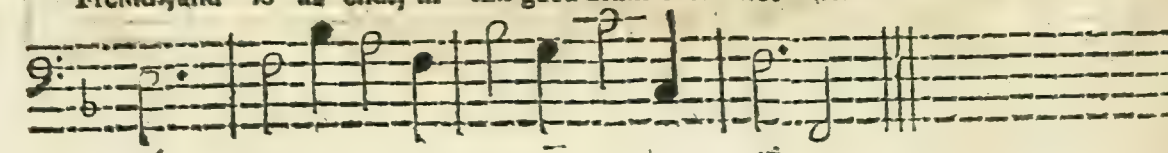
you shall feel, un-less you soon a-gree. My dear-est Dear, be



not severe, nor mind our twittle, twittle, twittle twattle; we'll drink and

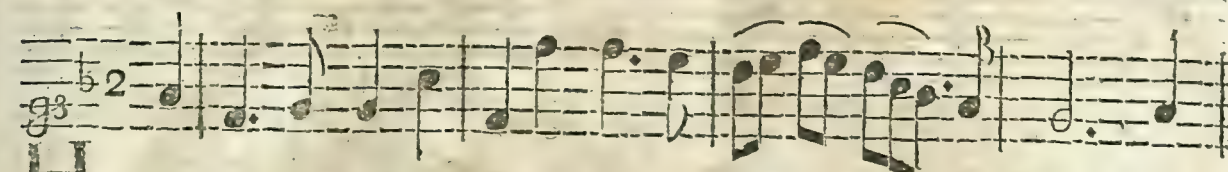


Freinds, and so all ends, in this good dram o'th Bot-tle.

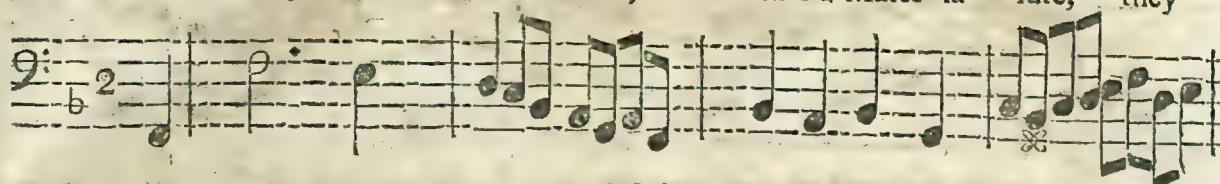




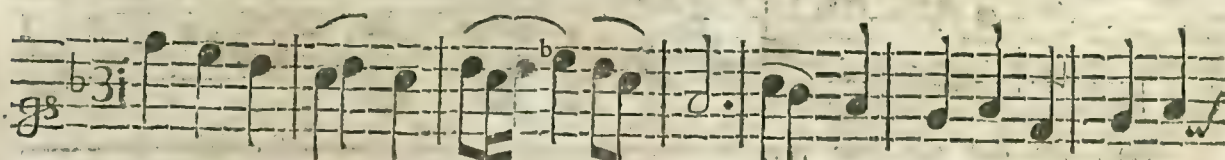
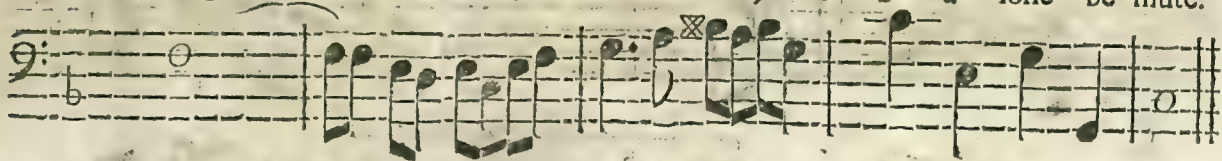
The Knotting Song, the Words by Sir Charles Sidley,  
Set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell.



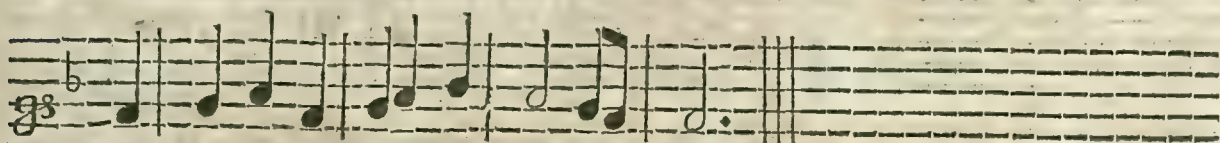
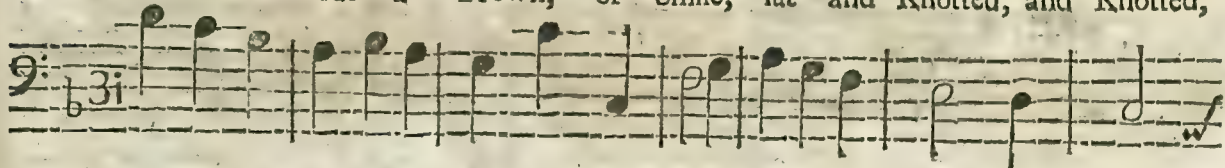
Hear's not my *Phillis* how the Birds, their Feather'd Mates sa—lute, they



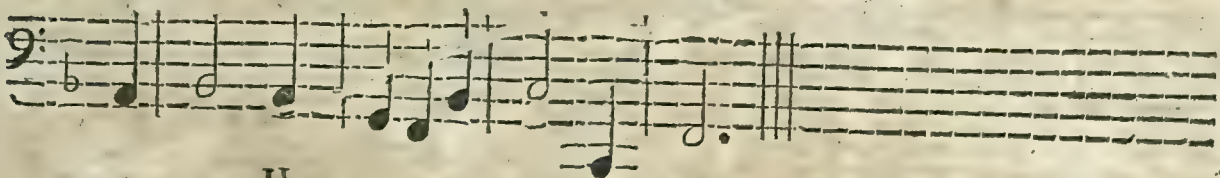
tell their passion in their Words, must I alone, must I a—lone be mute.



*Phillis* with—out a Frown, or Smile, fat and Knotted, and Knotted,



and Knotted, and Knotted all the while.



## II.

The God of Love in thy bright Eyes,  
Does like a Tyrant reign;  
But in thy Heart a Child he lyes,  
Without his Dart or Flame.  
*Phillis &c.*

## III.

So many Months in silence past,  
And yet in raging Love;  
Might well deserve one word at last,  
My passion shou'd approve.  
*Phillis &c.*

## IV.

Must then your faithfull Swain expire,  
And not one look obtain;  
Which he to sooth his fond desire.  
Might pleasingly explain.  
*Phillis &c.*



A Song in the *Fatal Marriage*. Set by Mr. H. Purcell.

I Si— gh'd, I fi—

gh'd, fi— gh'd and own'd my Love; nor did the

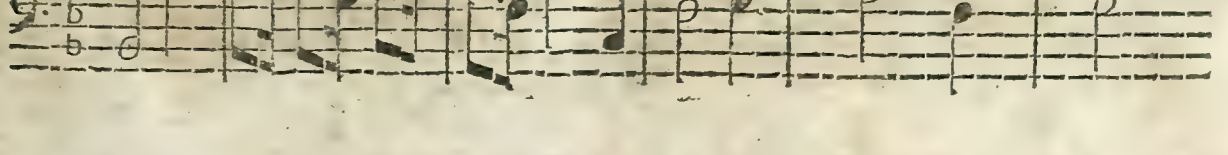
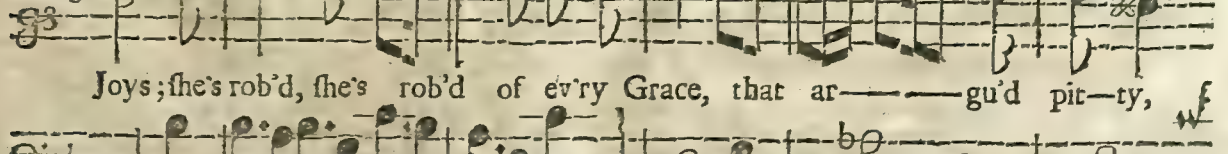
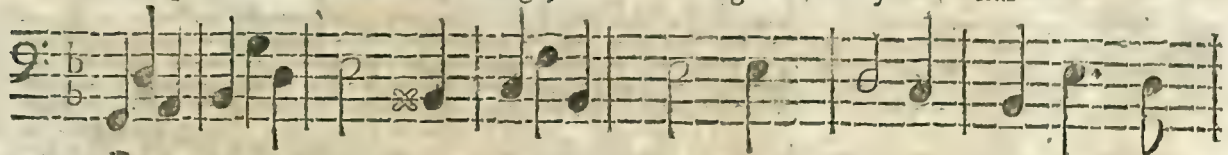
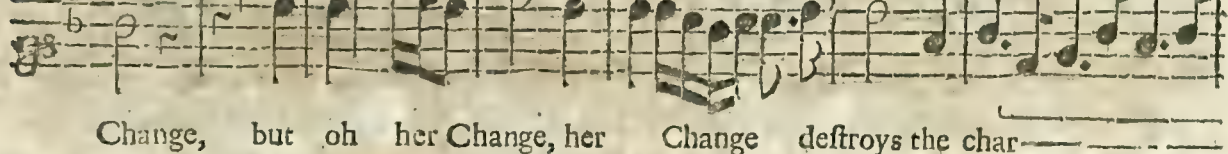
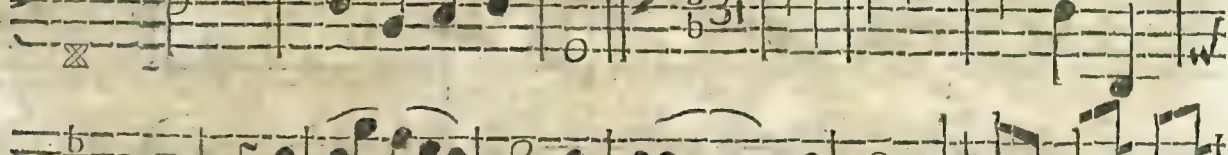
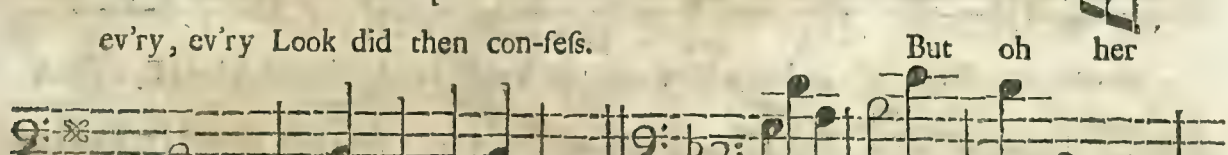
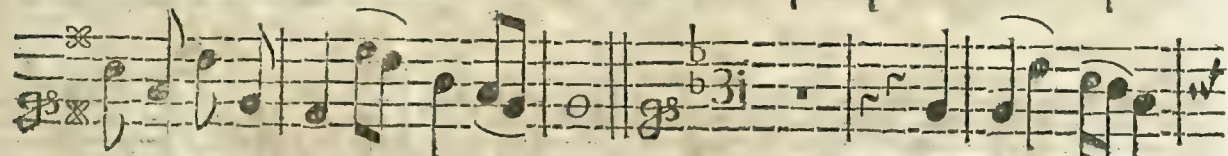
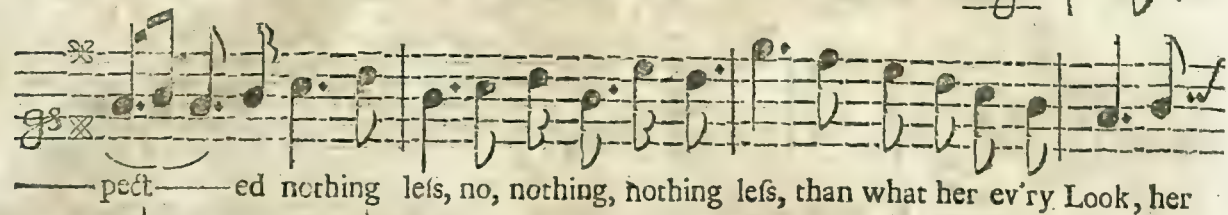
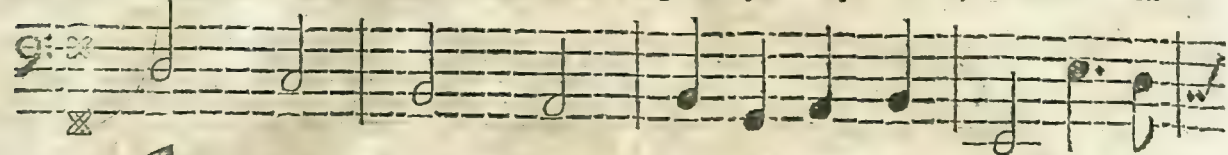
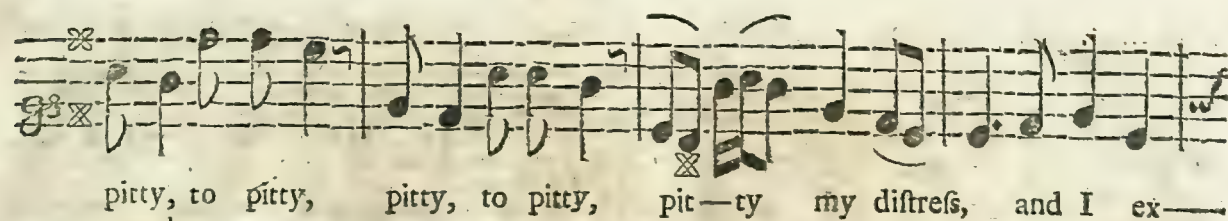
Fair, nor did the Fair my Pas— sion dis— ap—

prove: a fo— ft en—gaging Air, a fo—

ft en—gaging Air not of—ten apt to cause dis—pair, declar'd, de—

clar'd she gave, she gave at—ten—tion to my Pray'r; She seem'd to







pit-ty in her face, and cold forbidding frowns, and cold forbidding

frowns sup- ply their place; but while she strives

to chill de- fire, but while she strives to chill de- fire, her brighter Eyes, such

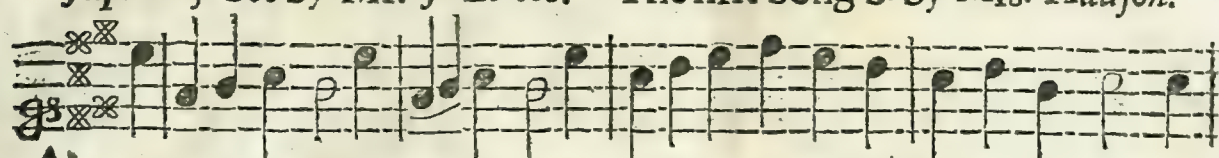
warmth, such warmth, such warmth inspire, such warmth, such warmth, such warmth, in-

spire, she checks the flame, she checks the flame, but cannot, but cannot, but

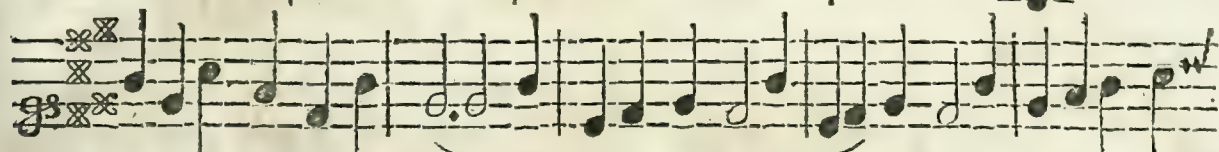
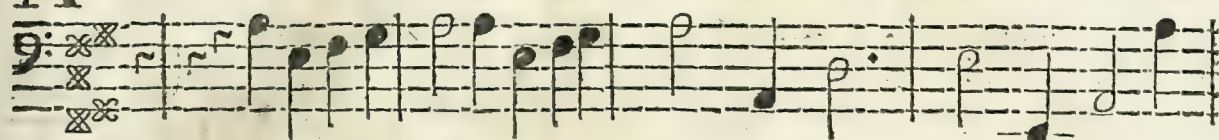
cannot, but cannot, cannot quench the fire, fire.



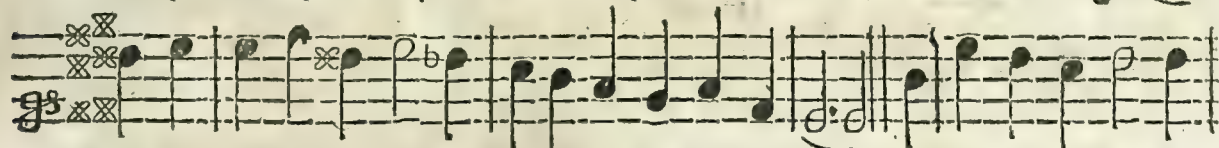
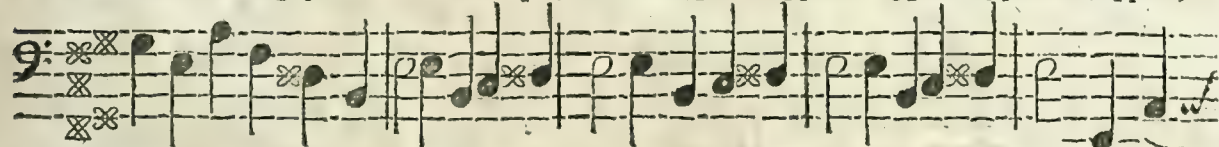
Songs in the New *Masque* call'd, the Rape of *Europa* by  
*Jupiter*; Set by Mr. J. Eccles. The first Song S. by Mrs. Hudson.



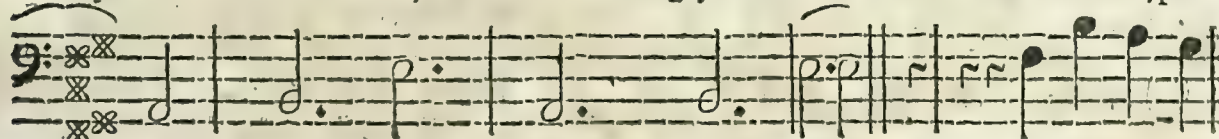
**A** Ppear all, appear, ap--pear, appear, ap-pear, all, appear your kind Mistrifs to shew, what



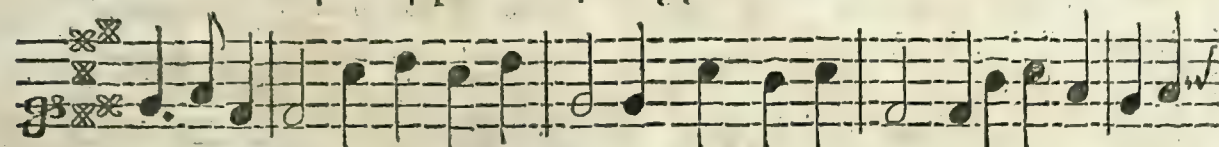
wonderous things you can do; ap-pear all, appear, appear, appear, appear all, appear,



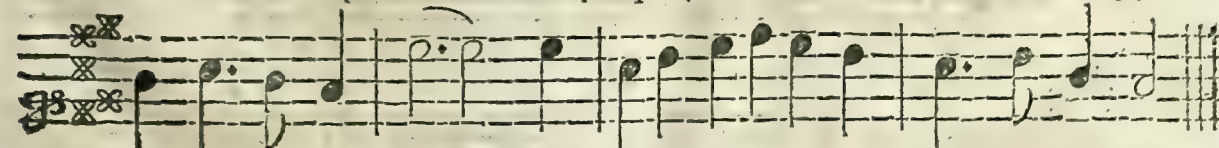
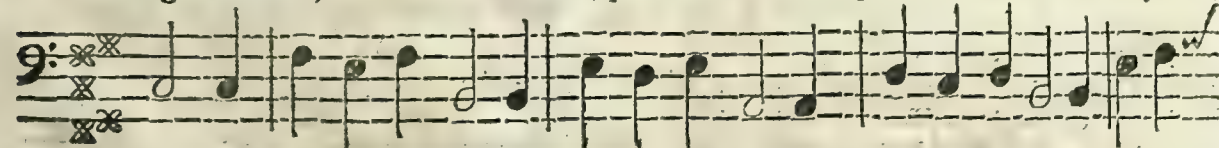
your kind Mistrifs to shew, what wonderous things you can do: Let Sorrow and Cares, pale



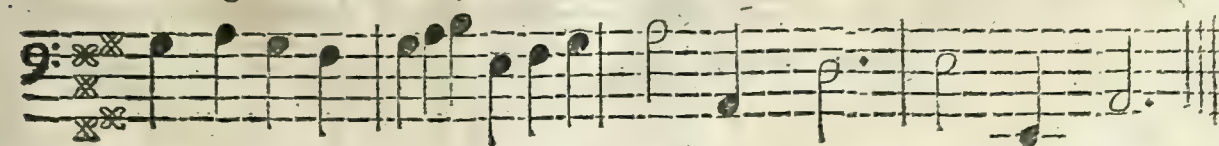
Cheeks and despair, for ever *Eu-ro-pa* be strange to the fair, for ever *Eu-ropa* be



strange to the fair; let Sorrow and Cares, pale Cheeks and de-spair, for ever *Eu-ropa*



be strange to the fair, for e-ver *Euro-pa* be strange to the fair;





The second Song, Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Still, still, still I'm grieving, still la—men—ting; still,

still la—menting; Still, still, still com—plaining, still com—

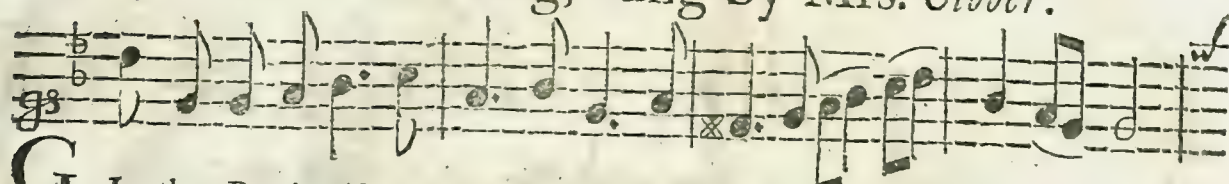
—plaining of my Fate; still the cru—el Gods con—sent—ing,

add new trou—bles to my State, add new trou—bles

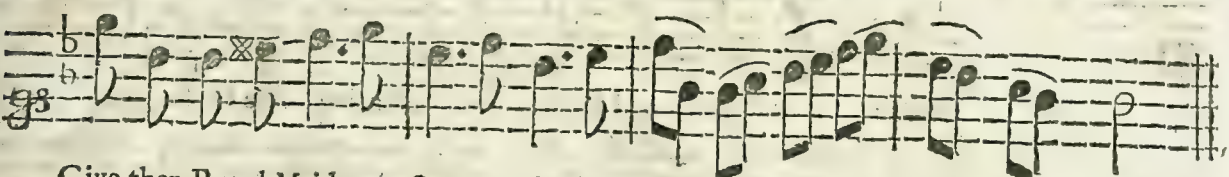
to my State. Mr. John Eccles.



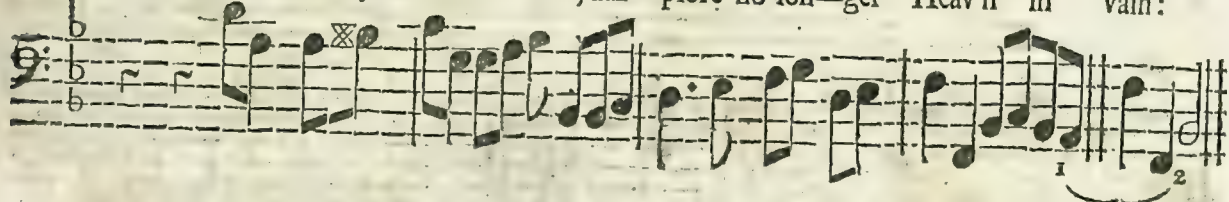
## The third Song, Sung by Mrs. Cibber.



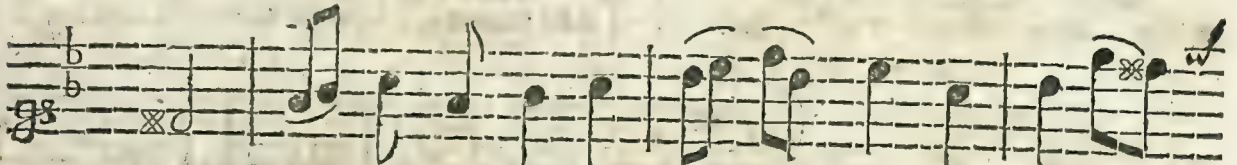
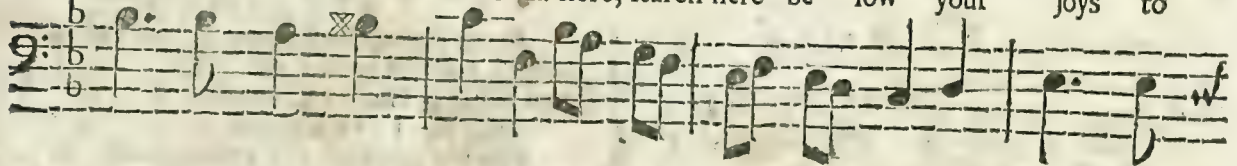
G I've then Royal Maid your Sorrows o're, Im-plore no lon-ger Heav'n in vain;



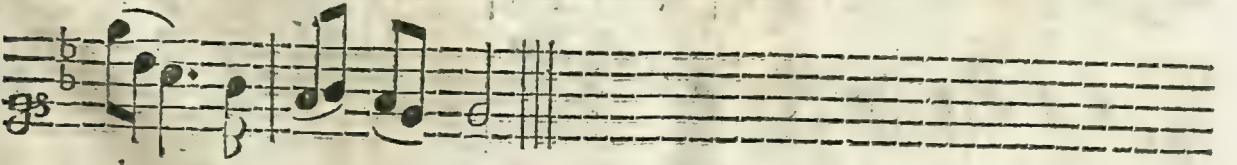
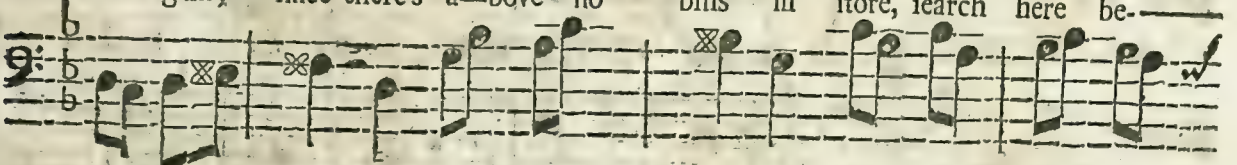
Give then Royal Maid your Sorrows o're, Im-plore no lon-ger Heav'n in vain:



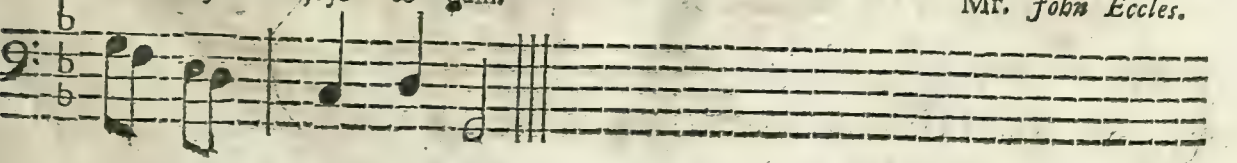
Since there's a-bove no Blifs in store, search here be-low your joys to



gain; since there's a-bove no blifs in store, search here be-



low your joys to gain.



Mr. John Eccles.



# A Dialogue, between Mr. Dogget and Mrs. Hudſon.

[Man.]

**A** T London che've bin, at London che've, bin, and che've ſeen the King and the  
Queen a; che've ſeen Lords, and Earles, and rearing fine Girles, that  
turn'd up their Tailles at five—teen a.

II.

Che've ſeen the Lord Mayor,  
And Bartoldom-Fair;  
And there che met with the *Draggon* a,  
That St. George that bold Knight,  
Fought and killed out-right.  
Whilſt a Man cou'd toſs of a Flaggon.

III.

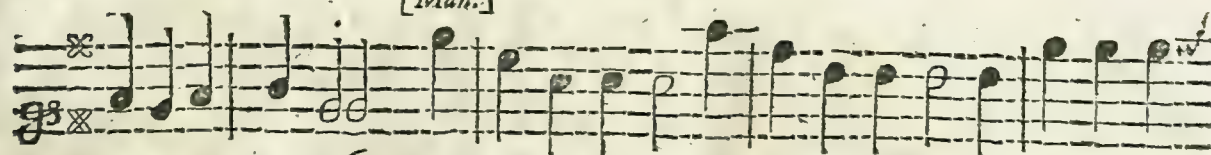
From thence as I went,  
To ſeeth' Monument:  
I met with a Girl in Cheapſide a,  
That for half a Crown,  
Pluck'd up her Silk Gown,  
And ſhew'd me how far ſhe cou'd Stride a.

[Wom.]

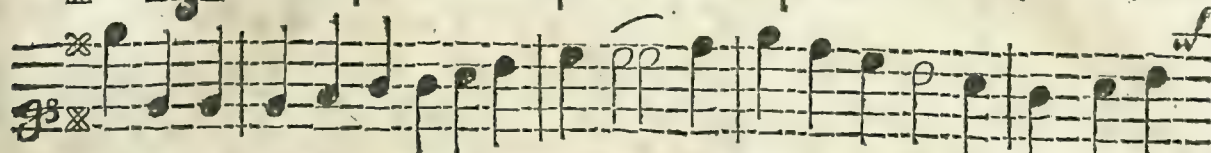
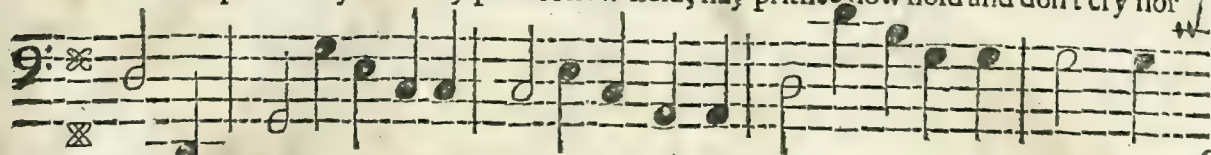
What-eſſe I did ſee, Is nothing to me, is nothing to me, for if ſhe had  
ſuch tricks as theſe be, I'm ſure ſhe's a Whore, therefore ſay no more, nor think that I



[Man.]



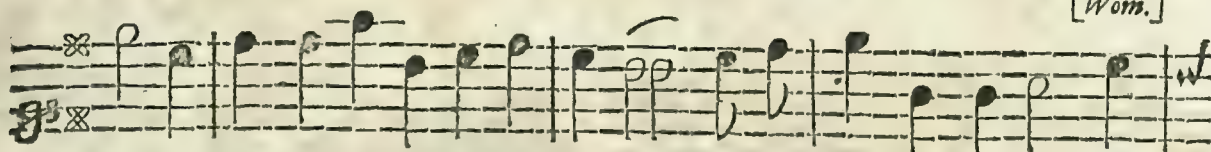
ere will be pleas'd w' yee. Nay prithee now hold, nay prithee now hold and don't cry nor



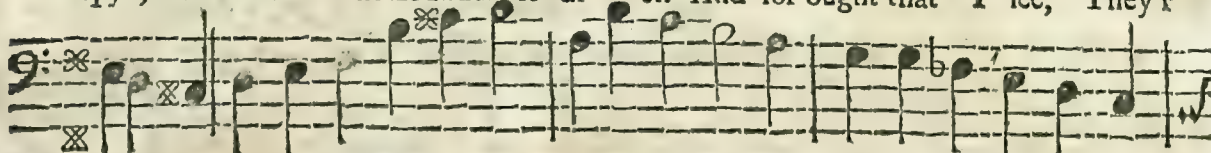
scold, if you know what it is to be qu-ier, I went but to try, if that I could



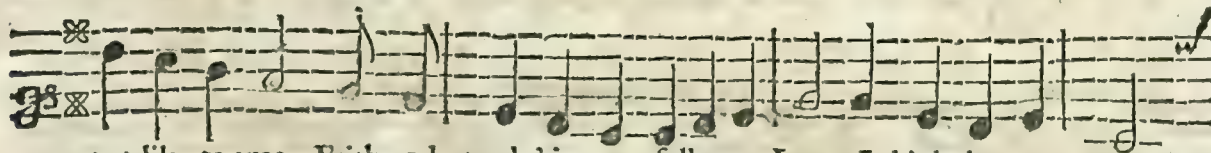
[Wom.]



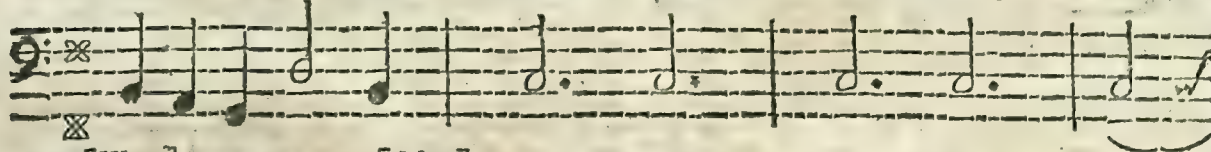
spye, how I could like Loundoners di-er. And for ought that I see, They'r



[Man.]

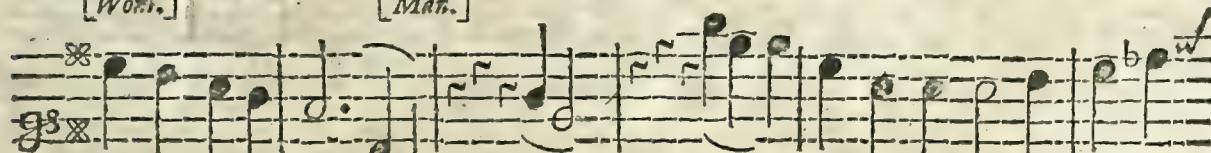


not lik to wee, Faith and troth 'tis a folly to Lye, I think they are nor.

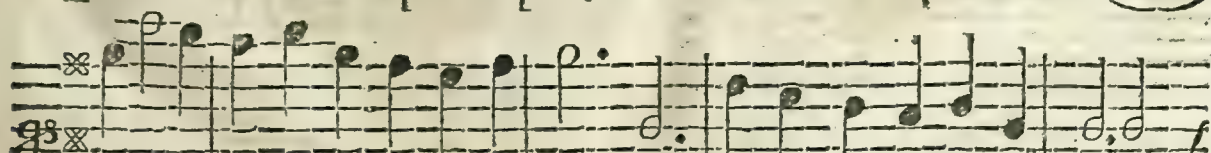
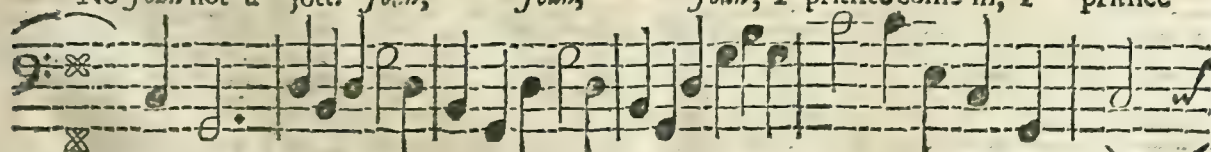


[Wom.]

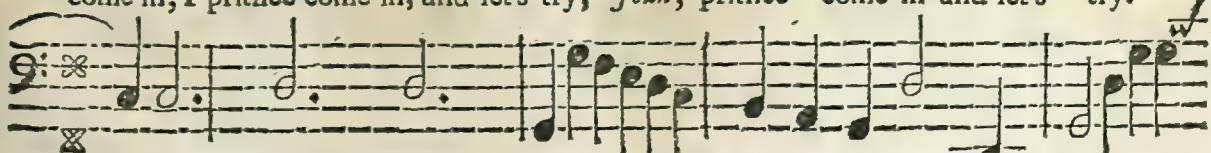
[Man.]



No John not a jott. Joan, Joan, Joan, I prithee come in, I prithee



come in, I prithee come in, and let's try, Joan; prithee come in and let's try.

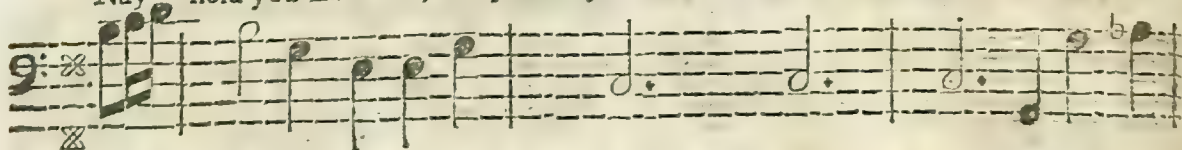




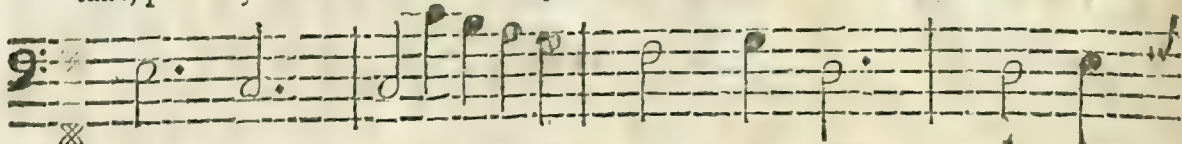
[Wom.]



Nay hold you La--be, nay hold you La--be, gáve an Inch and I fee you'l



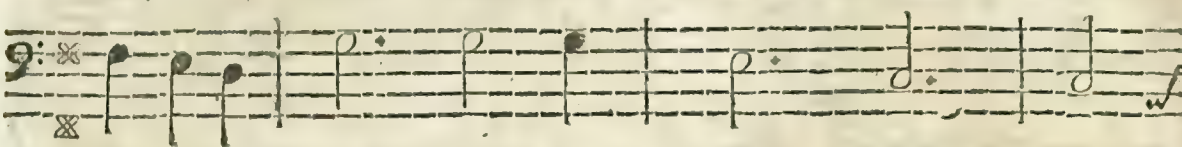
take, pish! hay! what'sth'matter; why sure *John* you won't, why sure *John* you



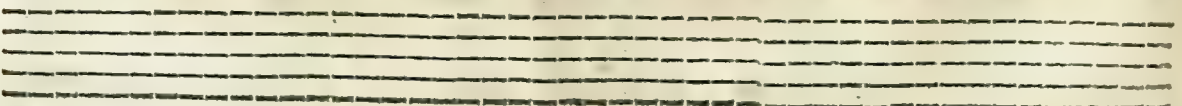
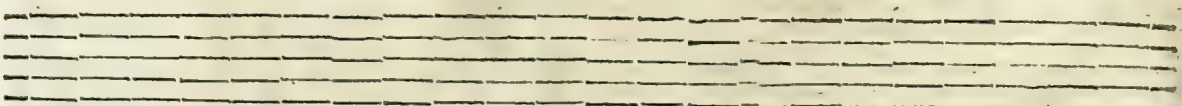
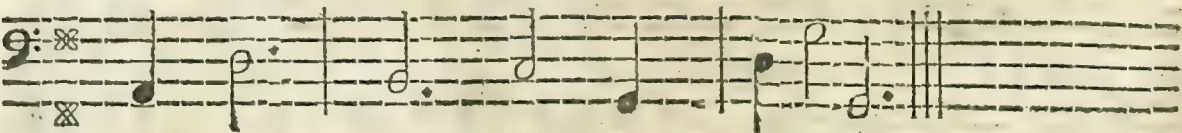
[Man.]



won't, I'm a Dog en I don't, I'm a Dog en I don't, I'm a Dog en



I don't now I'm fet on't, let what will come af-ter.





A Song in the 4th. Act of the *Lancashire-Witches*,  
Sung by Mrs. Hudson. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

T Or-ment — ing passion leave my breast, in spite of Clo-e I'll have rest;

In vain are all her Sy-ren Arts, still lon-ger to hold my trou-bled

heart: for, I'm resolv'd to break that chain, and o're her Charms the con-quest

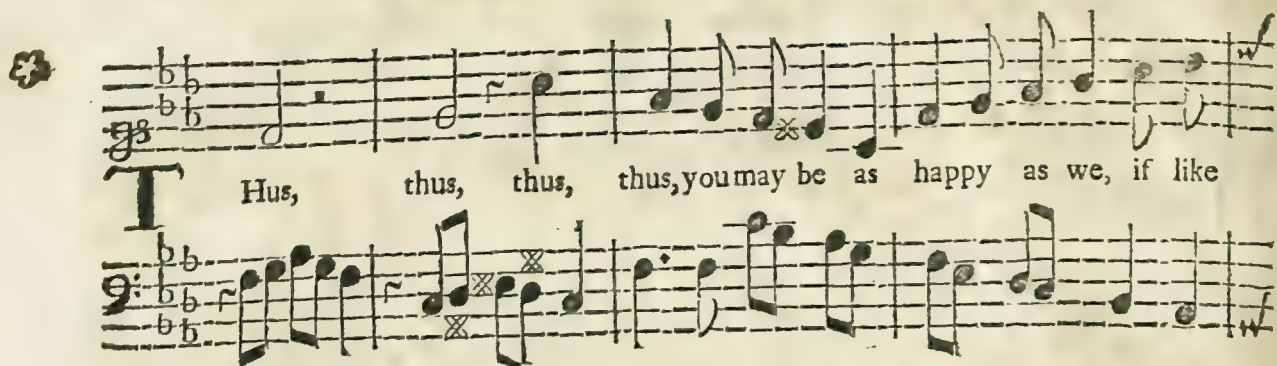
gain, and o're her Charms the con-quest gain.

II.

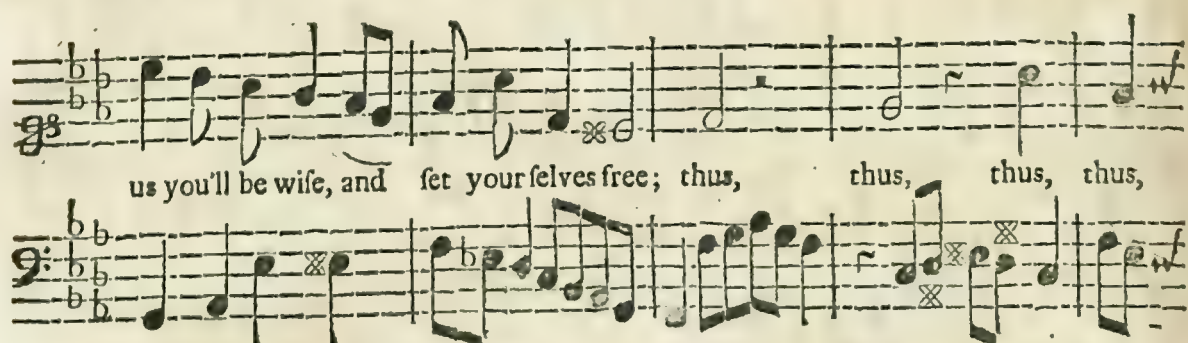
Insulting Beauty I have born,  
Too long your female pride and scorn;  
Too long have been your publick jest,  
Your common Theme at ev'ry Feast  
Let others the vain fair pursue,  
Whilst I for ever bid adieu.



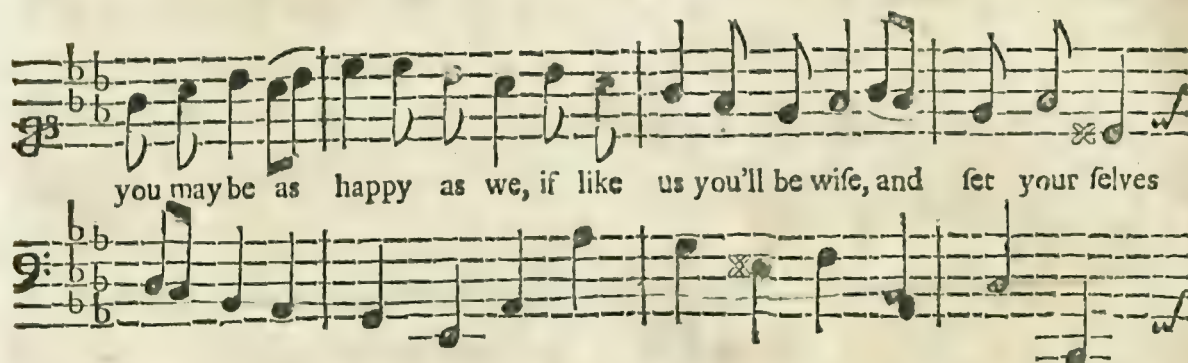
A Song in the 5th. Act of the *Lancashire-Witches*,  
Sung by Mrs. Burr. Set by Mr. John Eccles.



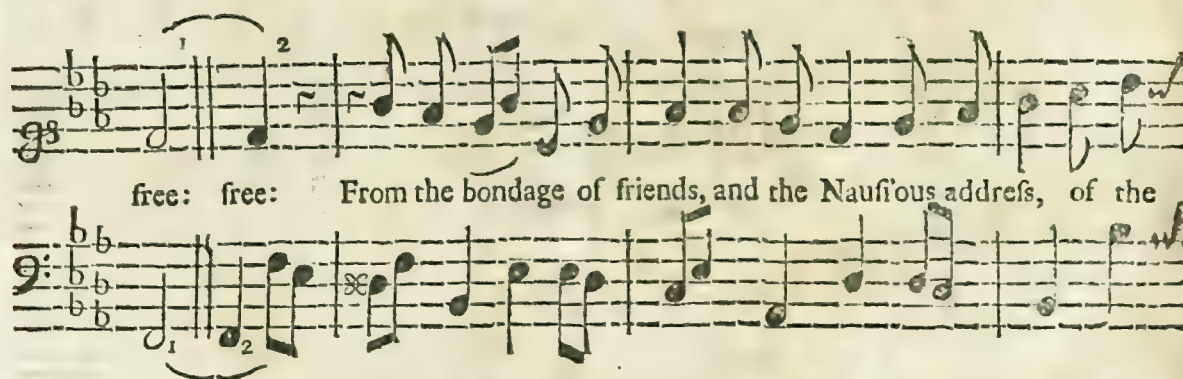
**T** Hus, thus, thus, thus, you may be as happy as we, if like



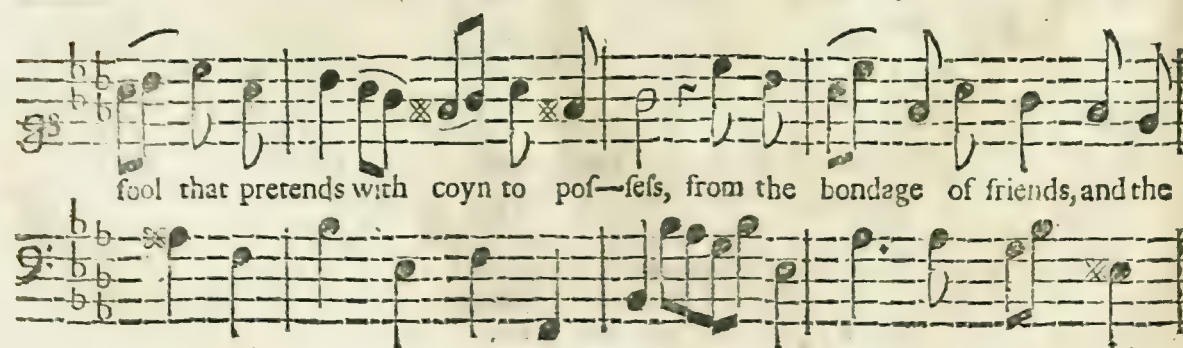
us you'll be wise, and set yourselves free; thus, thus, thus, thus,



you may be as happy as we, if like us you'll be wise, and set your selves

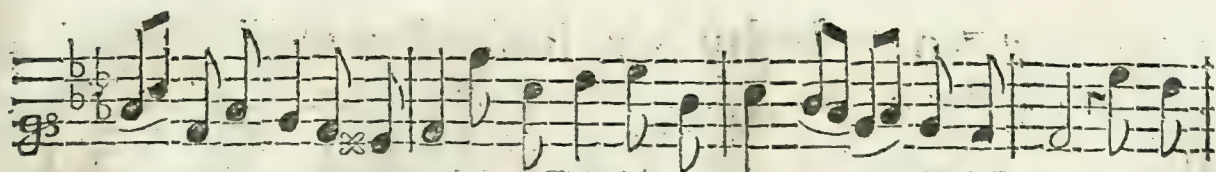


free: free: From the bondage of friends, and the Nausious address, of the

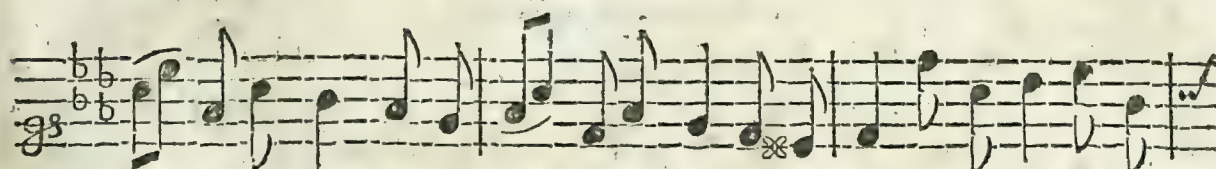
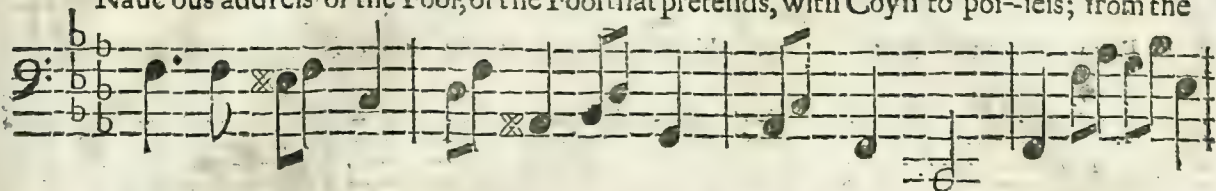


fool that pretends with coyn to pos-sess, from the bondage of friends, and the

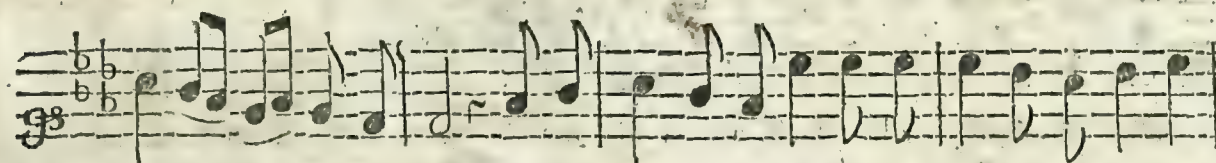
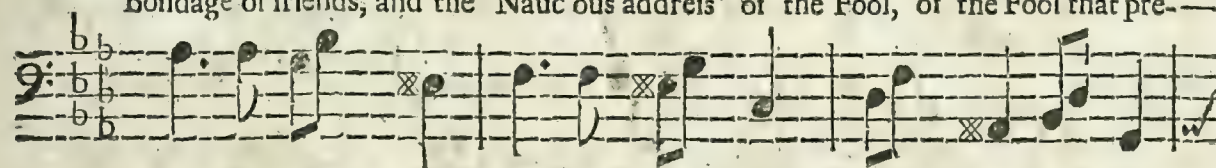




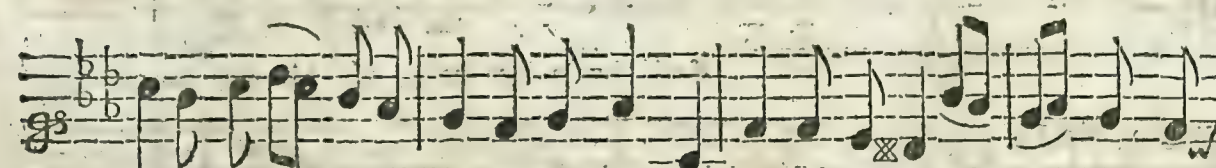
Nauc'ous address of the Fool, of the Fool that pretends, with Coyn to pos-sess; from the



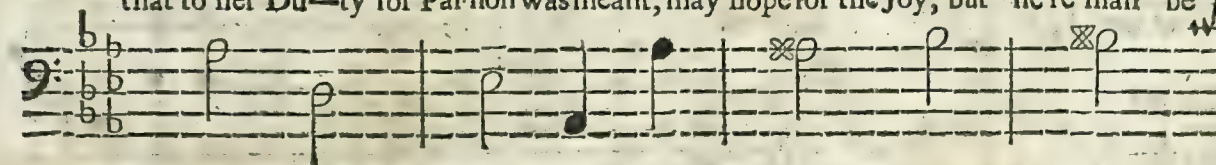
Bondage of friends, and the Nauc'ous address of the Fool, of the Fool that pre—



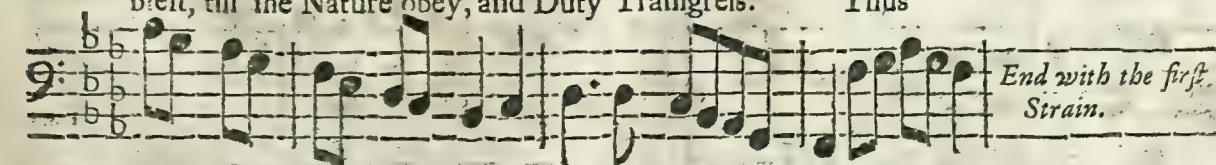
—tends with Coyn to pos-sess. She that likes and not Loves, but with Parents consent, gives



that to her Du—ty for Passion was meant, may hope for the Joy, but ne're shall be



blest, till she Nature obey, and Duty Transgress. Thus





## A Song set by Mr. Ralph Courtivill.

From En-vy and Am-bi-tion free, with-in these Groves, with-in these  
 Groves, these Groves we live in-joy ——— ing all, all, all, all, all, all,  
 all, all, all, all, all, all, a ——— ll the li ber-ty that In-nocence can  
 give: Each Swain does here his Mi-stress chuse,  
 if she proves kind, if she proves kind, kind, kind, he's blest, and tho' she  
 frowning, and tho' she frow-ning, frow-ning, frow-ning,



shou'd re—fuse, it never, it never, it never, it never, it

ne—ver, never, never, never breaks his rest.

A Song in the *Married Beau*, set by Mr. H. Purcell.  
Sung by Mrs. Ayloff.

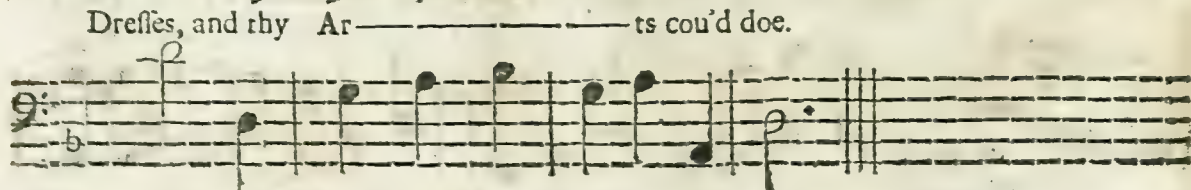
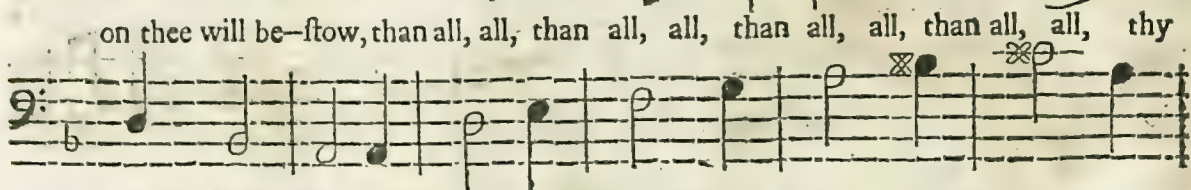
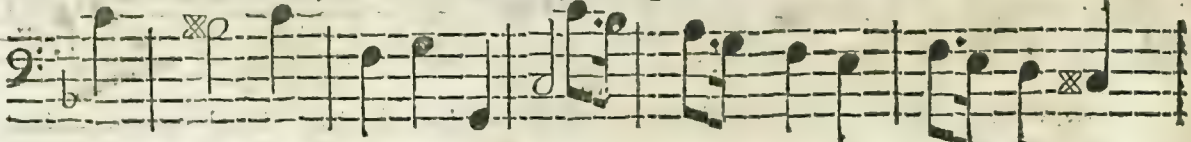
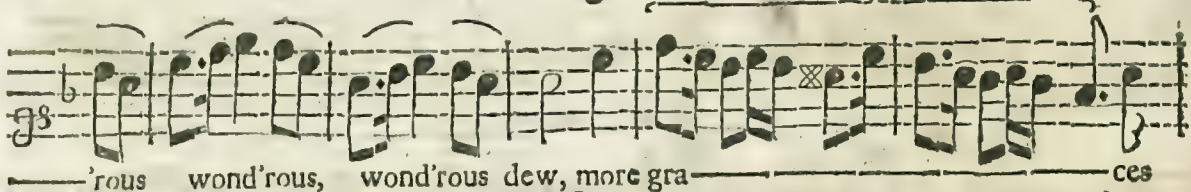
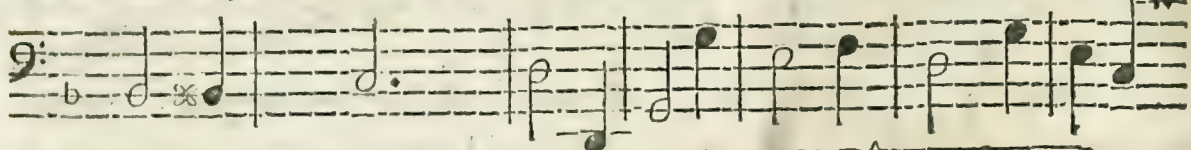
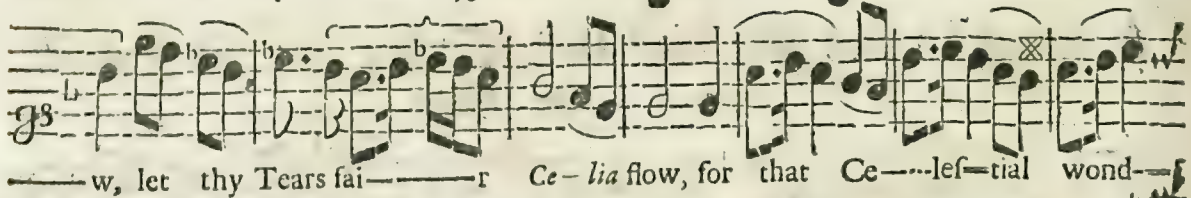
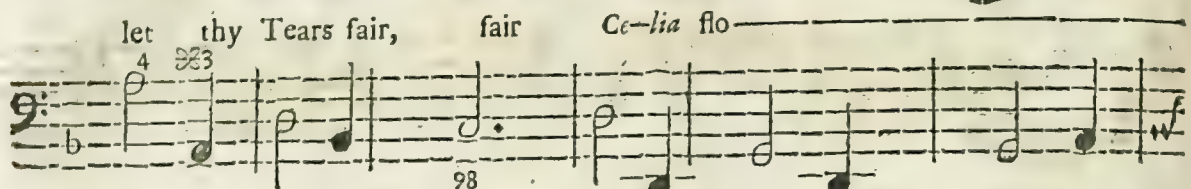
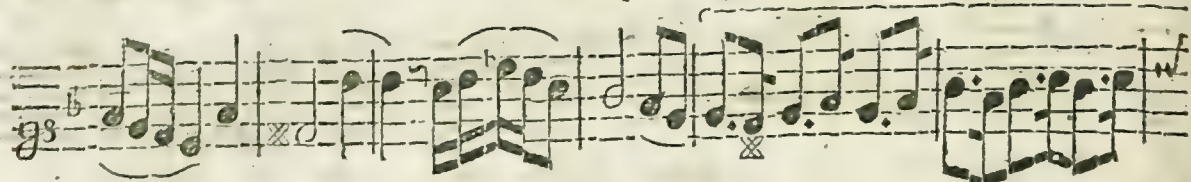
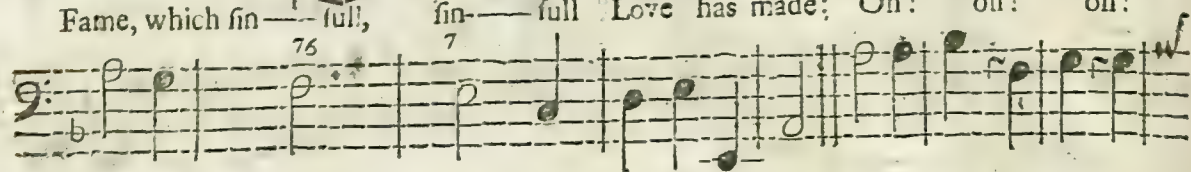
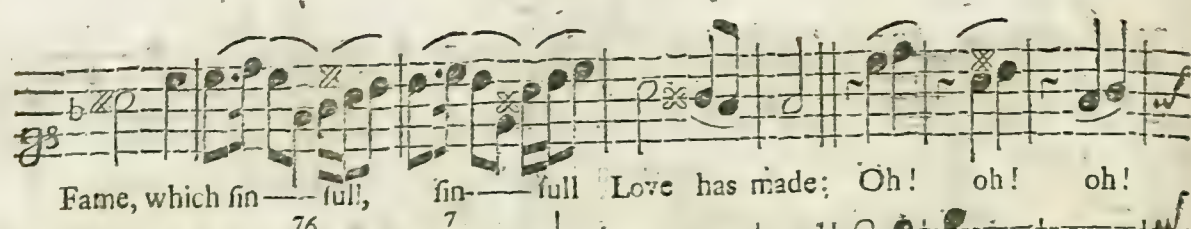
S E E, fee, fee, fee where re—pen—ting, where re—pen—ting Ce—lia

lies, with blush—ing Cheeks, with blush—ing Cheeks, and mel—

ting Eyes be—moaning, be—moaning, in a

mourn—full, mourn—full Shade, the ruins, the ruins in her Heart and







A Song in the *Ambitious Slave*, set by Mr. John Eccles.  
Sung by Mrs. Hudson.

W H Y, Oh! why, why, oh! why shou'd the World mi-stake,

why shou'd the I-dle World mistake, and Love a God-head

make; why, oh! why, oh! why shou'd the World mi-stake, oh!

why, oh! why shou'd the I-dle World mistake, and Love

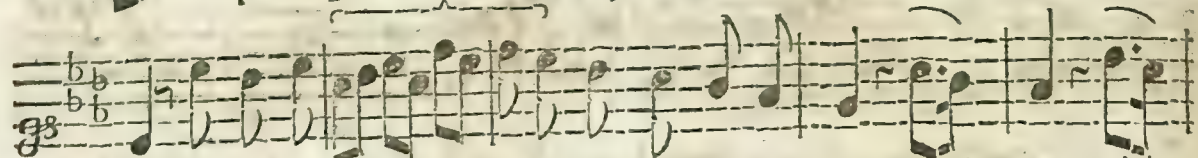
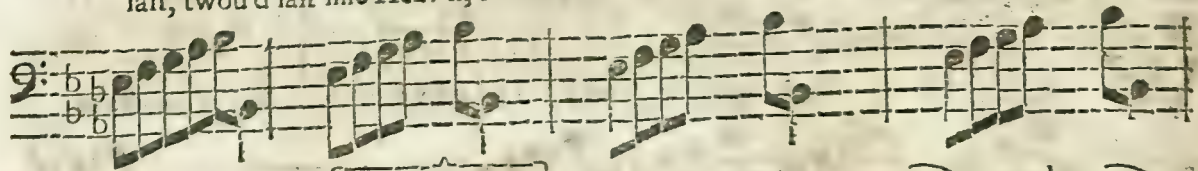
ve, a God-head make, and Love, and Love ve

a God-head make: make: If Love were Heav'n, like Heav'n shou'd

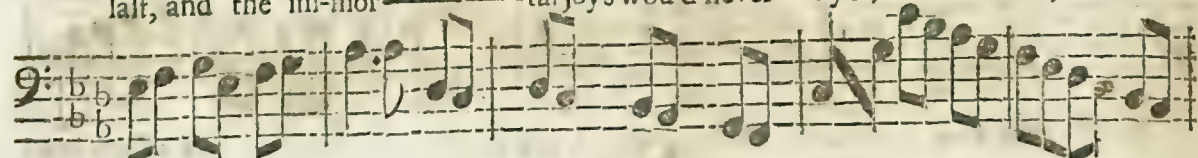




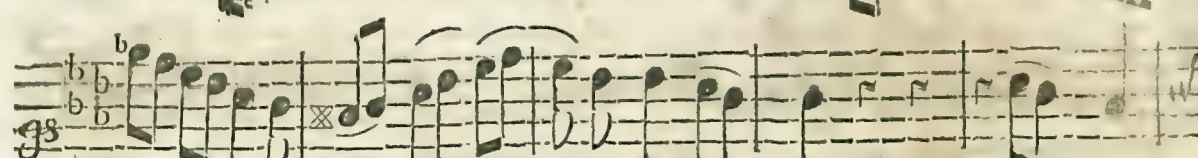
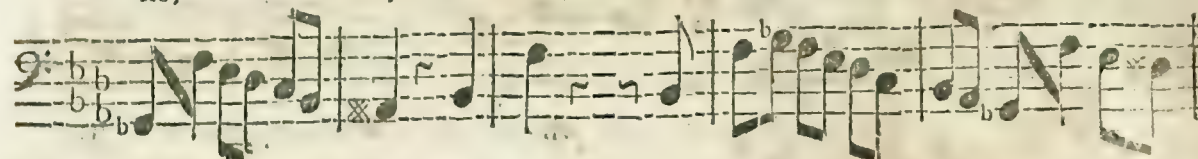
last, twou'd last like Heav'n, twou'd last like Heav'n, twou'd last like Heav'n, twou'd



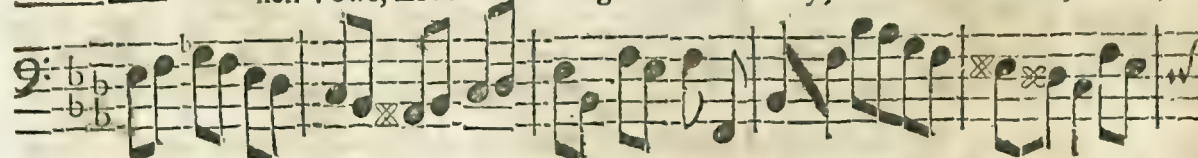
last, and the im-mor-tal joys wou'd never dye; ah! no, ah!



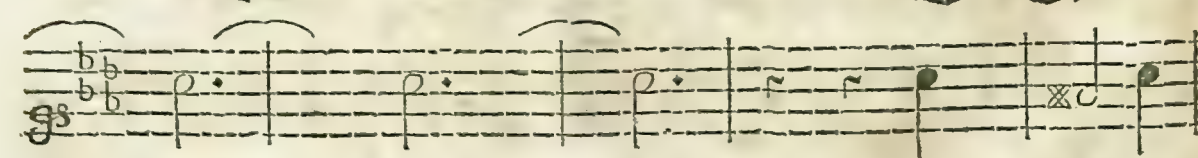
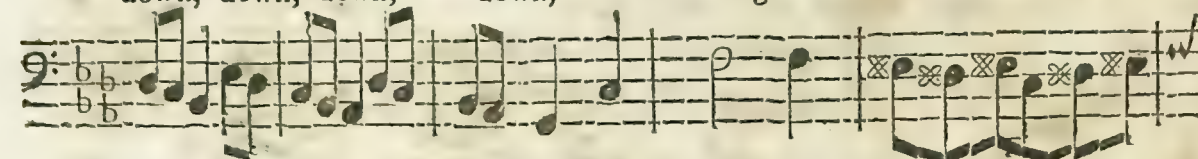
no, ah! no, false Man, false Man, at ev'ry blast, in bro--



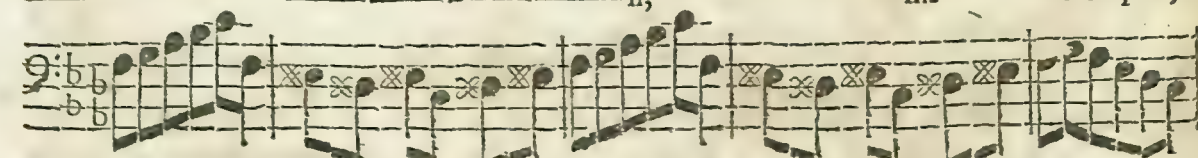
ken Vows, Love's fleet-ing shadows fly, down, down,



down, down, down, down, let all his glo-ries fa--



ll, his Temples,





Al-tars, Empires, all to dirt and A—thes trod; for  
oh! for oh! there fools, for oh! there fools that make blind Love a God. God for God.

A Song set by Mr. Ralph Courtivill.

U N—der how hard a Fate are Women born, Priz'd to their ru—  
—in, else ex-pos'd to scorn: If they want Beau—ty they  
of Love Dis-pair, and are be—seig'd like Fron—tier  
Towns when fair.



A Song for two Voices, set by Mr. R. Courtiville.

[illegible]

*Hil—lis* we're not griev'd, that Nature for-ming you has done her part;


Handwritten musical notation for the first system of 'The Rose Tree'. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). There are various ornaments and slurs above the notes, including a mordent over the first G, a grace note over the first A, and a slur over the last three notes (E, D, C).

*Phil-lis* we're not griev'd, that Nature for-ming you has done her part;

Handwritten musical notation for the second system of 'The Merry Widow'. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of several measures, including a half note, a quarter note, and a series of eighth notes. There are some markings above the staff, possibly indicating fingerings or breath marks, and a '34' with a '2' below it, likely a measure number. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final note.

A single staff of music written on five-line paper. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. There are various slurs and phrasing marks throughout the piece. The first system ends with a double bar line.

and in ev-ry sin-gle Feature, and in ev-ry sin-gle Feature shown the



and in ev-ry sin-gle Feature, and in ev-ry sin-gle Feature shown the

and in ev-ry sin-gle fea-ture, and in ev-ry sin-gle fea-ture show-ing

A musical staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of quarter notes and half notes. The lyrics are written above the staff: "and in ev-ry sin-gle fea-ture, and in ev-ry sin-gle fea-ture show-ing". The word "show-ing" is split across two staves.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody starts with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. A bracket groups the next four notes: a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, a quarter note E4, and a quarter note D4. This is followed by a quarter note C4, a quarter note B3, and a quarter note A3. The system concludes with a quarter note G3, a quarter note F3, and a quarter note E3. The notation includes various musical symbols such as stems, beams, and rests.

utmost, shewn the ut———most of her art:

[illegible]

utmost, shewn the ut———most of her art:

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B-flat4. This is followed by a half note C5, a quarter note D5, and a quarter note E5. The melody then descends: a quarter note D5, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note A4. The system concludes with a quarter note G4 and a quarter note F4.

But in this it is pretended, they too mighty, mighty greivance lyes,

But in this it is pretended they too mighty mighty greivance lyes.

But in this it is pretended, they too mighty, mighty greivance lyes,



that your heart shoud be de-fended; whilst you wound, whilst you wound us,

Handwritten musical notation for the first system of 'The Bird Song'. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a simple, handwritten style. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note C5. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody starts on a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, a quarter note B-flat3, and a quarter note C4. The music continues with various intervals and rests, ending with a double bar line.

whilst you wound us, whilst you woun———d us with your Eyes.

whilst you wound us, whilst you wound us with your Eyes.

Love is a fence ————— less in- cli- na- tion,

Love is a fence ————— les, in- cli- na- tion

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves. The top staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final measure containing a whole note and a fermata. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. It features a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a series of chords in the right hand, some marked with a fermata. The handwriting is in ink on aged, slightly stained paper.

where no mer-cy's to be found; but it's

where no mer-cy's to be found; but it's just, it's just,

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and a key signature change to one sharp (F#). The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.



just, it's just, but it's just, it's just, where kind Com-pas-sion,

but it's just, it's just, it's just, where kind Compas-sion,

gives us Balm, gives us Balm; gives us Balm to heal,

where kind com-pas-sion gives us Bal-m to heal;

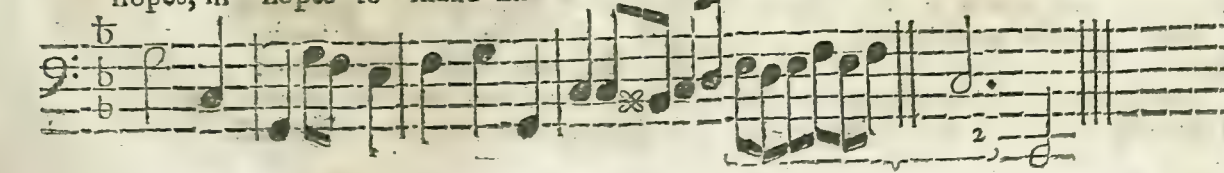
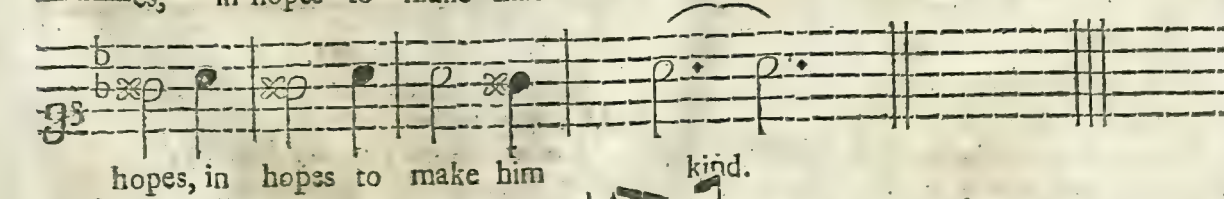
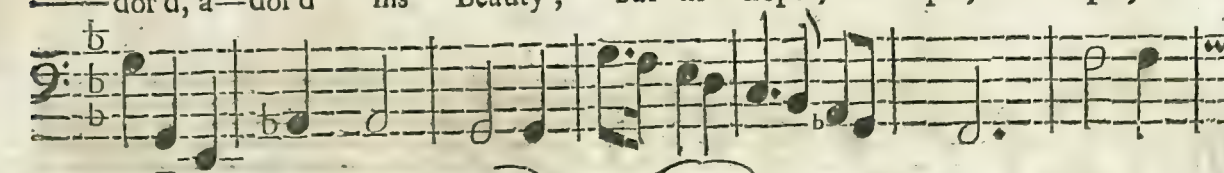
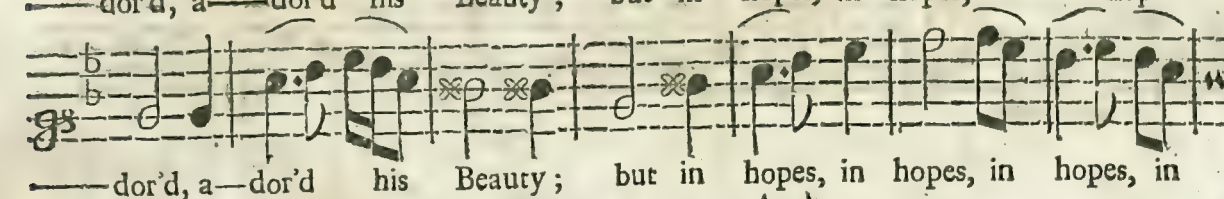
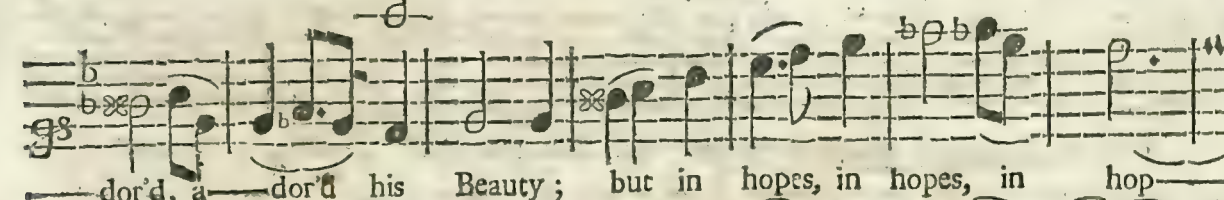
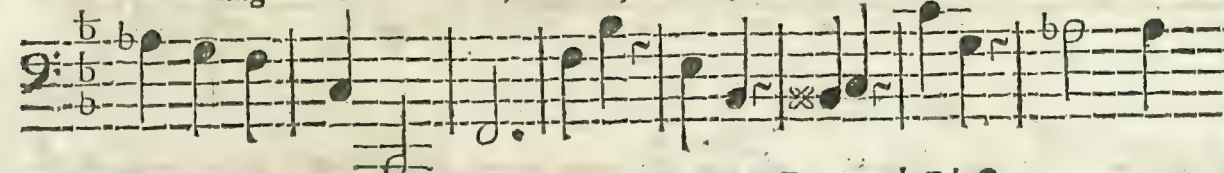
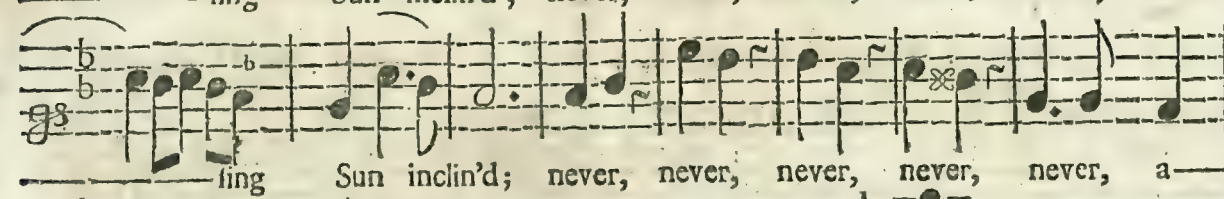
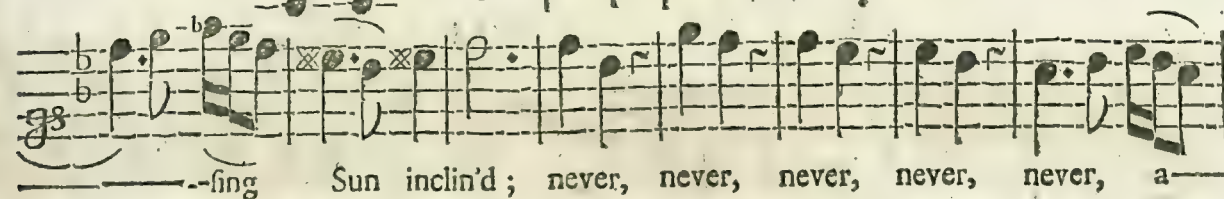
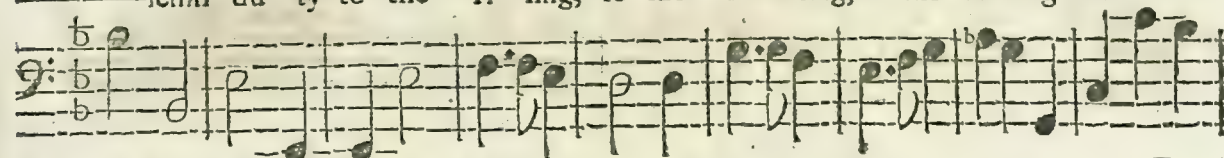
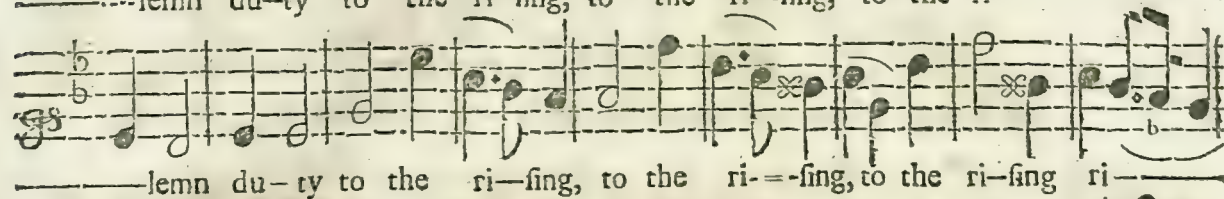
gives us Balm to heal the wound. *Per-sians*

gives us Balm to heal the wound.

who in so-lemn, who in so-

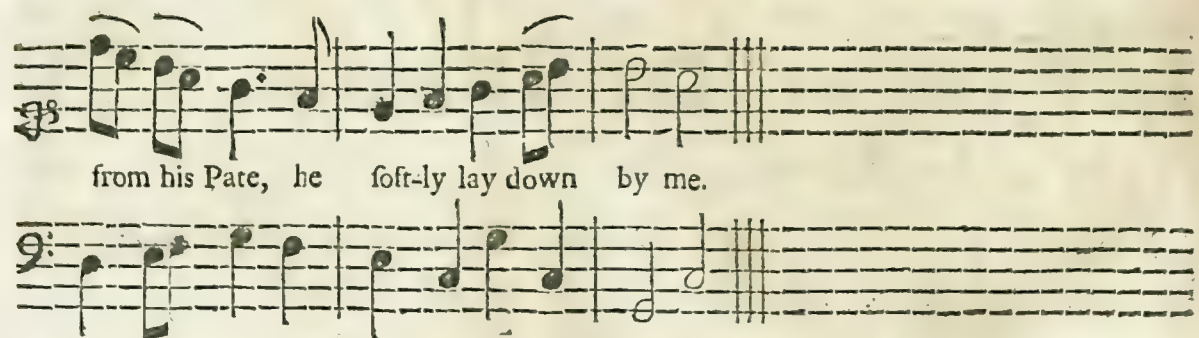
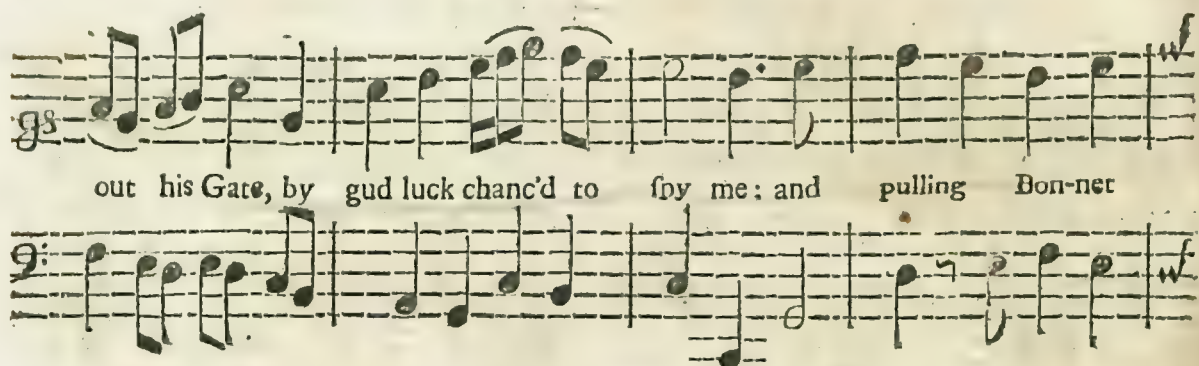
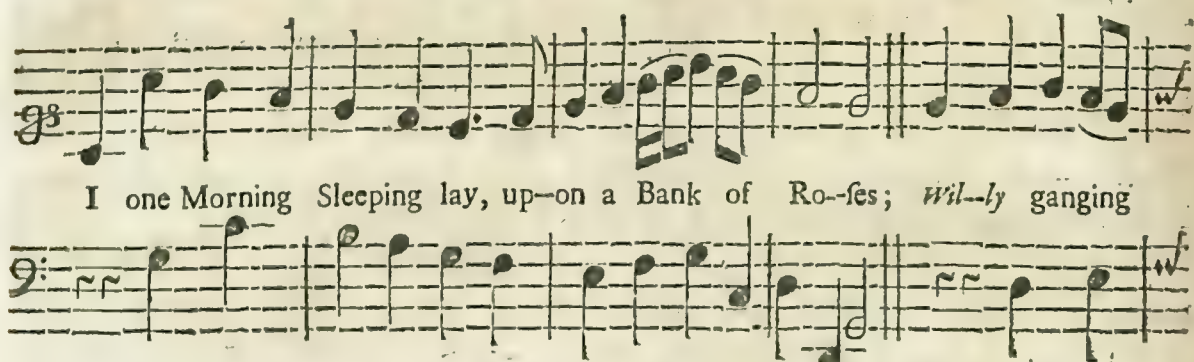
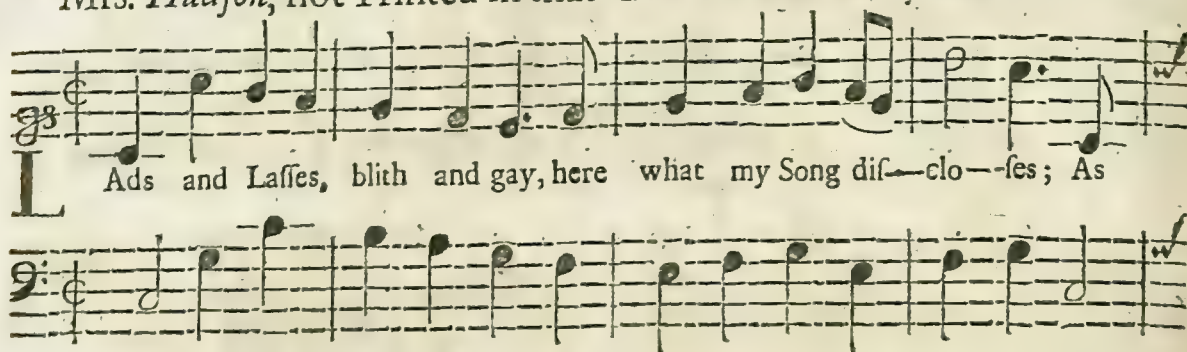
*Per-sians* who in so-lemn, who in so-







A Song in the 2<sup>d</sup>. Part of *Don Quixote*. Sung by  
Mrs. *Hudson*, not Printed in that Collection. Set by Mr. *Purcell*.



## II.

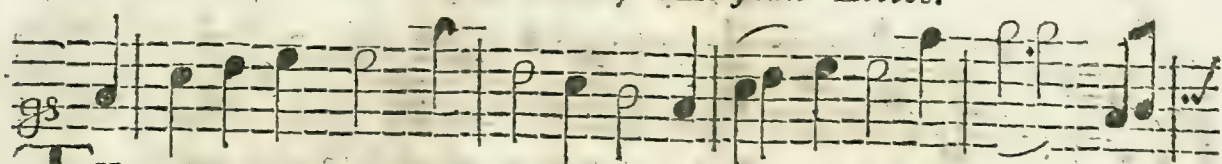
Willy tho' I muckle priz'd,  
Yet now I wa'd no know him,  
But made a frown, my face disguise,  
And from me strove to throw him;  
Fondly he still nearer prest,  
Upon my Bosom lying,  
My beating Heart too thump'd so fast,  
I thought the Loon was dying.

## III.

But resolving to deny,  
An angry passion faining,  
I often roughly push'd him by,  
With Words full of disdain;  
Willy balk'd no faver wins,  
But went off so discontented,  
But I-gud faith for all my Sins  
Ne'er half so much Repented.

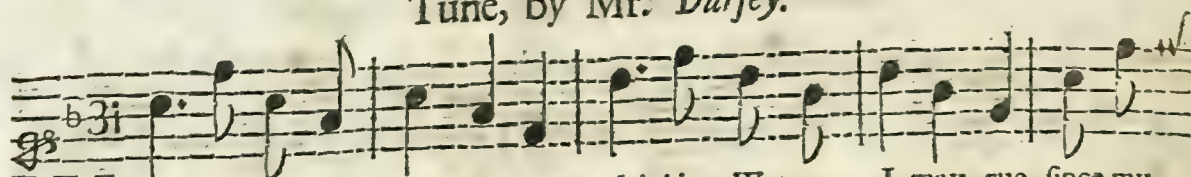


Mr. Dogget's Serenade in the 5th. Act of the *Lancashire-  
Witches.* Set by Mr. John Eccles.

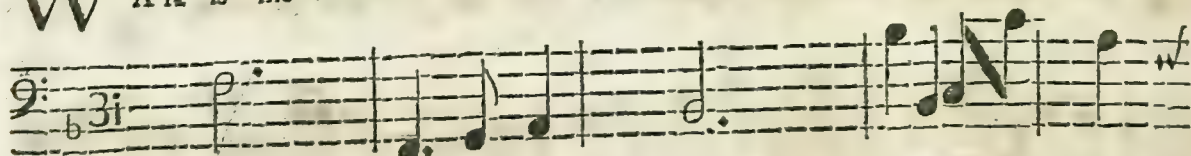




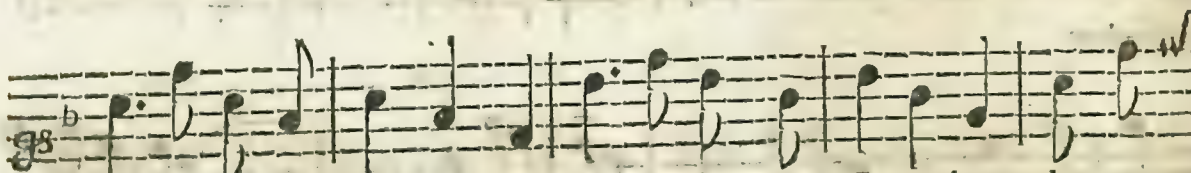
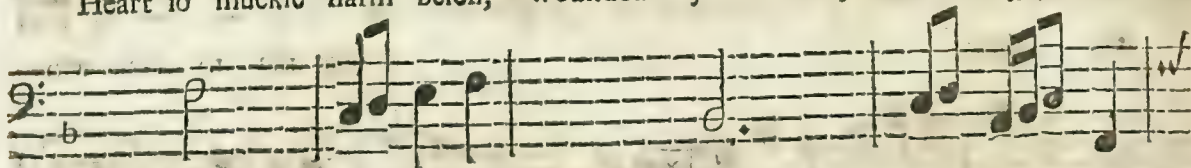
A Scotch Song, the Words made and fitted to the  
Tune, by Mr. Durfey.



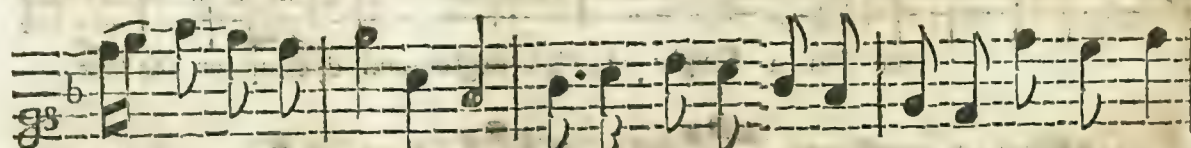
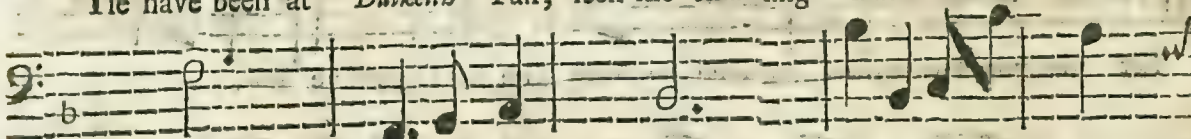
W A A is me what mun I do, drinking Waters I may rue, since my



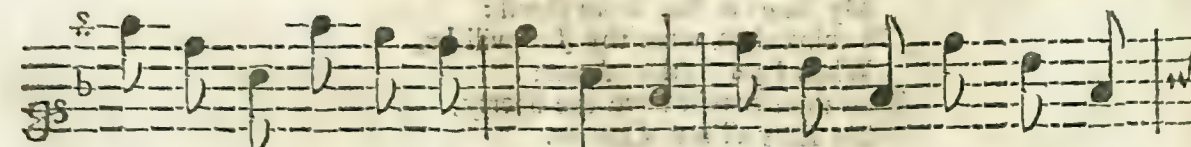
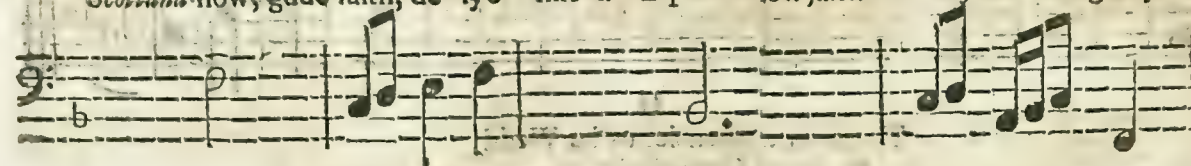
Heart so muckle harm befell, wounded by a bonny Lass at Epso-me-Well;



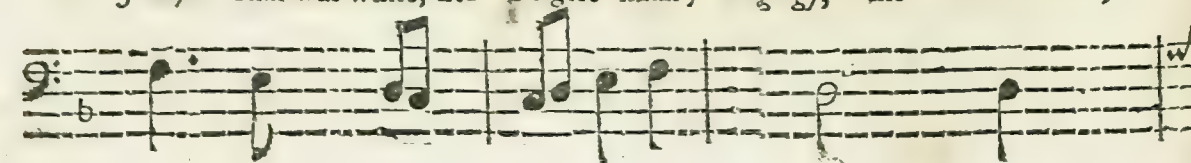
I've been at Dalkeith Fair, seen the charming Faces there; but aw



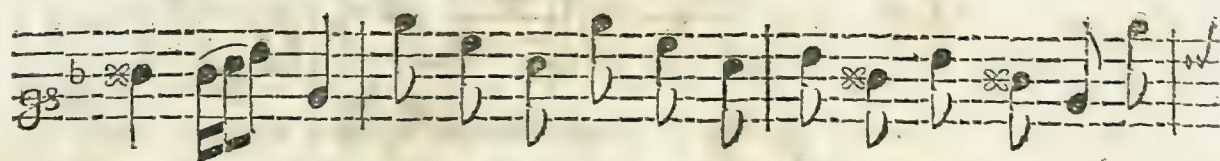
Scotland now, gude faith, de-sye like a Lip to show, and lovely rowling Eye.



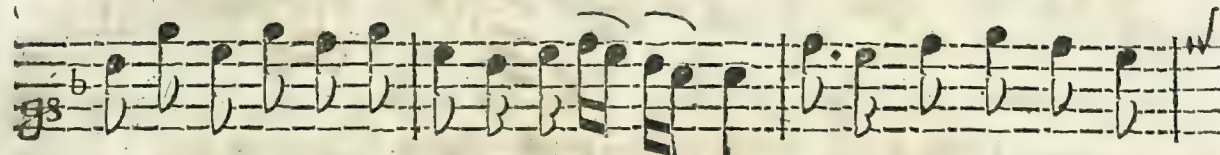
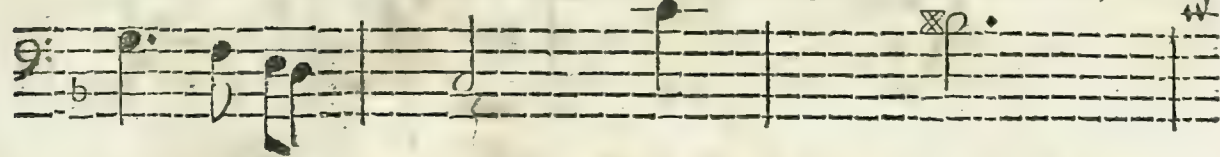
Jenny's Skin was white, her Fingers small; Mog-gy, she was slen-der,



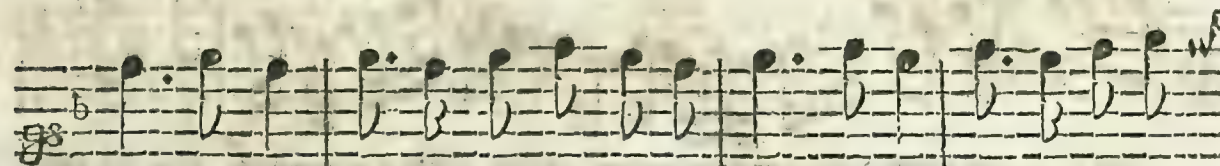




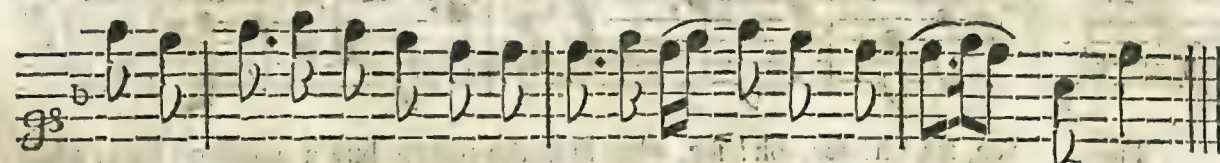
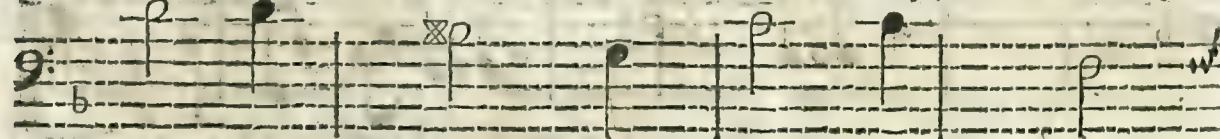
straight and tall; but my Love here bears a-way the Bell from all; for



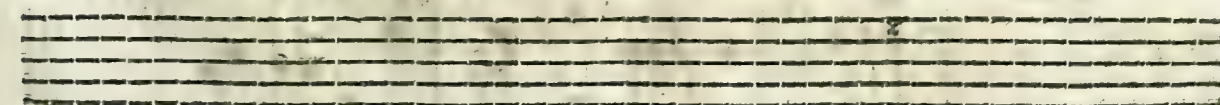
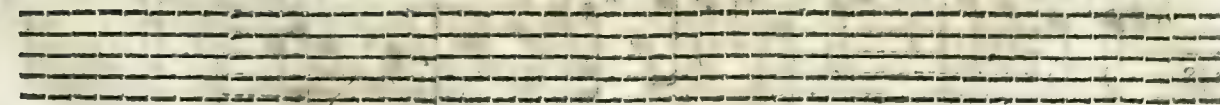
her I sigh, for her I dye in a wild despair; never Man in Woman



took such Joy, ne-ver Woman was to Man so coy; she'l not be my



Honey for my Love or Money: well-a-day, what torments I mun bear.









A Song set by Mr. *James Hart*.

I N this happy smiling shade, here Charming Ce-lia let us prove, sweets by

bounteous Na-ture made, here free-ly offer'd too by Love, too by Love:

Haste ingaging love-ly Creature, with thy numerous train of Charms,

Life than Love has nothing sweeter; haste thee to thy Lovers Arms.

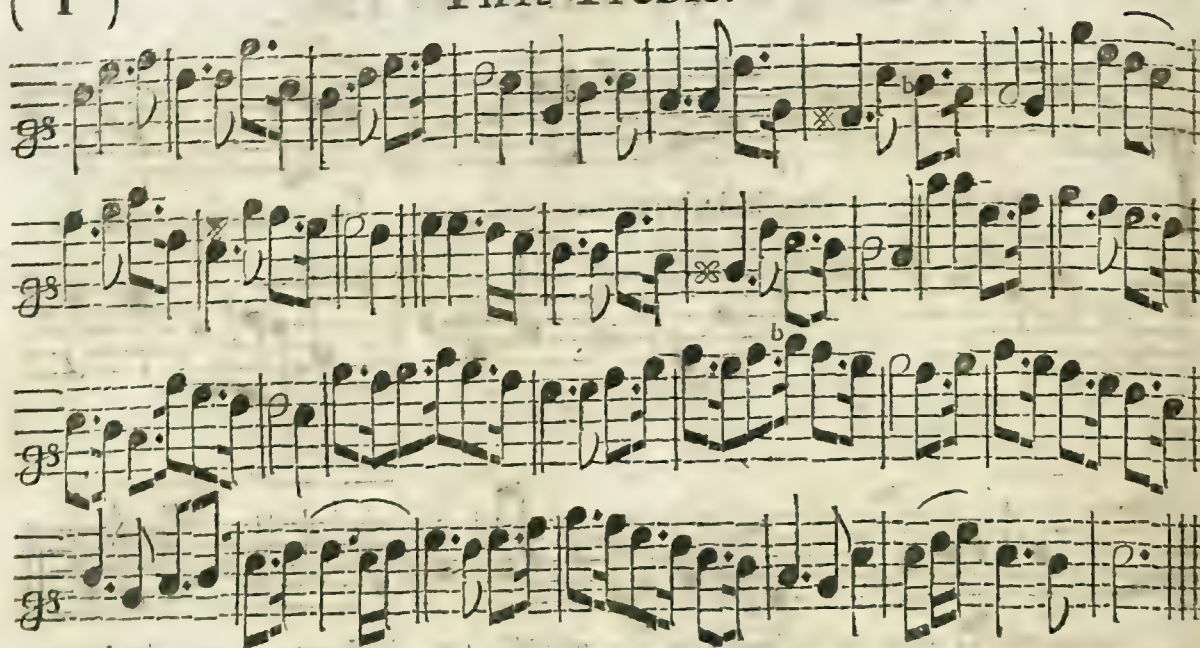
## II.

Nothing can disturb those blisses,  
 Where two faithfull Hearts unite;  
 Love and pleasure warm their Kisses,  
 Ever giving new delight:  
 Life affords no equal blessing,  
 To a rightly temper'd brain;  
 Always wishing or Caressing,  
 Still in every point the same.

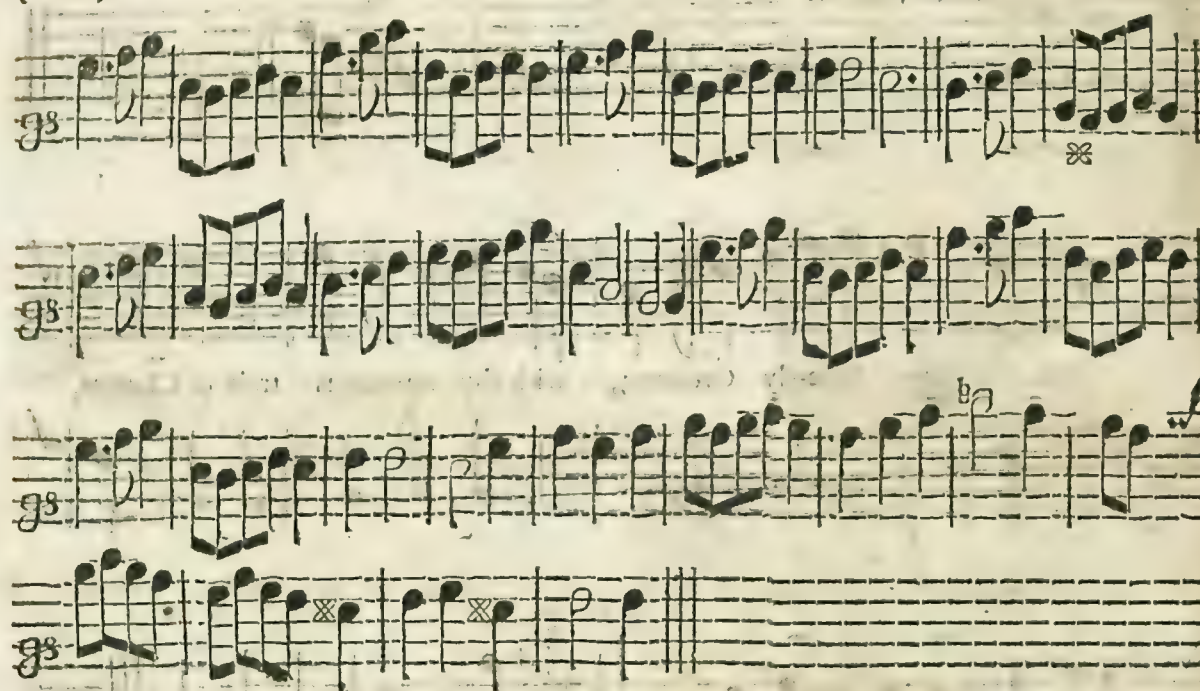


( 1 )

## First Treble.



( 2 )



( 3 )



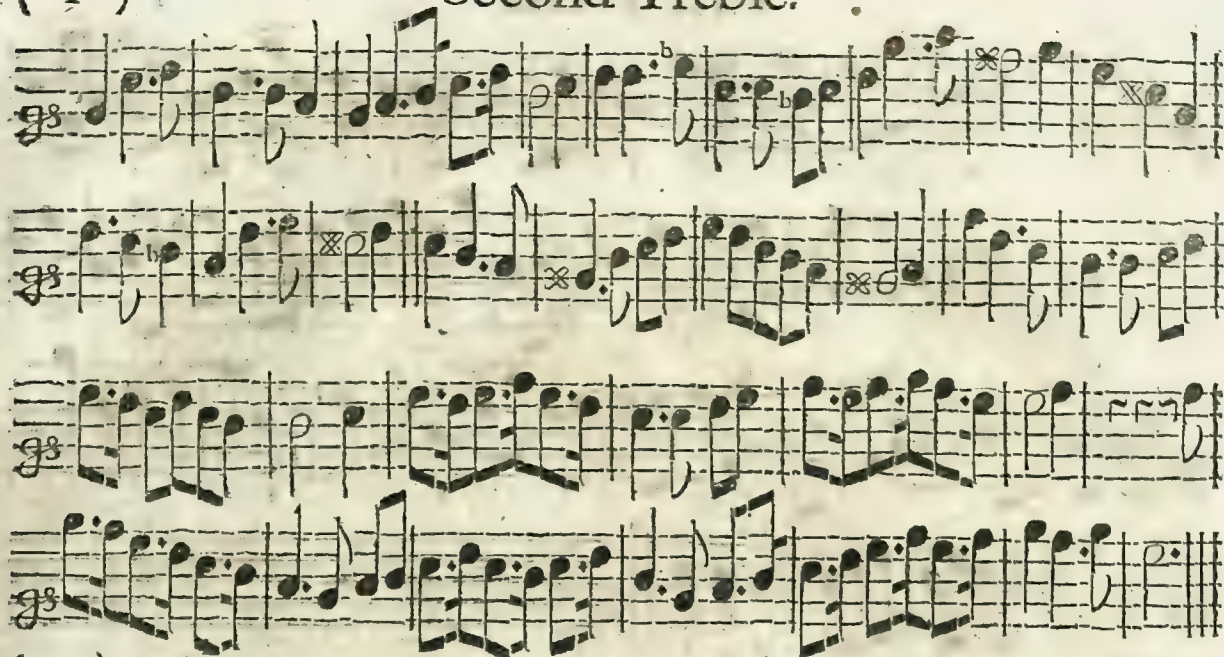
( 4 )



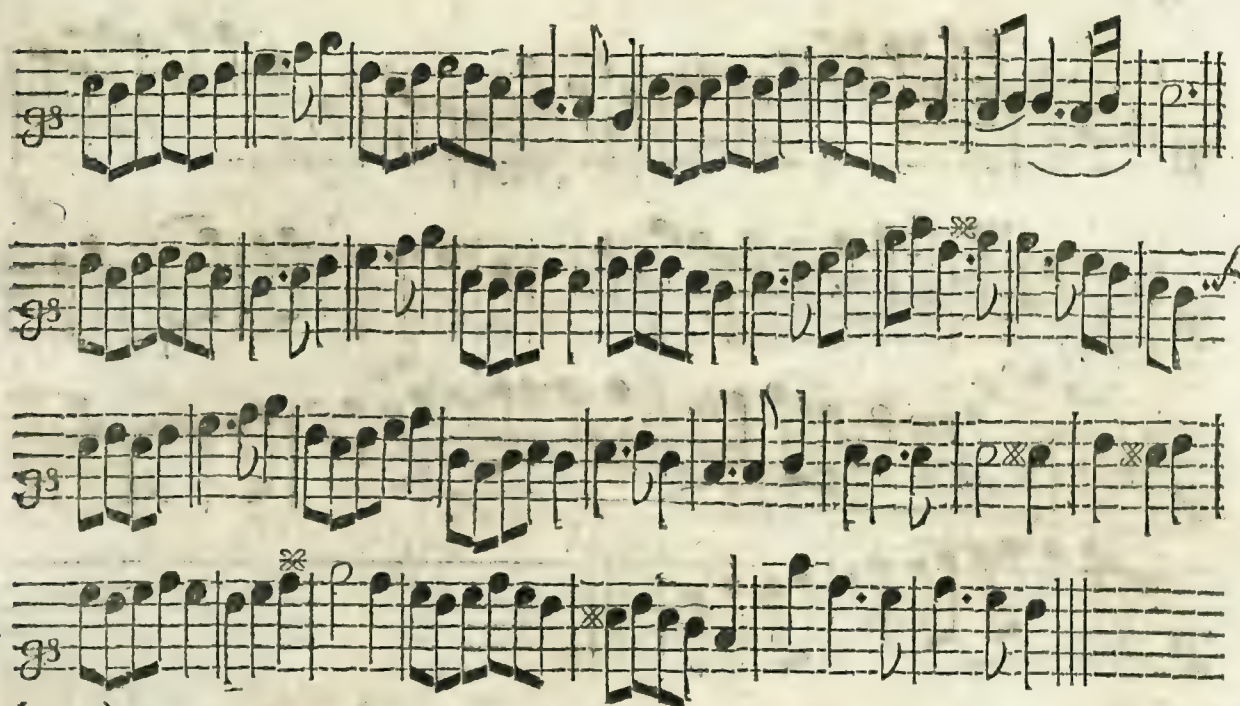
End with the first Strain.



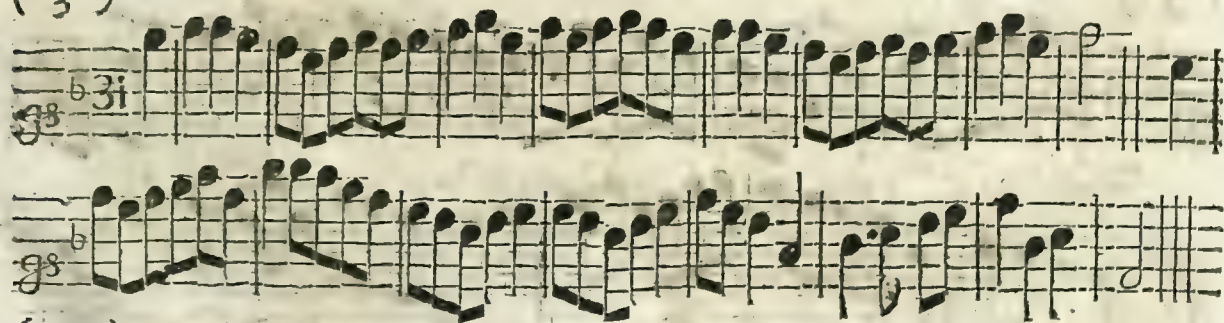
( I ) Second Treble.



( 2 )



( 3 )



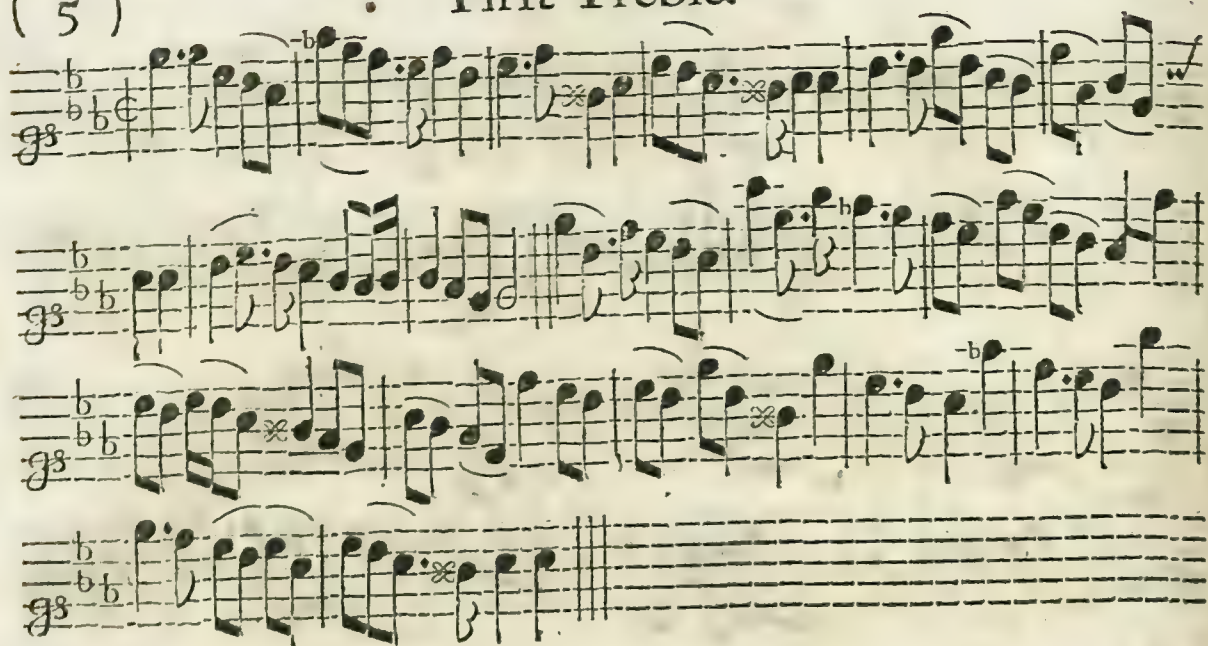
( 4 )



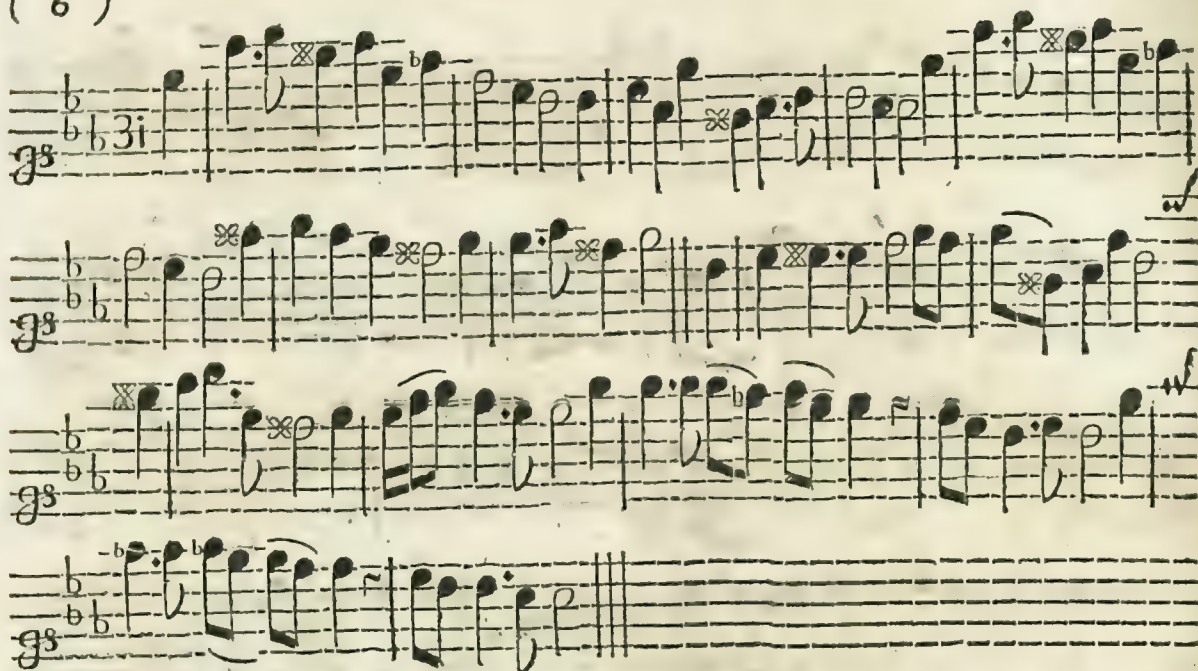


( 5 )

First Treble.



( 6 )



( 7 )





( 5 )

Second Treble.



( 6 )



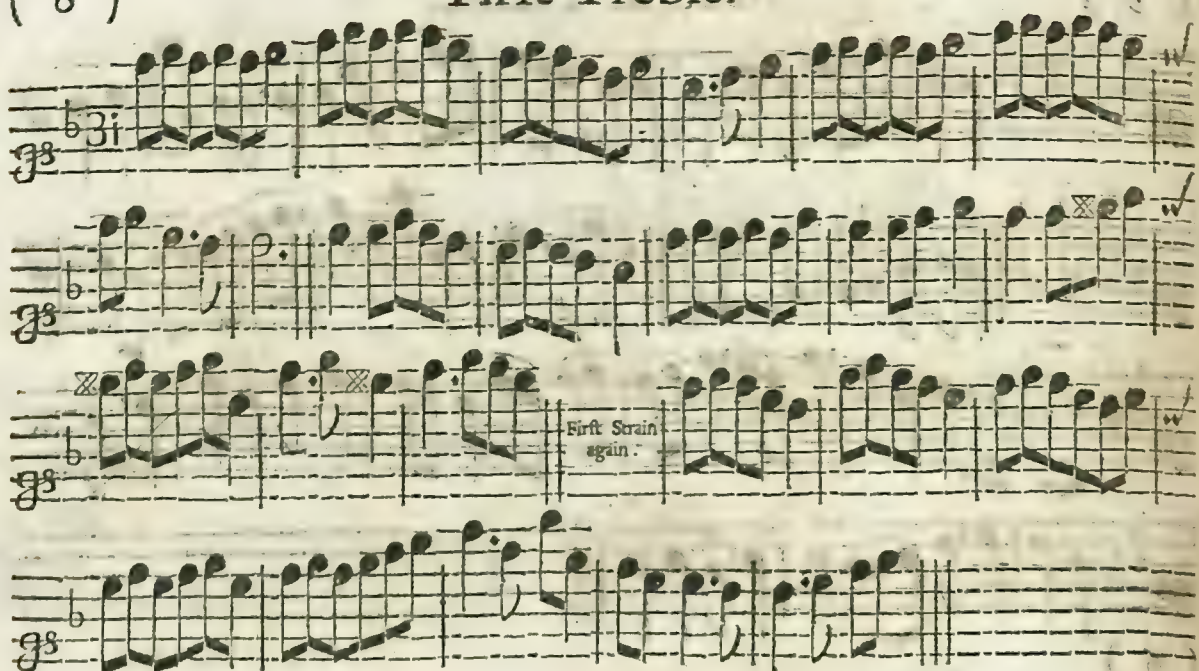
( 7 )





( 8 )

First Treble.



( 9 )



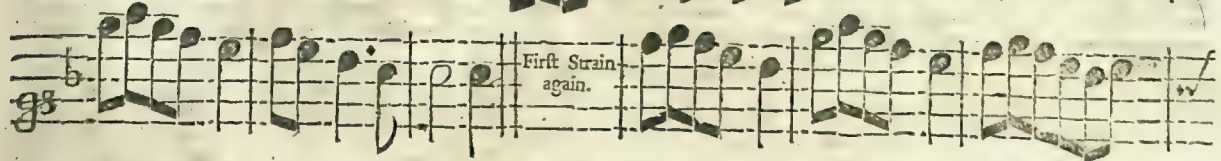
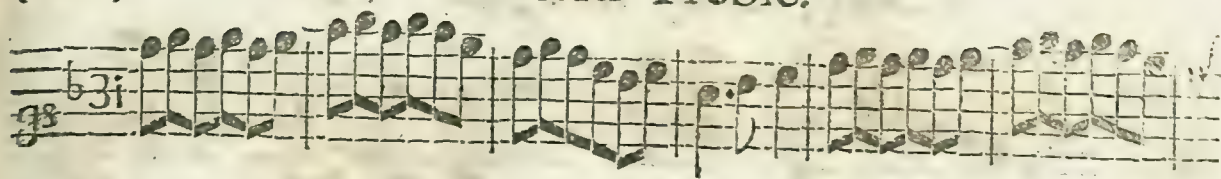
( 10 )



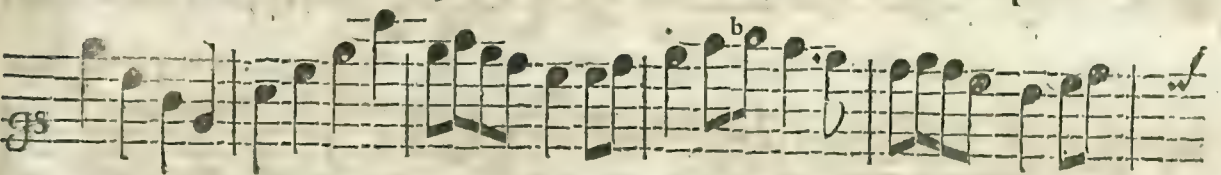
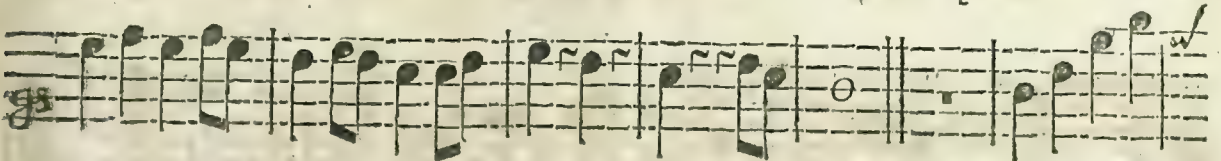


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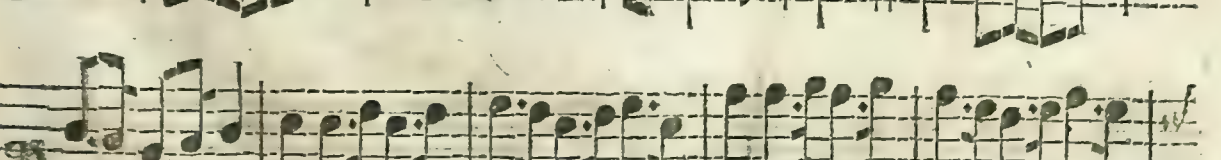
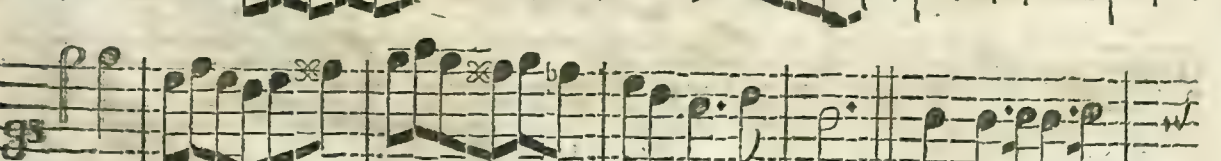
Second Treble.



( 9 )

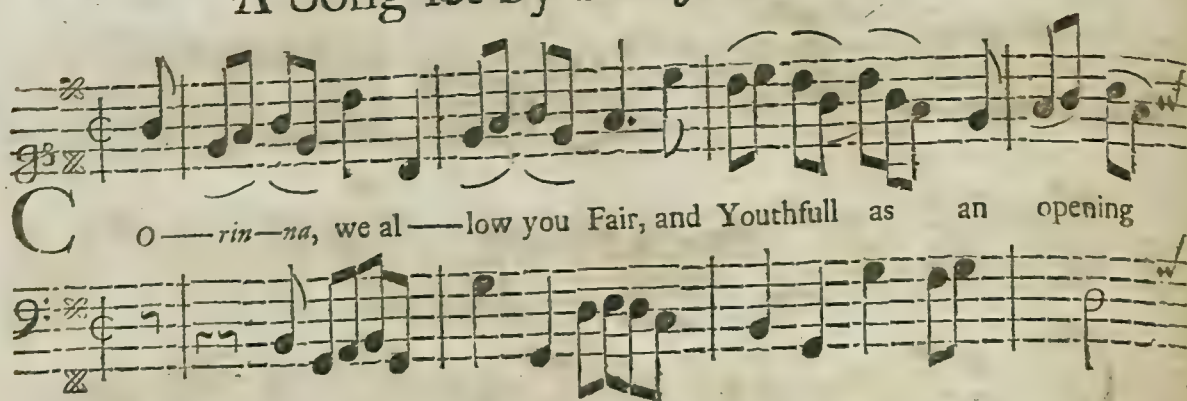


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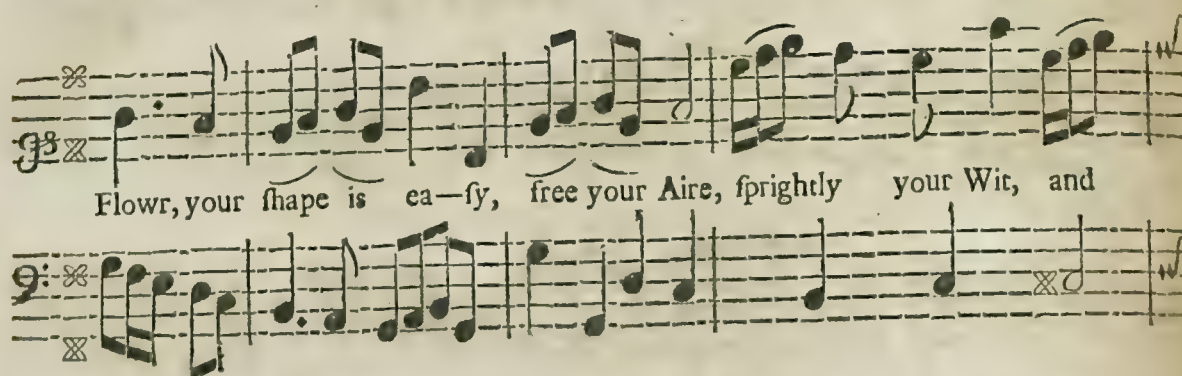




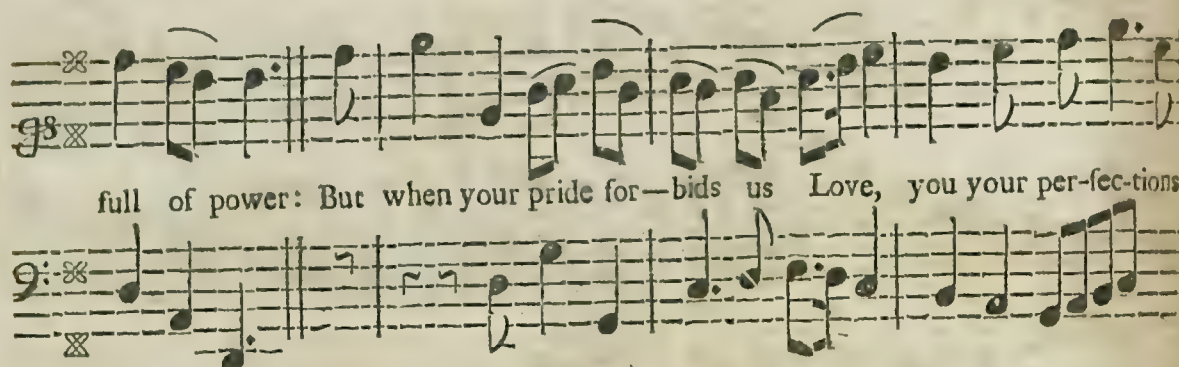
## A Song set by Mr. James Hart.



C O — rin — na, we al — low you Fair, and Youthfull as an opening



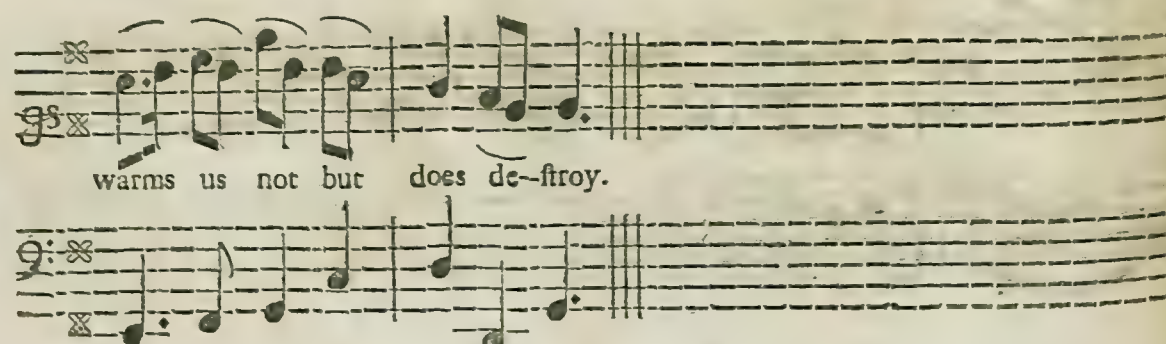
Flower, your shape is ea — sy, free your Aire, sprightly your Wit, and



full of power: But when your pride for — bids us Love, you your per — fec — tions



mis — im — ploy; your Eyes like fa — tal light — ning prove, that



warms us not but does de — stroy.

F I N I S.











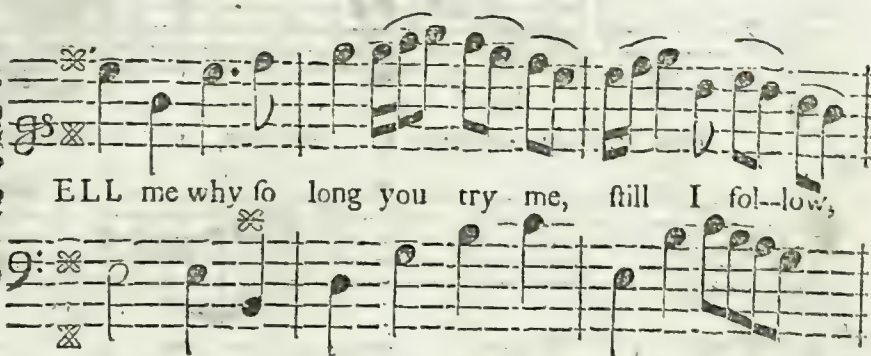
(1)<sup>D</sup>



pena 161  
DL 1/4



A new Song Sung at the Confort at York-  
Buildings. Set by Mr. Robert King.



TELL me why so long you try me, still I fol-low,



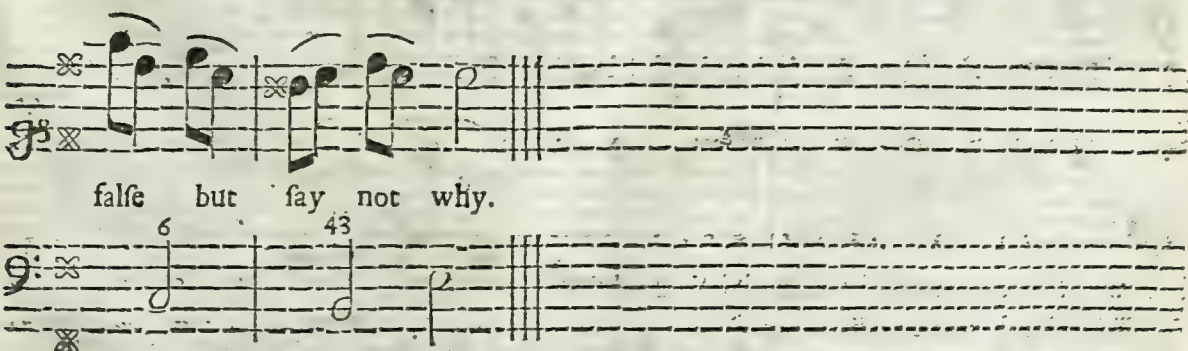
still you fly me; will the Race be ne-ver done, will it be e-ver



but be-gun: Cou'd I quit my Love for you, I'de ne're Love more what



e're I doe; when I speak truth you think I lye, and fear I'm



false but say not why.

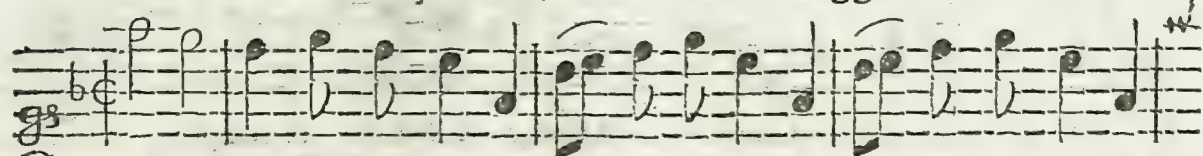


A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by  
Mr. Congreve.

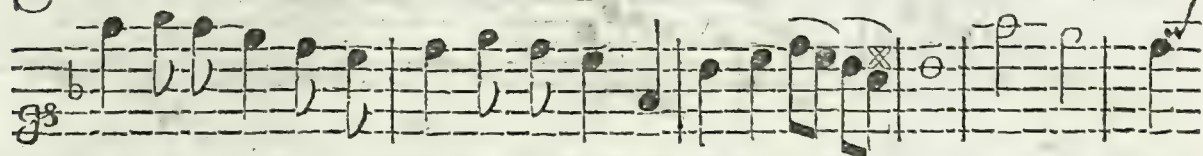
**P**ious Ce---lin---da goes to Prayers, if I but ask, if I but ask the  
favour; and yet the tender, tender Fool's in tears when she believes, when  
she believes I'll leave her: Wou'd I were, wou'd I were free from this restraint, or  
else had hopes, or else had ho—pes to win her; wou'd she cou'd, wou'd she cou'd  
make of me a Saint, or I of her, or I of he—r a Sinner;  
wou'd I cou'd, wou'd I cou'd, oh! wou'd I cou'd make of her a Sinner.



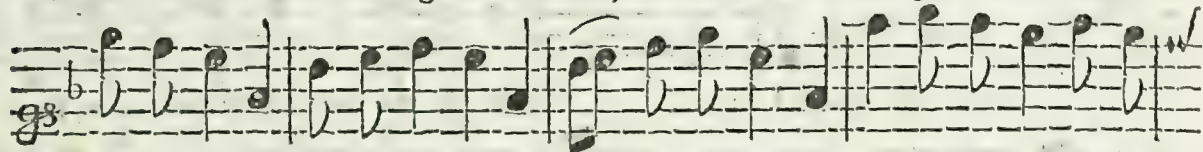
A Song made by Mr. *Durfey* upon a new Country  
Dance, called, Mr. *Lane's* Magget.



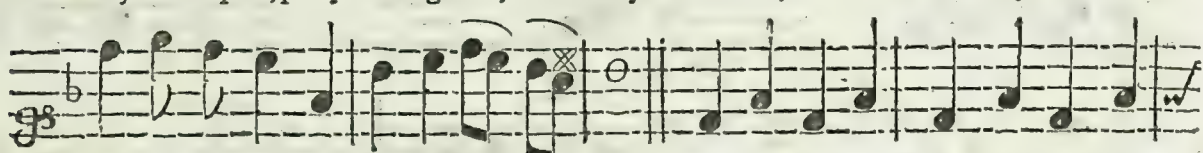
**S** Trike up drowfie Gut-Scrapers, Gallants be rea—dy each with his La—dy,



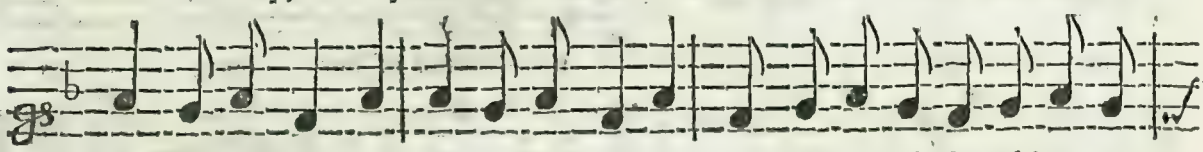
Foot it about till the Night be run out, let no one's Humour pall: Brisk Lads now



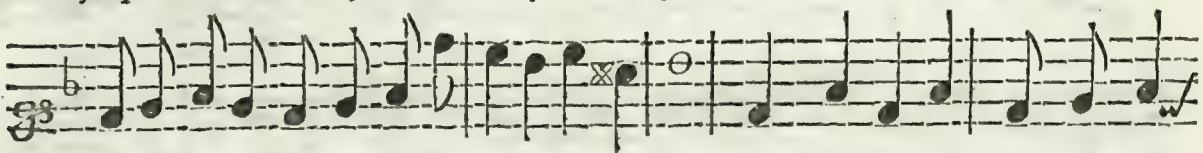
cut your Capers, put your Legs to't, and shew you can do't; frisk, frisk it away till the



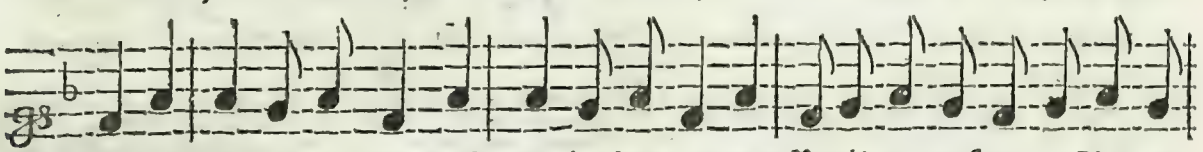
break of the day, and hey for *Richmond* Ball. Fortune-biters, Hags, Bum-fighters,



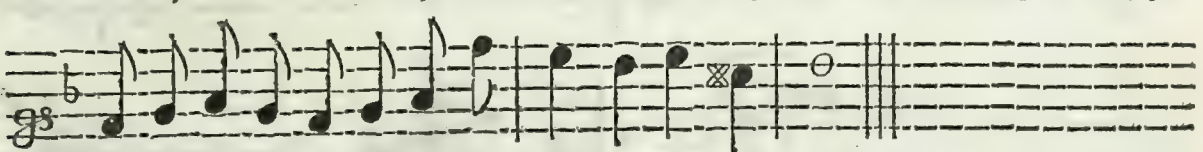
Nymphs of the Woods, and stale Ci—ty-Goods; ye Cherubins, and Saraphins, ye



Caravans, and Haradans, in order all advance; *Twittenham*-Loobies, *Thistleworth*-



Boobies, Wits of the Town, and *Beaus* that have none, ye *Jacobites* as sharp as Pins, ye



*Monsieurs*, and ye *Sooterkins*, I'll show you all this Dance.

**II.**

Cast off, *Tom*, behind *Johnny*,  
Do the same *Nanny*,  
Eyes are upon you;  
Trip it between  
Little *Dicky* and *Jane*,  
And set in the second Row:  
Then, then cast back you must too,  
And up the first Row,  
Nimbly thrust through;  
Then, turn her about,  
To the left, or you're out,  
And meet with your Love below.

Pass, then cross,  
Then *Jack's* pretty Lads,  
Then turn her about, about and about;  
And, *Jacky* if you can do so too  
With *Betty*, while the Time is true,  
We'll all your Ear commend:  
Still there's more  
To lead all four;  
Two by *Nancy* stand,  
And give her your Hand,  
Then cast her quickly down below,  
And meet her in the second Row:  
The DANCE is at an End.



A Song set by Mr. Robert King.

Cease, cease, cease, cease fond *Amintas*; cease, cease, cease *Amin-tas* to complain, thy *Phil-*  
*-lis* feels not e--qual pain; As if the same concern were due, from  
 her in ab-sence as from you, she has suf-ficiency of her own, to  
 make her happy, hap—py tho' a-lone; she has suf-ficiency of her own,  
 to ma—ke her happy tho' a-lone,  
 to ma—ke her happy tho' a-lone.

Musical notation includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a lute line (bass clef). The score features various ornaments (X marks) and fingerings (6, 7, 4, 3) indicated below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



A Song upon Mrs. Brace-girdle's Acting Marcella,  
in *Don-Quixote*, Set by Mr. Godfrey Finger.

W Hile I with wounding grief did look, when Love had turn'd your brain; from

you the dire Dis-ease I took, and bore my self your pain: Mar-cel-la

then your Lover prize, and be, not too fe-vere; use well the

conquests of your Eyes, for Pride has lost your Deare.

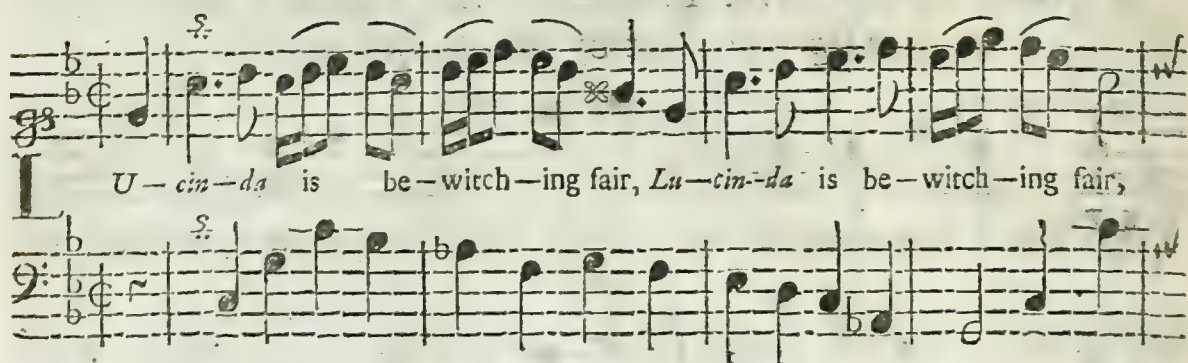
II.

*Ambrosio* treats your flames with scorn,  
And rakes your tender mind;  
Withdraw your Frowns, and Smiles return,  
And pay him in his kind.

Yet Smiles again where Smiles are due,  
And my true Love esteem:  
For I much more doe rage for you  
Than you can burn for him.



A new Song fet by Mr. *Henry Purcell*, in the Play ca'lld  
*Abdelazar*. Sung by the Boy.



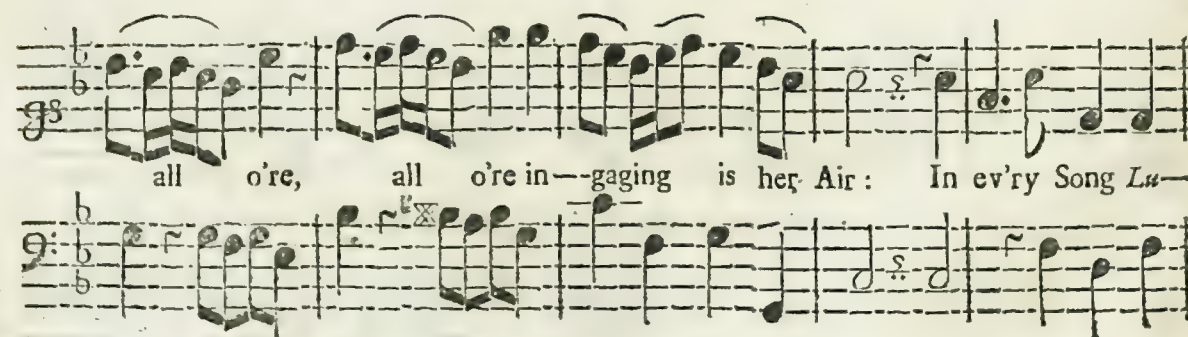
U—cin—da is be—witch—ing fair, Lu—cin—da is be—witch—ing fair,



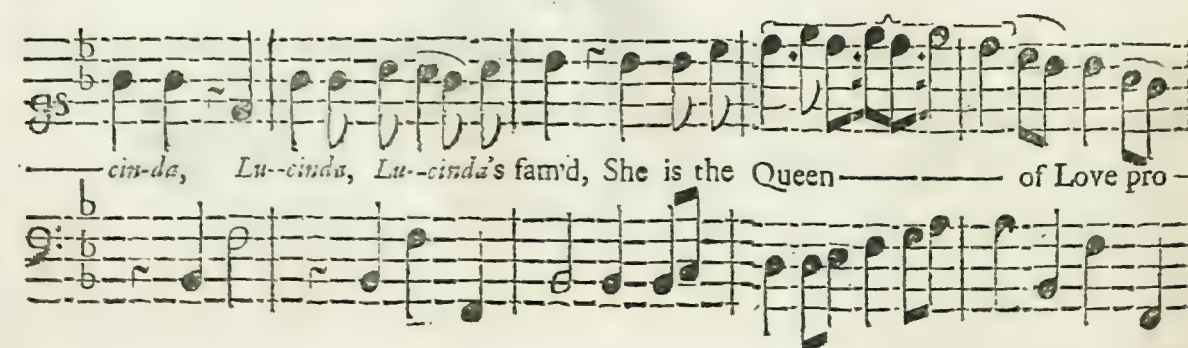
all o're, all o're in—ga—ging is her



Air; all o're, all o're, all o're in—ga—ging is her Air;

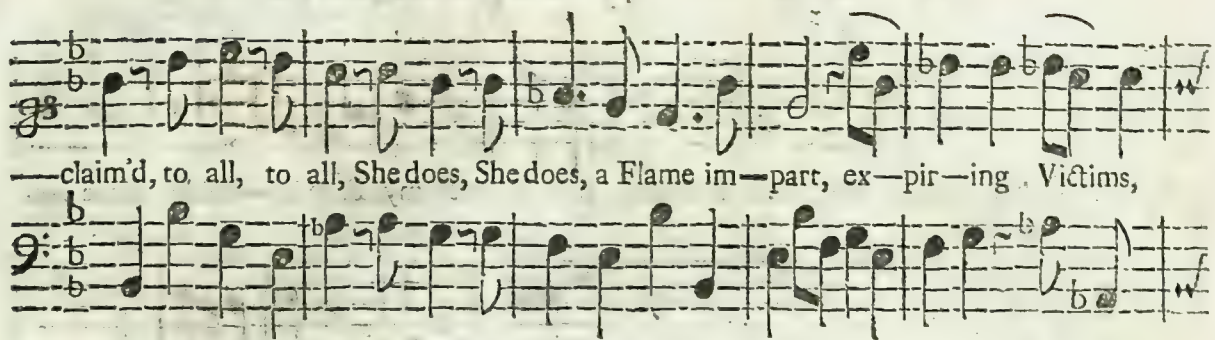


all o're, all o're in—gaging is her Air: In ev'ry Song Lu—

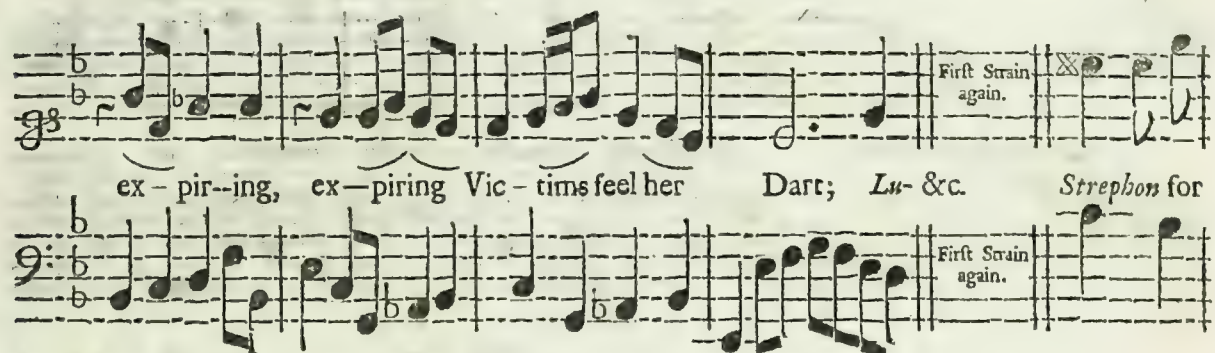


—cin—da, Lu—cinda, Lu—cinda's fam'd, She is the Queen of Love pro—






—claim'd, to, all, to all, She does, She does, a Flame im—part, ex—pir—ing Victims,



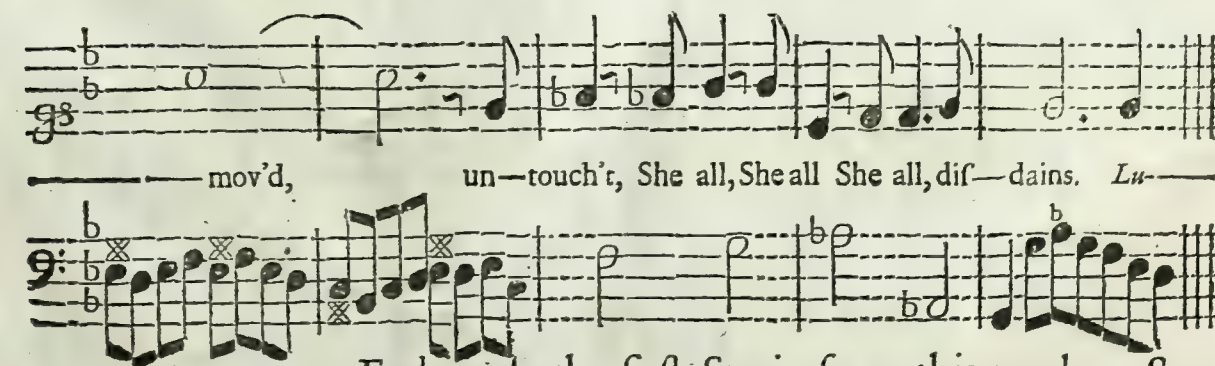
ex—pir—ing, ex—piring Vic—tims feel her Dart; Lu- &c. Strephon for



her has Love ex—prest, Philan—der sighs, sighs, sighs to with the rest;



rack't, rack't with despair each one complains, un—

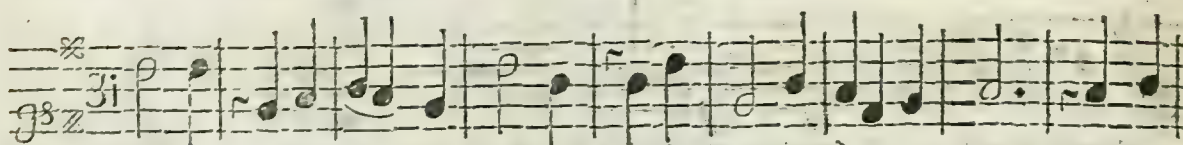


—mov'd, un—touch't, She all, She all She all, dis—dains. Lu—

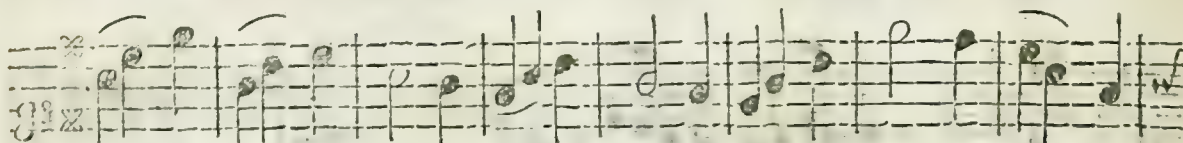
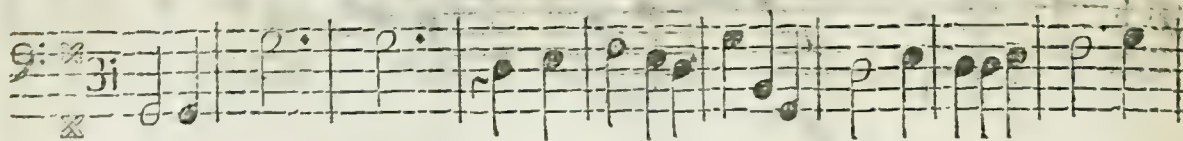
End with the first Strain from this mark. :S:



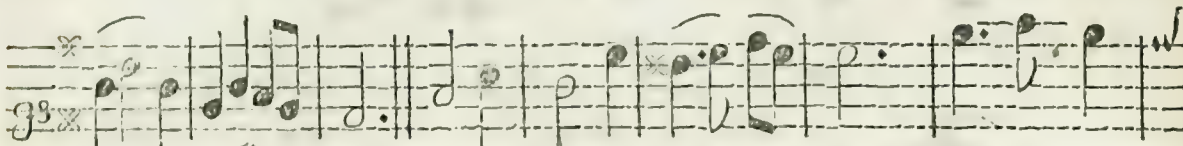
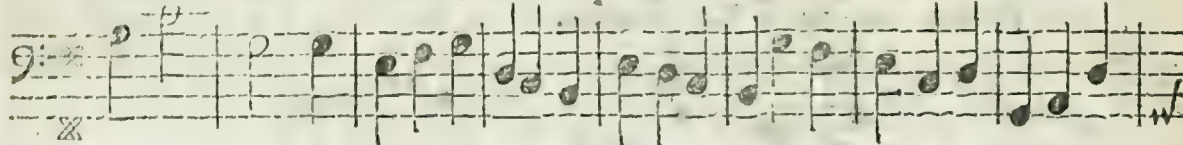
## A Song set by Captain Pack.



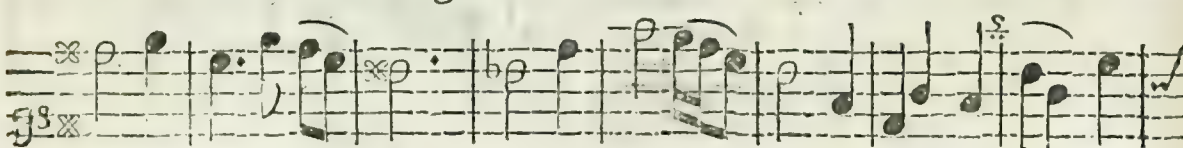
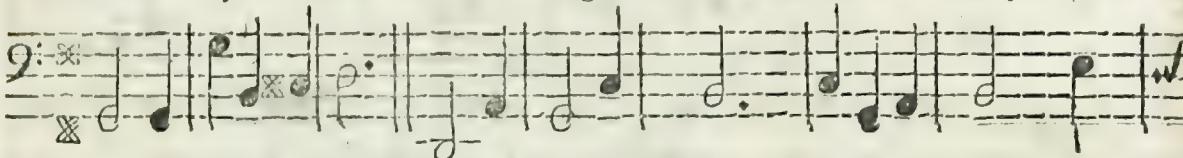
A S K me not to Sing, dear creature, nor so much my Face be—hold; since you



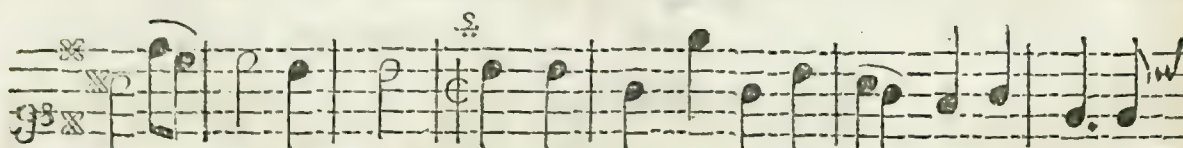
know both Voice and Feature, Voice and Feature, so dis—order'd, so dis—



—order'd by a Cold: Must I Sing with—out a Voice, will you then



not, then not be con—tent? pray Sir play, nay be not nice, no mat—ter



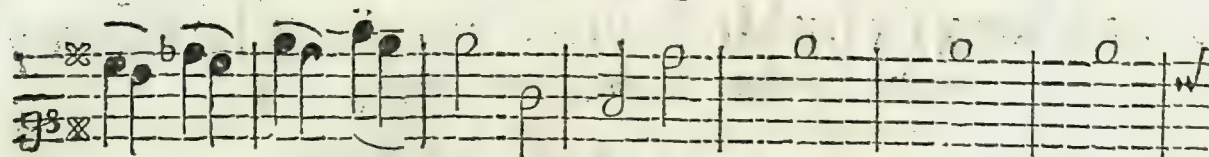
for an In—strument. Why these Reasons all in vain, must I what I



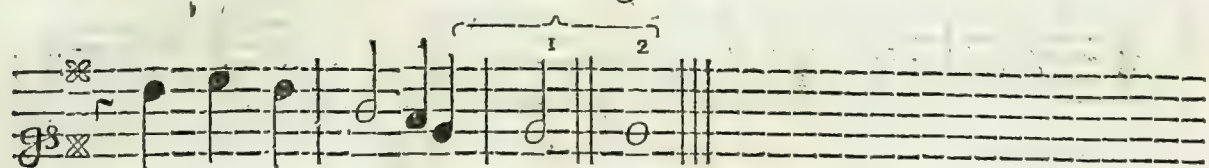
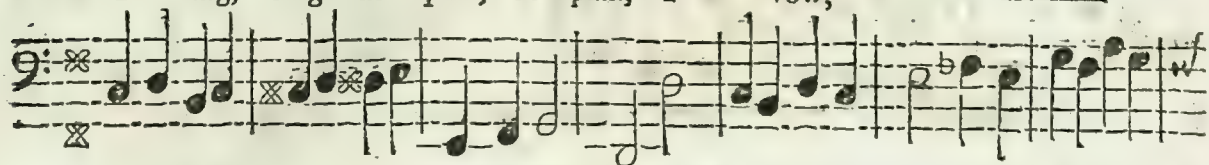
cannot doe? fair Cinthia, fair, fair Cinthia, oh I Sing, Sing in pain,



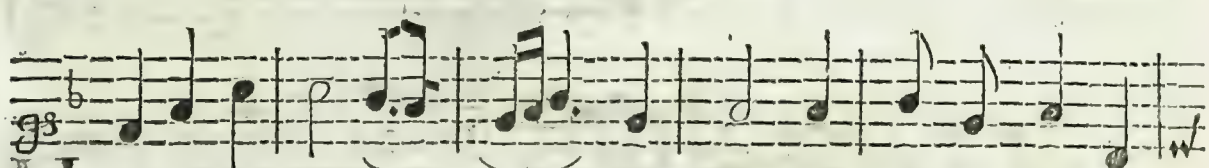
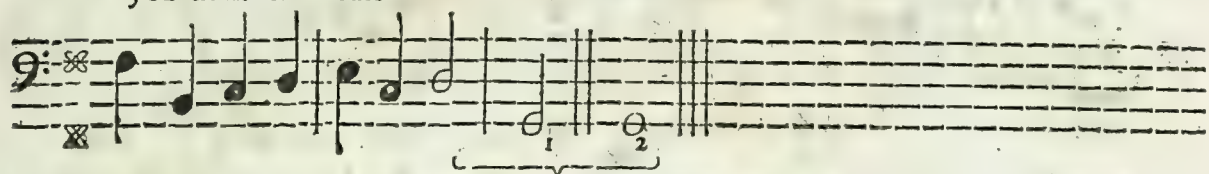




I Sing, Sing in pain, in pain, I vow,



you must ex—cuse me now.



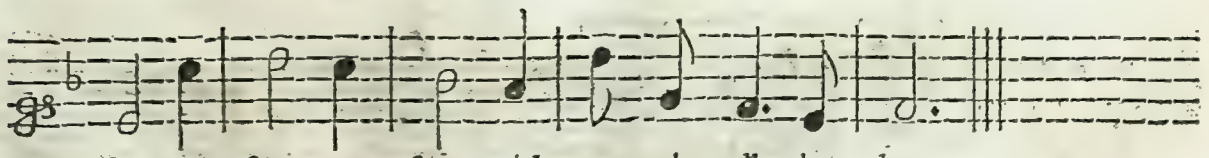
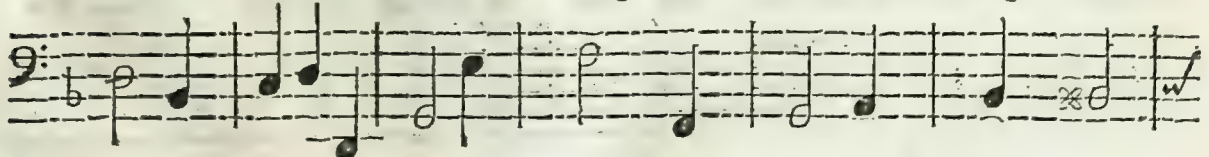
**H**ow happy are we Nymphs and Swains, here, neither Pride nor



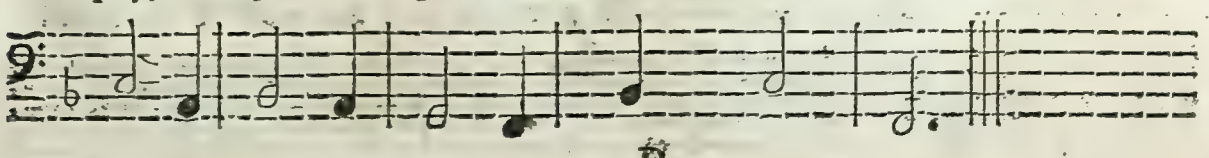
En—vey reigns; no vain am—bi-tious thoughts mo—left, That qui—et



calmness of our breast; we Sing, we dance, we laugh and

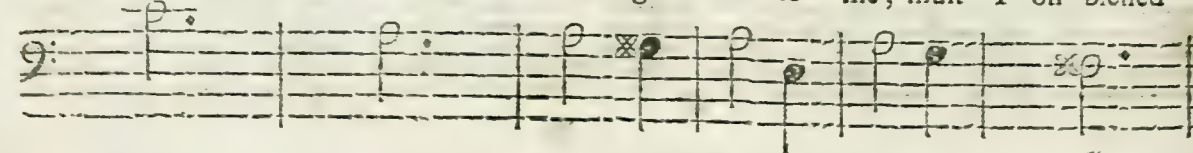
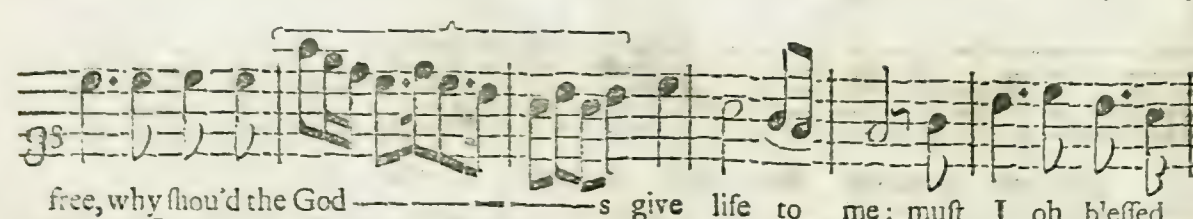
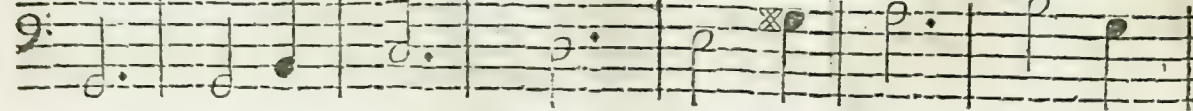
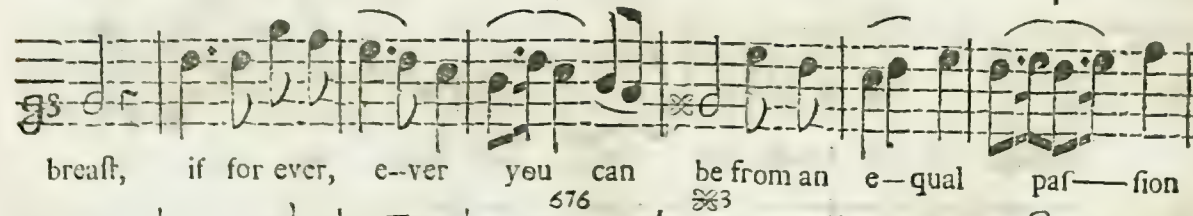
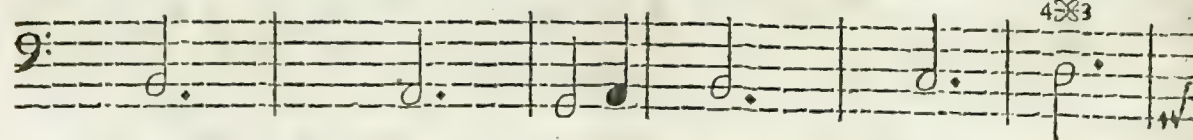
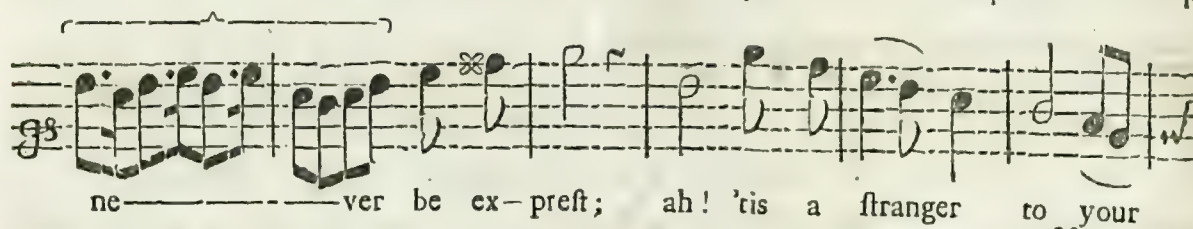
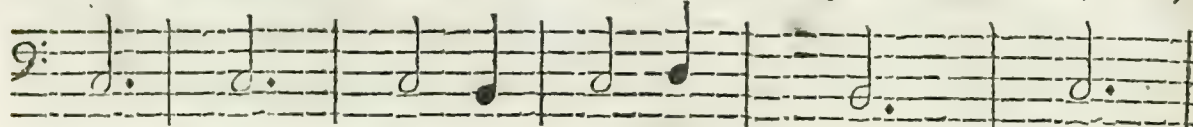
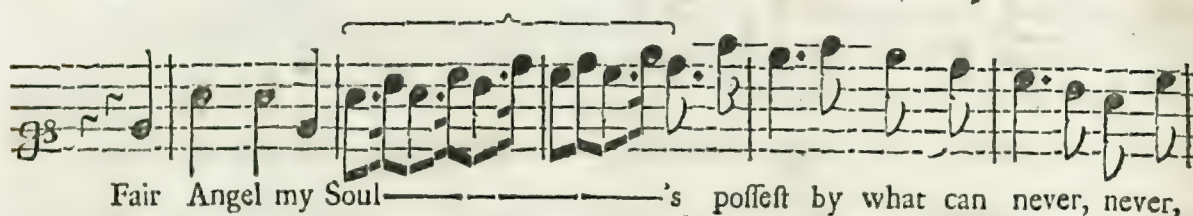
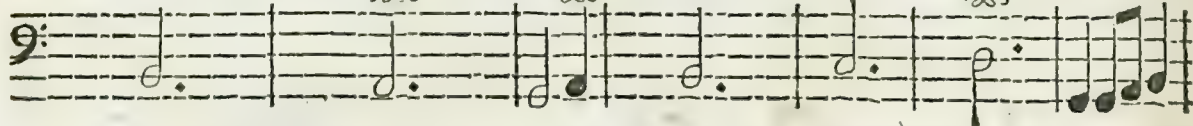
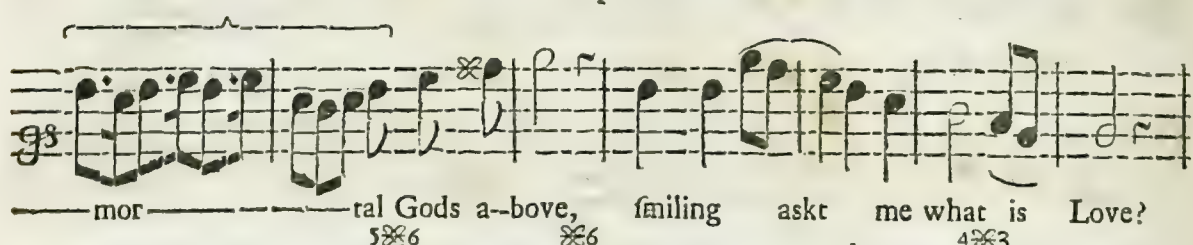
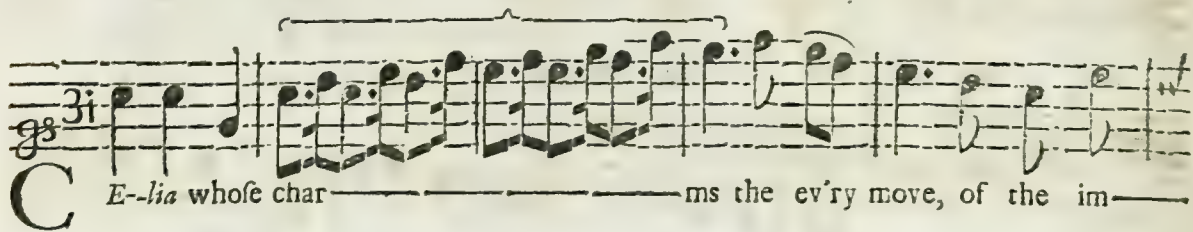


play, we sport, we sport, and re—vel all the day.





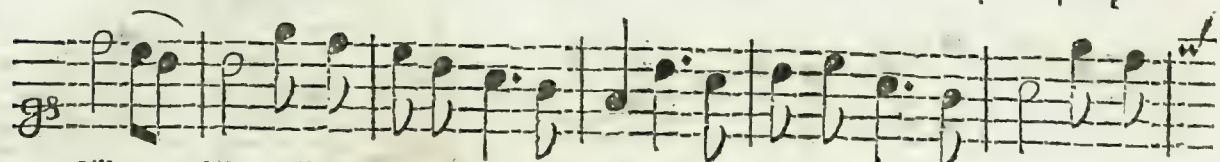
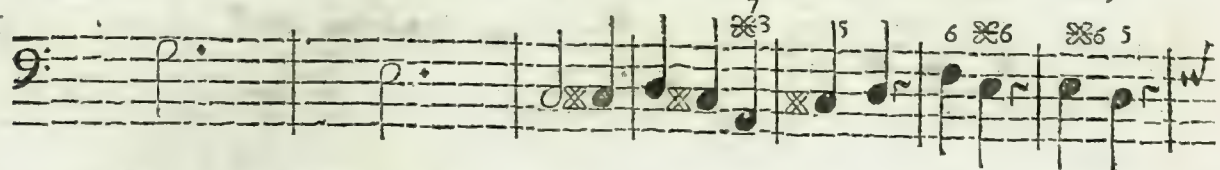
A new Song set by Mr. Godfrey Finger, Sung by the Boy  
at the Confort in Dukestreet Coventgarden.



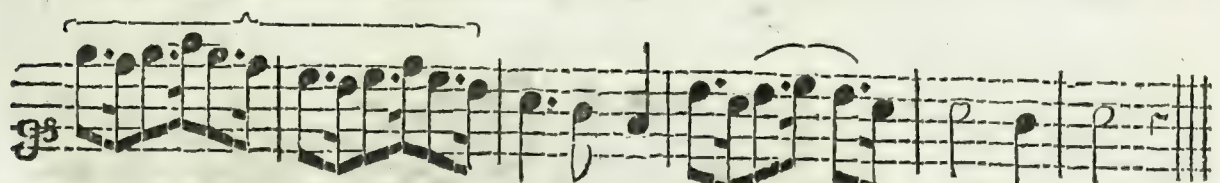




power's in vain, in vain, thus of my Being, still, still,



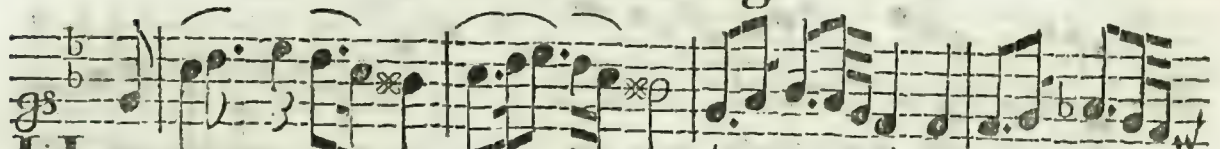
still com-plain, will you never end my pain; never, never end my pain; will you



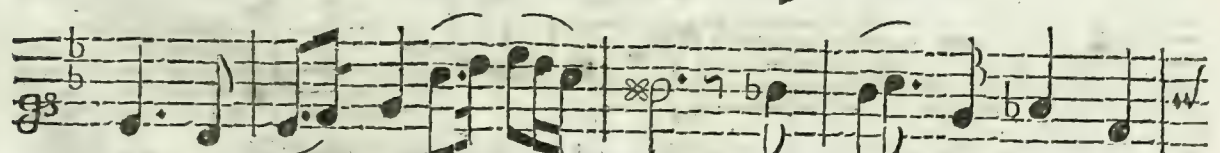
ne- ver end my pain, ne- ver end my pain.



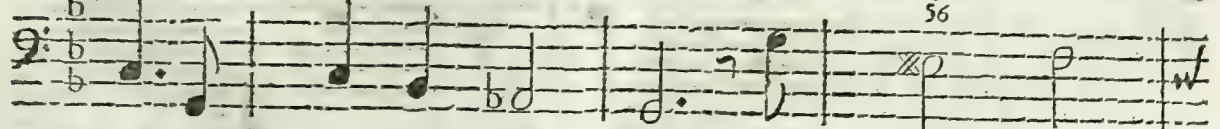
## A New Song.



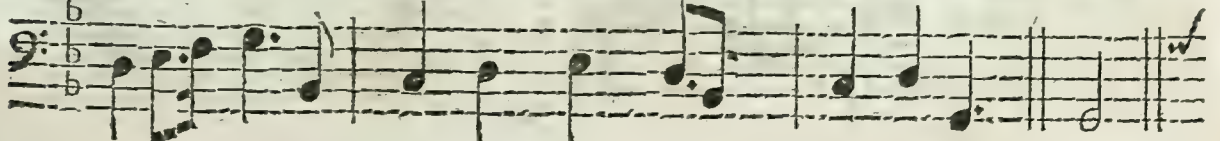
Ad Me-la-nis-sa gent-ly sway'd, gent-ly, gent-ly



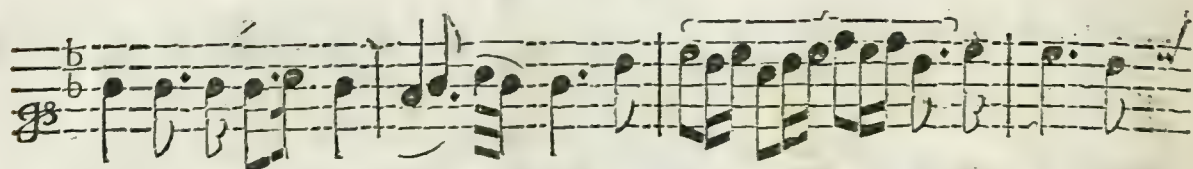
sway'd the Scep-ter that She bore, her sub-ject I had



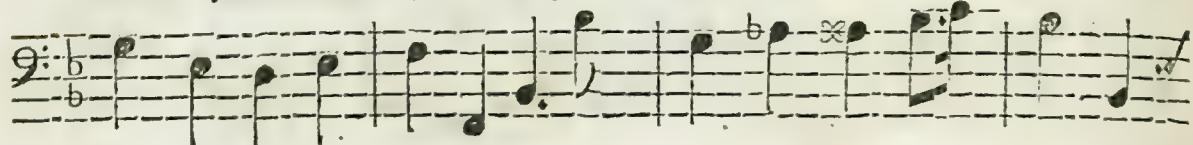
still obey'd, and hugg'd, and hugg'd the chain I wore:



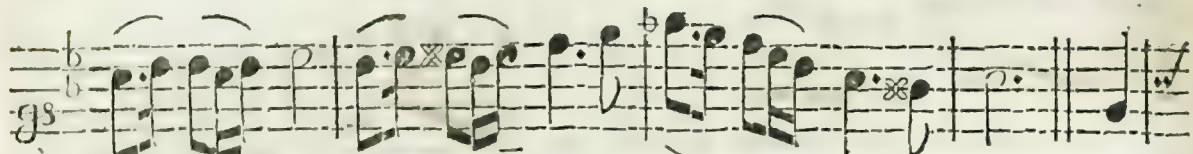




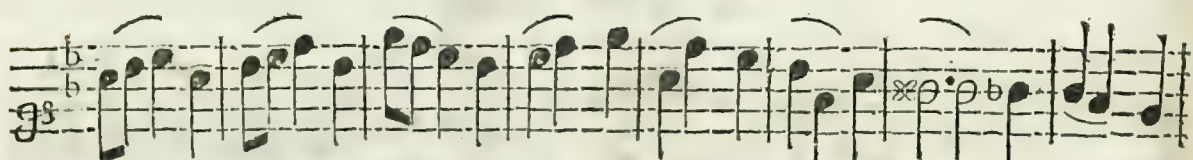
But since by boundless ty—ran—ny she for ——— fit—ted her



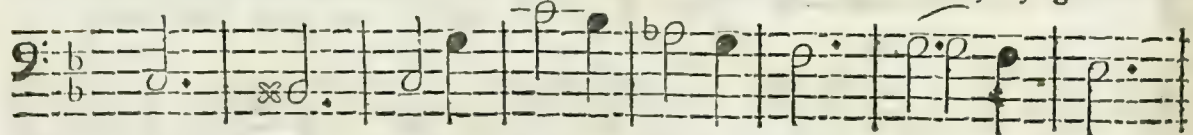
right, the throne now vacant, I'm left free, the throne now va—cant



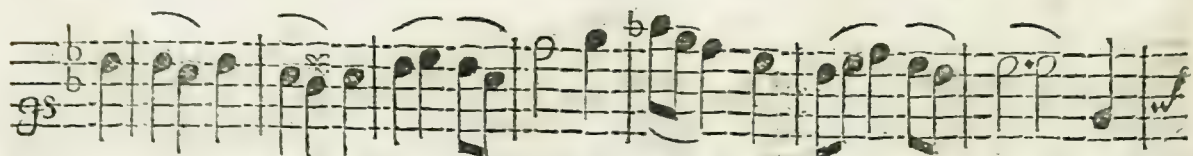
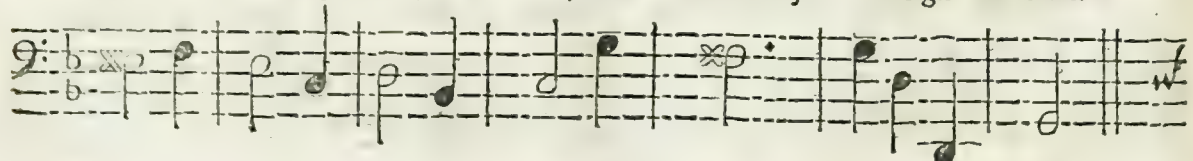
I'm left free, I'm left free, a—no—ther to in—vite: Come



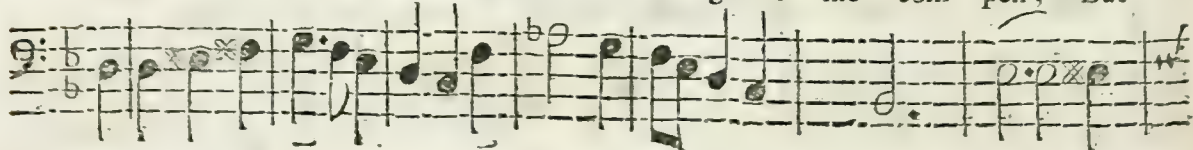
Syl—via then vouch—safe to wear the ab—di—ca—ted Crown, thy go—vern—



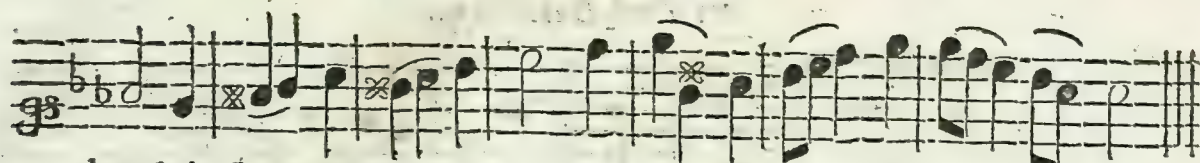
—ment I'll free—ly bear, and thee, and thee my sov'reign own.



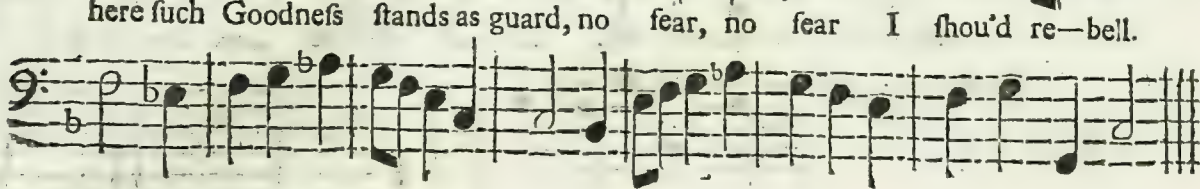
Ill u—sage there, did to dis—cord al—le—giance me com—pell; But








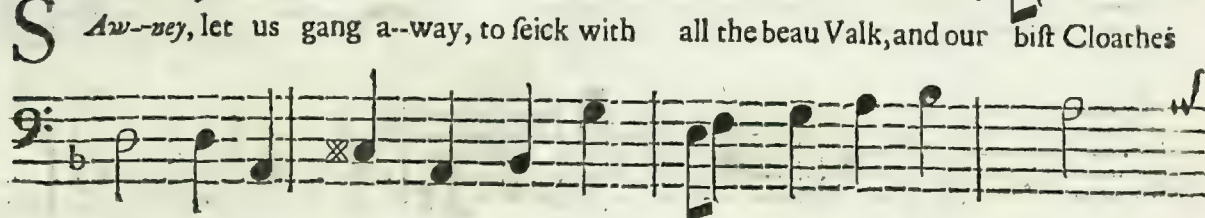
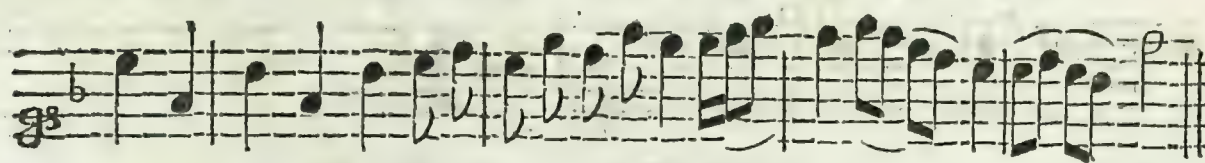
here such Goodness stands as guard, no fear, no fear I shou'd re—bell.



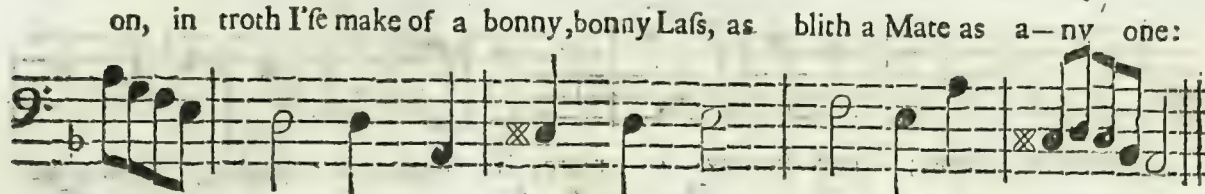

A New *Scotch* Song.



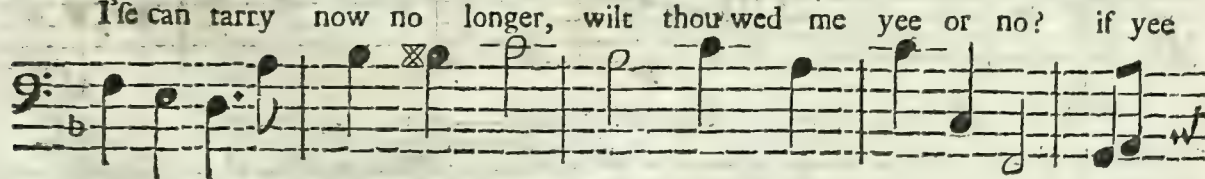
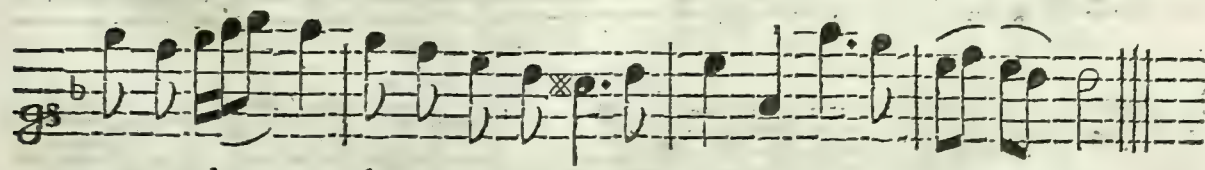
*S* Aw—ay, let us gang a—way, to seek with all the beau Valk, and our bift Cloathes

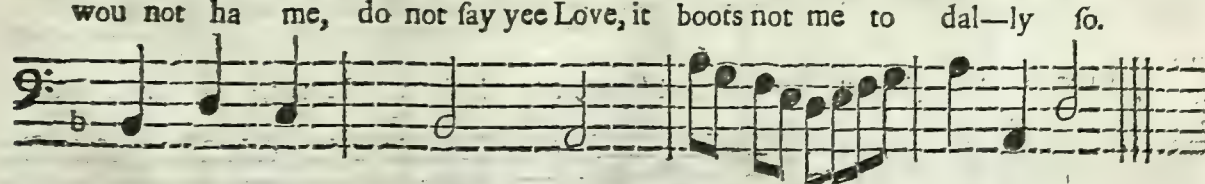
on, in troth I'll make of a bonny, bonny Lass, as blith a Mate as a—ny one:

I'll can tarry now no longer, wilt thou wed me yee or no? if yee

wou not ha me, do not say yee Love, it boots not me to dal—ly so.





A Song fet by Mr. Robert King, Sung at the Confort  
in York-Buildings.

Tre-phon why wou'd you deceive me, all your lit-tle Arts are lost;

you shall if you can be-lieve me, never, nev-er in my ru-ine

boast: If you'd see my pas-sion raging, you must change your

rambling Scene; con-stant-cy is more, is more in-gaging, than your

Will, or Fan-ty Mien. But oh! constan-cy's a stranger, to your

Modish fic-kle mind; while you shew your self a Ranger, I must shew



my self un-kind; while you shew your self a Ranger, I must

shew my self un-kind.

*An Epithalamium, set by Mr. Robert King.*

**T**he la-zy Sun withdraws at last his too of-ficious light,

The la-zy Sun withdraws at last his too officious light, and leaves the

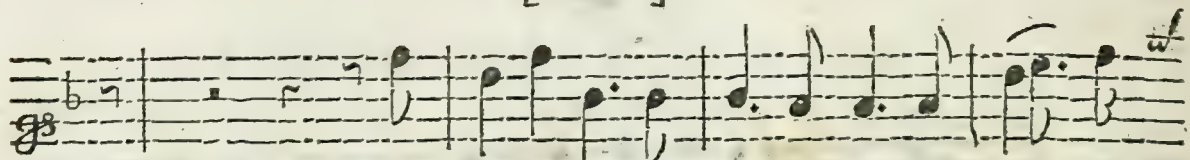
and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

Lovers, and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

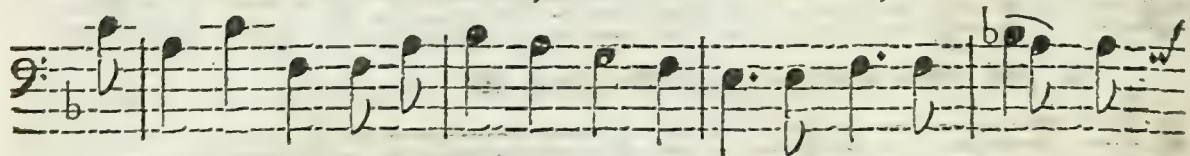
Lovers, and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

Turn over.

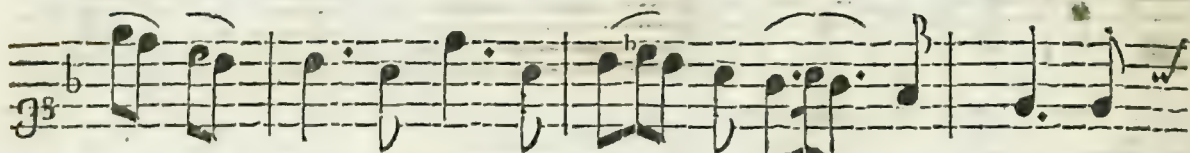
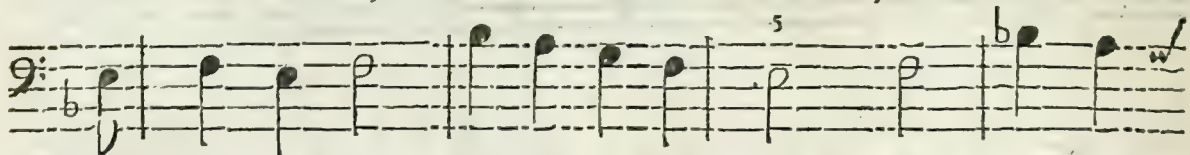




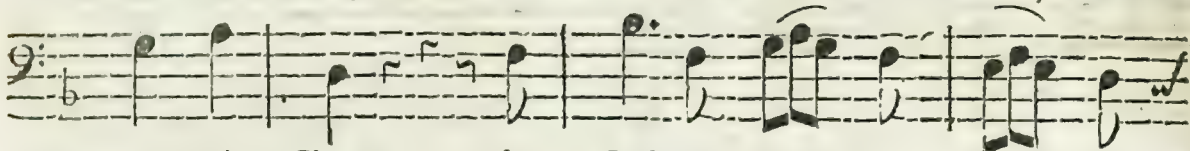
Had *Thetis*, Mistress of the Sun, half *Me — li —*



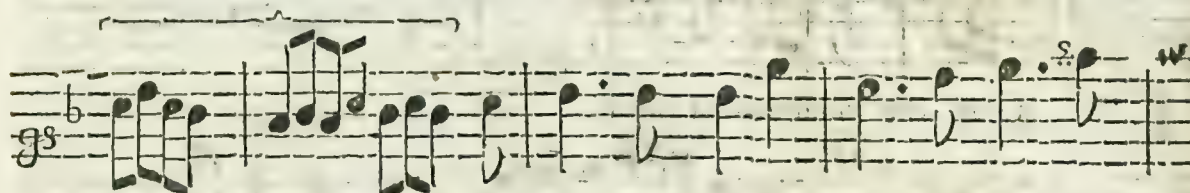
Had *Thetis* Mistress, had *Thetis* Mistress of the Sun, half *Me — li —*



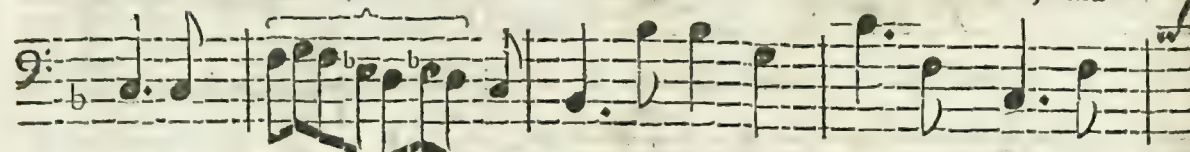
—o—ra's Charms, the God his Course had swif—ter run, had



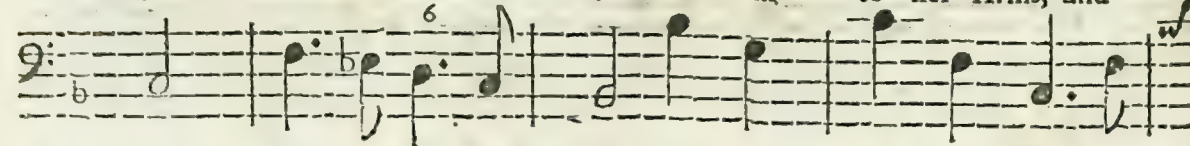
—o—ra's Charms, the God his Course had swif—ter



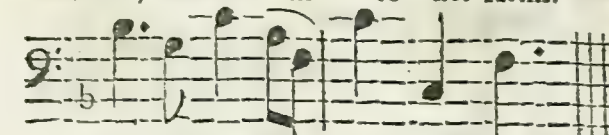
swif—ter run, and rush't in—to her Arms, and



run, had swif—ter run, and rush't in—to her Arms, and



rush't, and rush't in—to her Arms.



rush't, and rush't in—to her Arms.



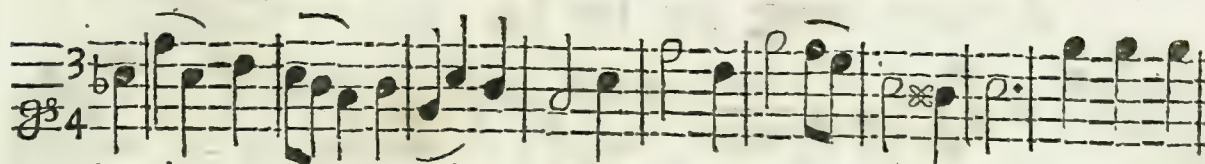
II.

To Bed, to Bed, ye happy Pair,  
The important NOW enjoy;  
You'll find a thousand fond Ways there,  
Each minute to employ.

Transported with too eager Bliss,  
Love's mystick ways you'll try;  
And in a wonderfull Abyss  
Of Rapturs both will dye.

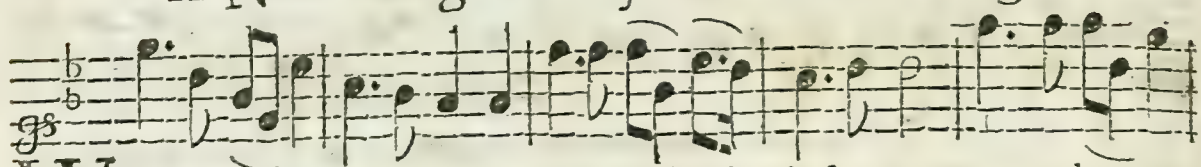


## Chorus.

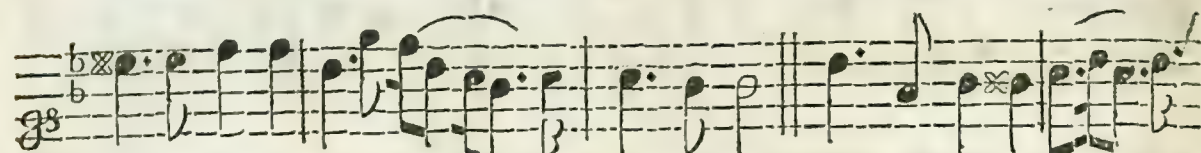
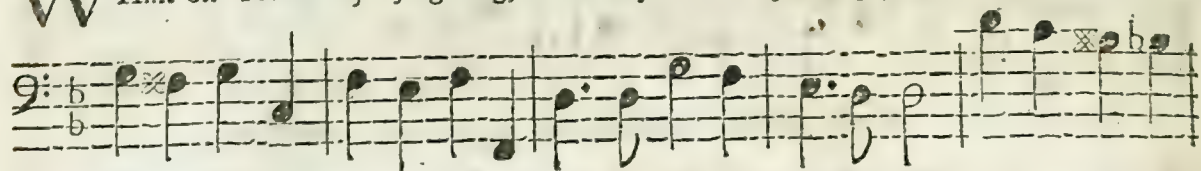




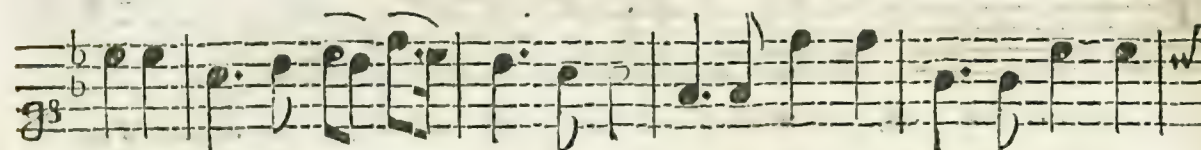
## A New Song set by Mr. Robert King.



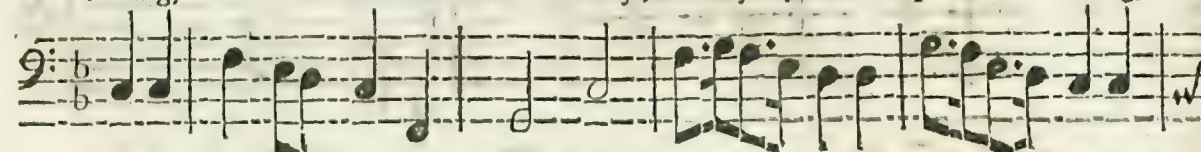
W Hilt on *Me-la-nis-sa* gazing, I survey'd each pleasing grace; tempted to a



soft embracing, I ap—proach her Beauteous Face; wherewith endless rap—tures



Kissing, I cou'd breath my Soul a—way; but my Eyes their pleasures missing,



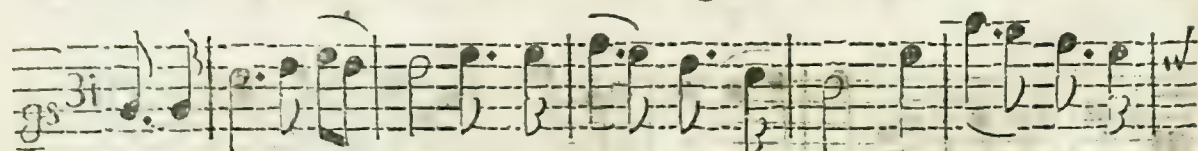
Chide my Lips too long de—lay.



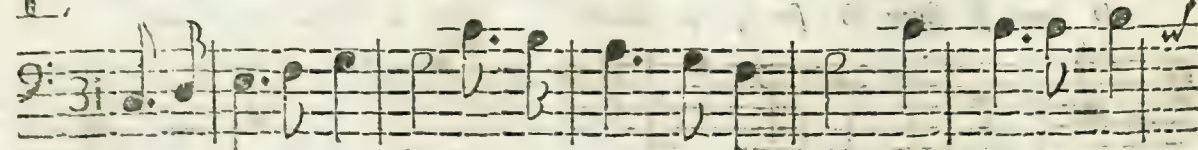
## II.

Least the Eye thou'd loose its longing,  
I a while quit t'other blifs;  
Till my Lips their loss bemoaning,  
Prompt me to a second Kifs.  
Thus perpetually renewing,  
Those two never fading joys;  
Kissing her by turns and Viewing,  
Pleas'd I feast both Lips and Eyes.

## A New Song.



Let the Women be gone, drive the *Sy-rens* a—way; whose Charms do de—



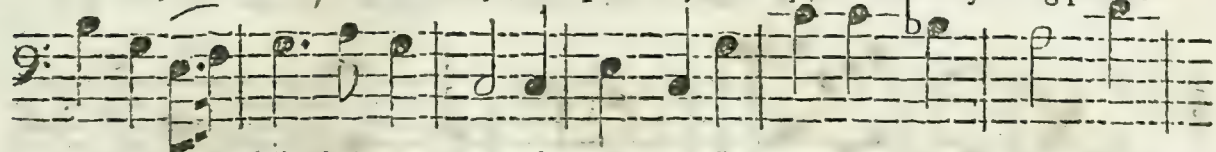
Let the Women be gone, drive the *Sy-rens* a—way; whose Charms do de—



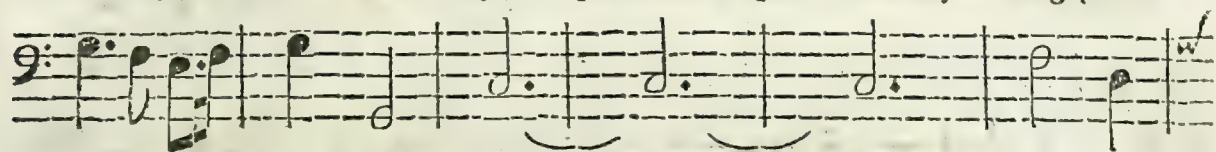




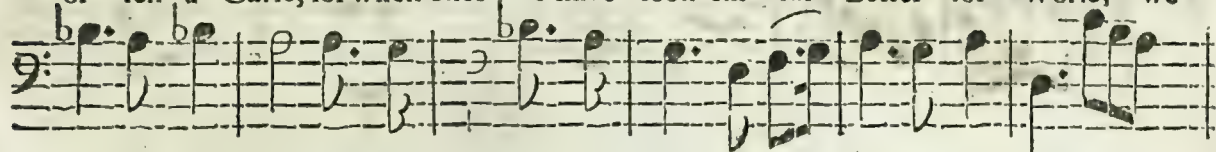
—ceive us, and Smiles but be—tray ; the pleasure, the plea—sure they bring proves



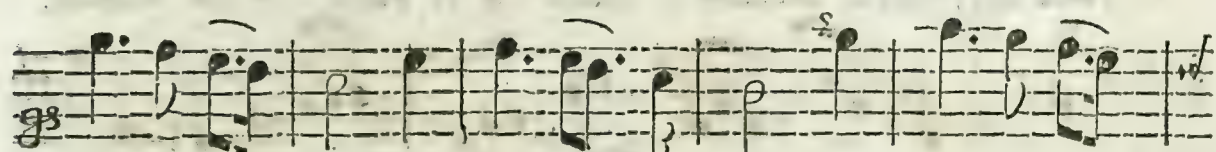
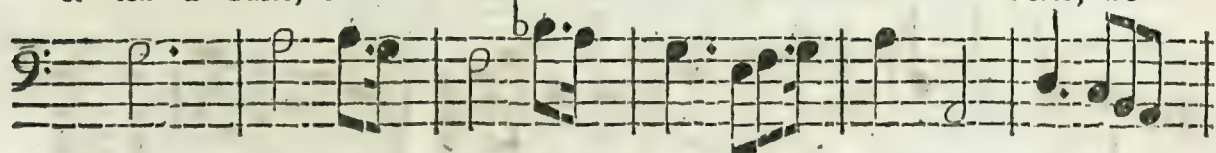
—ceive us, and Smiles but be—tray ; the pleasure, the plea—sure they bring proves



of—ten a Curse, for when once we have took 'em for Better for Worse, we



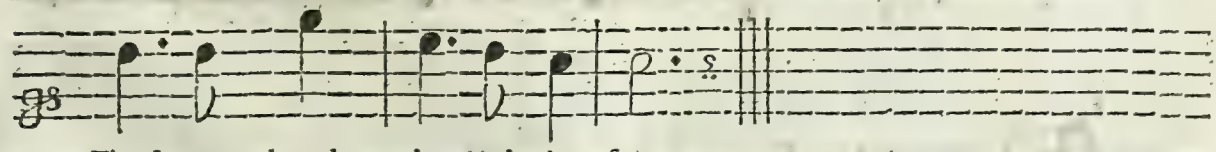
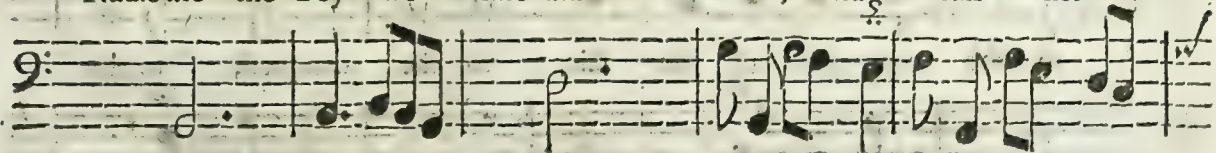
of—ten a Curse, for when once we have taken 'em for Better for Worse, we



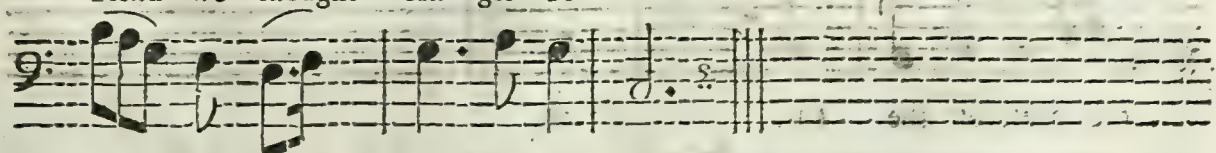
Nauseate the Toy we late did a—dore ; and call her a



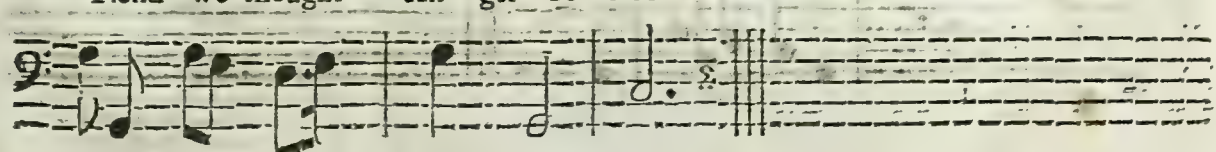
Nauseate the Toy we late did a—dore ; and call her a



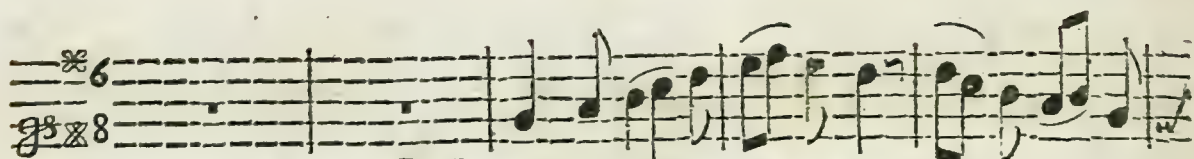
Fiend we thought An—gel be—fore.



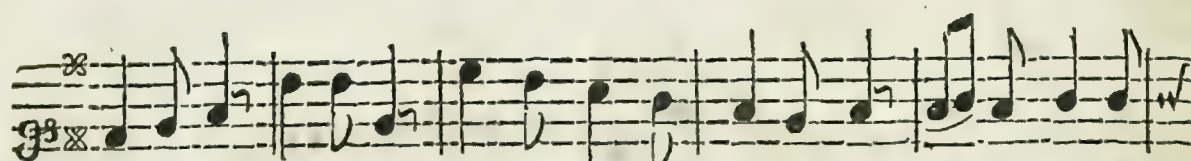
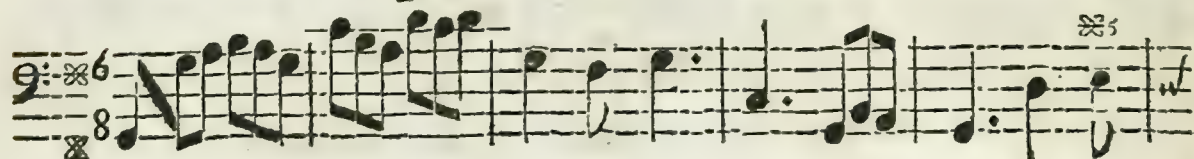
Fiend we thought An—gel be—fore.



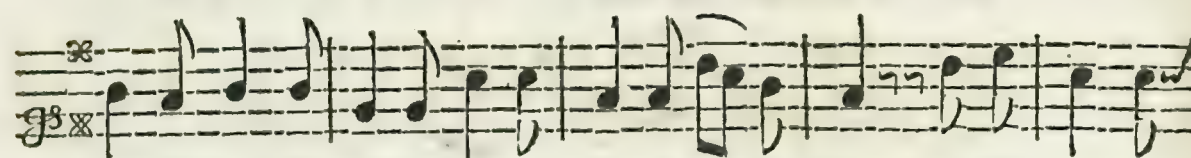
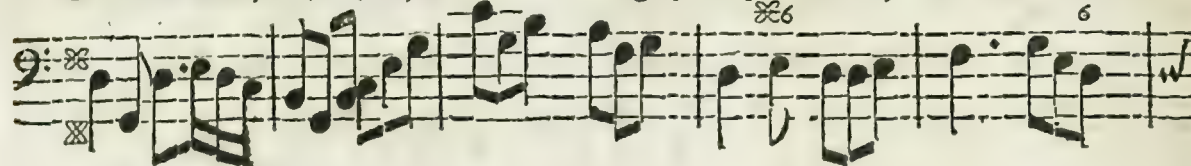




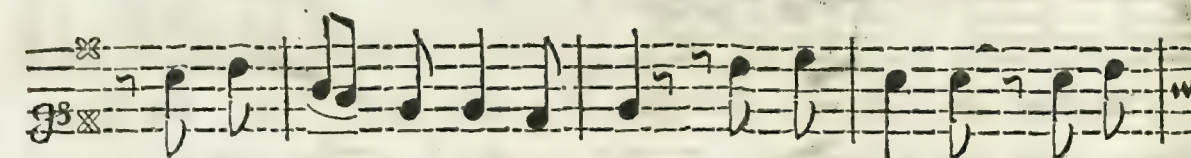
N One wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re—sist this



God with care ; No, no, no, none wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re—sist this



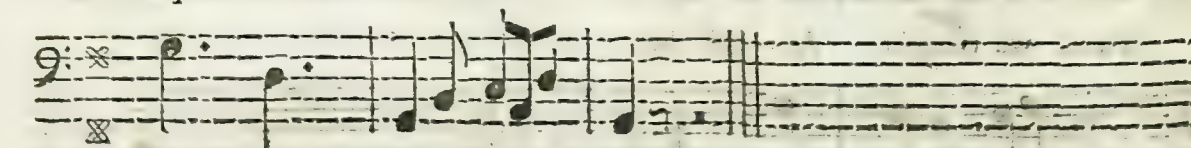
God with care ; But they that know not what it is to yeld, to the conquest,



to the con—quest of the fair; to the conquest, to the



con—quest of the fair.





## A New Song set by Mr. Godfrey Finger.

O

Ur Hearts are touch't with sacred fires, with sacred

fires: our Hearts are touch'd with sacred fires, with sacred fires;

our Hearts are touch'd with sacred fires, with sacred fires: A gen'rous

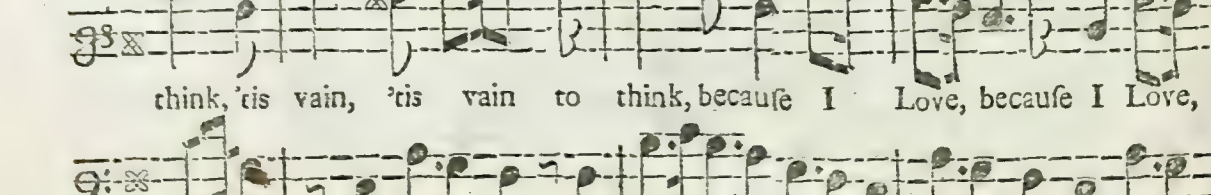
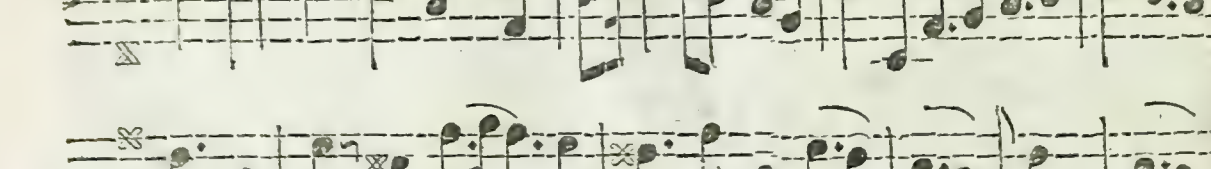
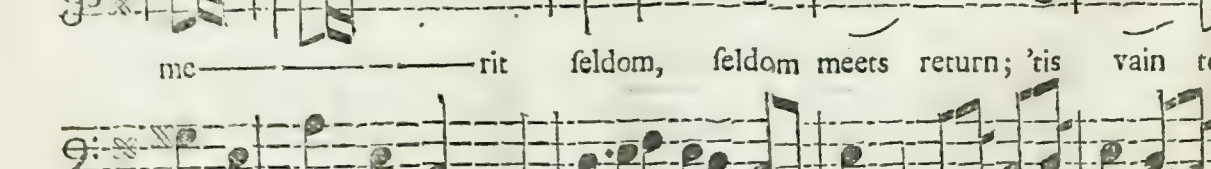
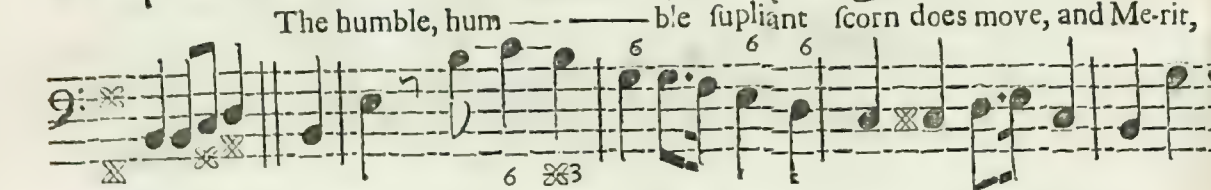
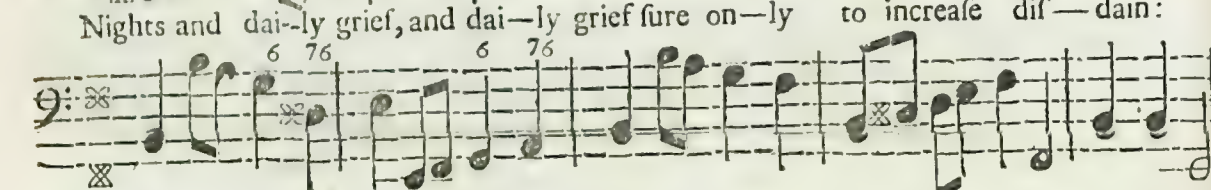
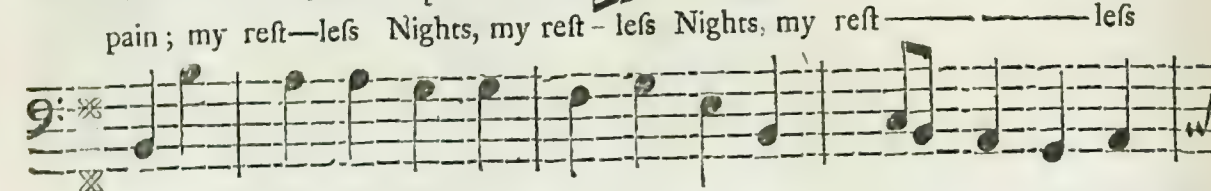
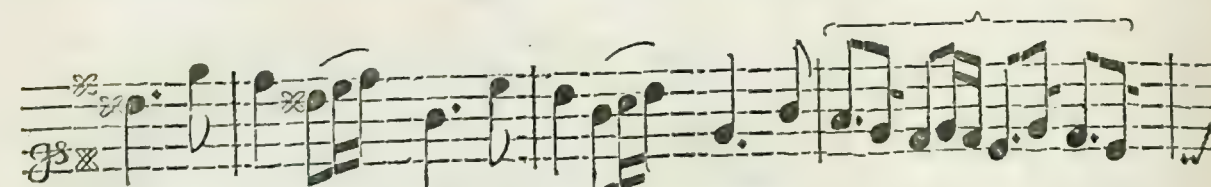
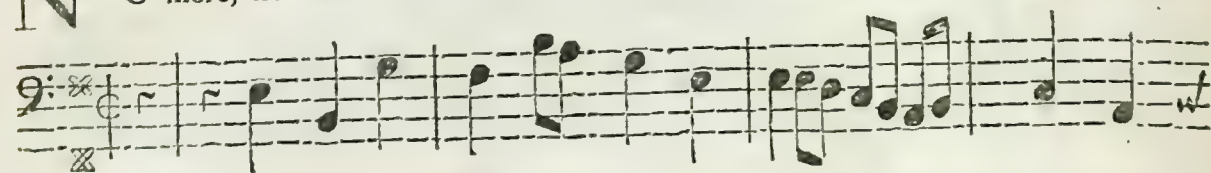
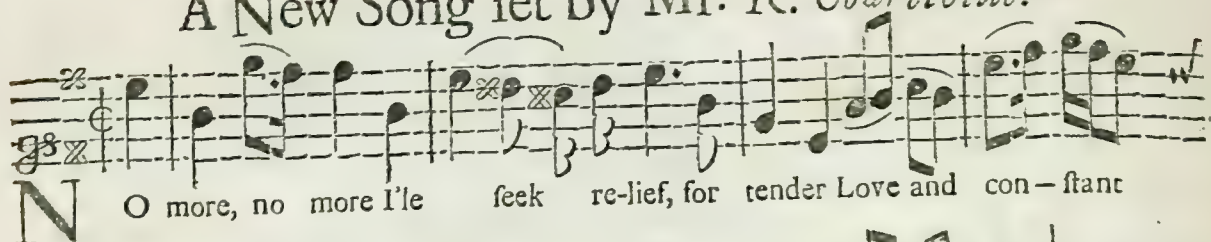
heat our Souls in—spire, A gen'rous heat our Souls in—spire,

with rap—ture, and with soft de—fire, with

rap—ture, and with soft de—fire.



## A New Song set by Mr. R. Courtiville.





Love, she must with e—qual, she must with e—  
—qual pas—sion burn, she burn.

A New Song set by Mr. William Turner.

AH! Cru-el Youth why hast thou took a Heart I with such care still kept it  
as my own; loath and un-willing it was to de-part, for fear of meet-ing  
no re—turn. But now 'tis gone, gone past re-trieve, has quitted his a—

—bode, and ne—ver ask'd me leave.

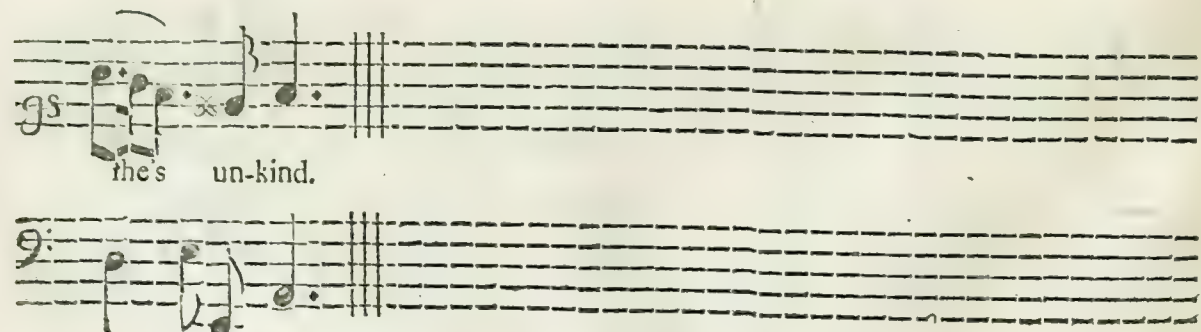
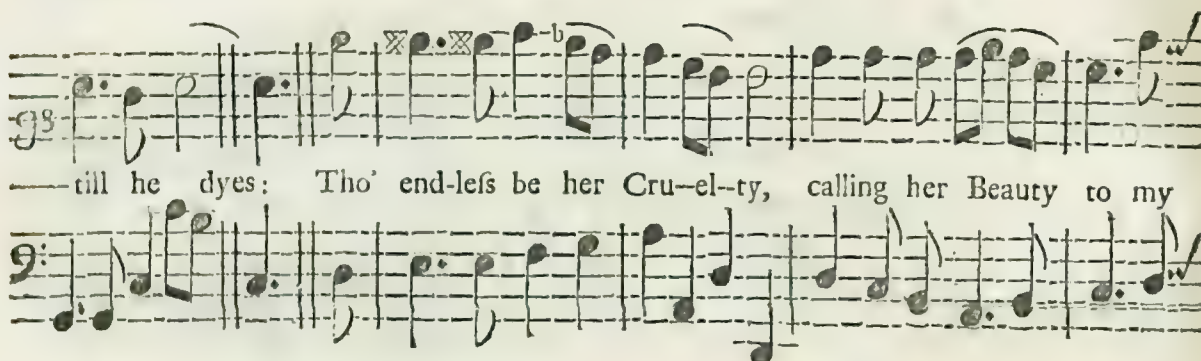
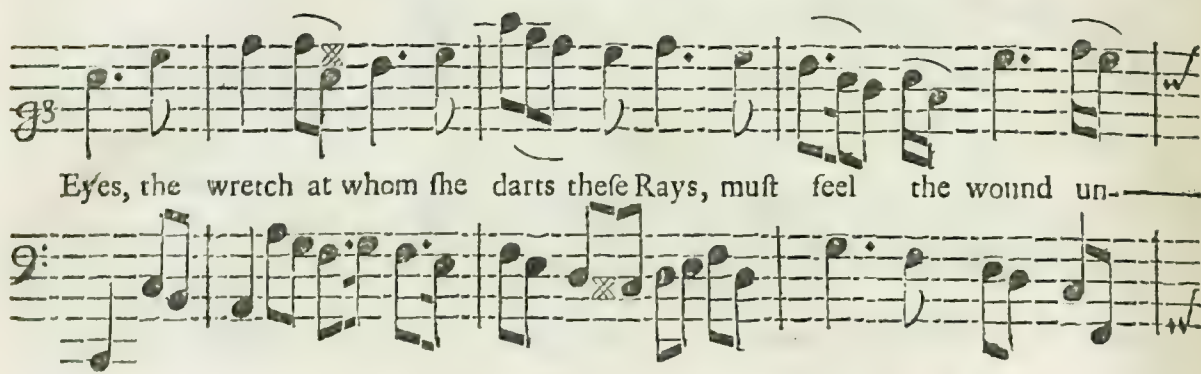
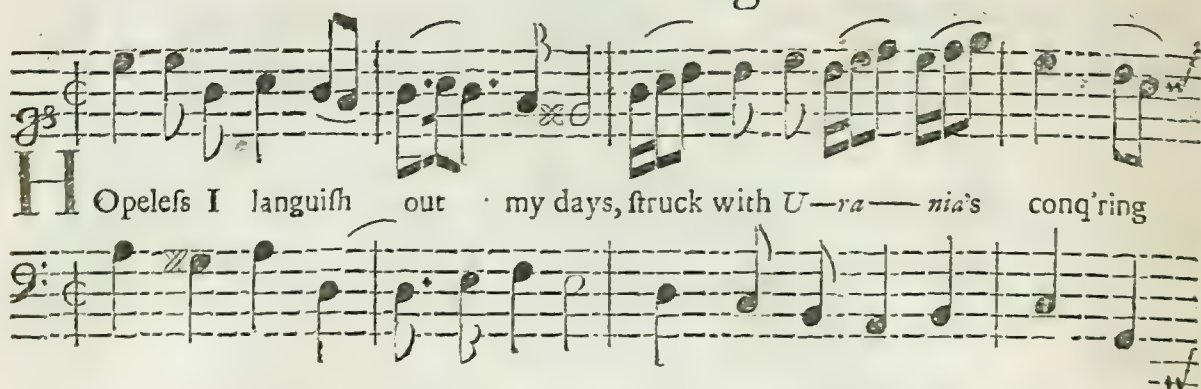
II.  
Sure he's a Charm beyond all Human kind;  
Else he cou'd ne're have pierc'd my fickle breast;  
I, who was ne're to busy Love inclin'd,  
Am his slave and robb'd of all my rest:  
S: My Heart is fled, fled past recall,  
This Covetous Love (I fear) has grasp'd it all.

When first I saw him 'twas with no design,  
But only curious humour to oblige;  
Yet was his Sence, His Tongue, both so divine,  
Gainst his Charms I nothing cou'd alledge:  
S: But found too late I must submit,  
As due to both his Goodness, and engaging Wirt.

III.  
When first I saw him 'twas with no design,  
But only curious humour to oblige;  
Yet was his Sence, His Tongue, both so divine,  
Gainst his Charms I nothing cou'd alledge:  
S: But found too late I must submit,  
As due to both his Goodness, and engaging Wirt.



## A New Song.



## II.

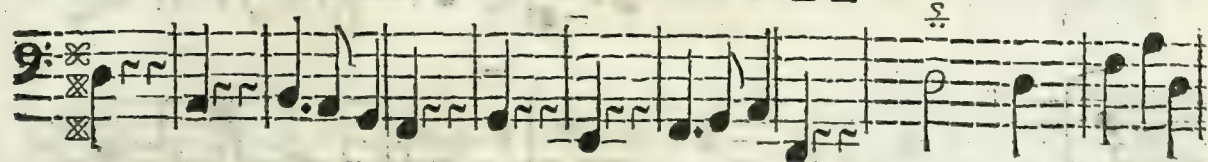
Reason this tameness does upbraid,  
 Proffring to Arm in my defence;  
 But, when I call her to my aid,  
 She's more a Traytor than my Friend:  
 No sooner I the War declare,  
 But strait her Succour she denies;  
 And joyning Forces with the Fair,  
 Confirms the Conquest of her Eyes.



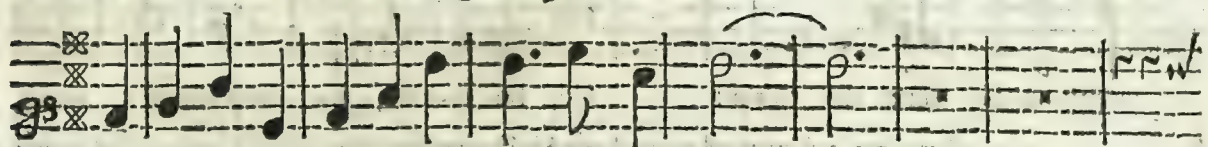
A Song in the last New Play call'd, (*Love for Love.*)  
Sung by Mr. Pate, Set by Mr. John Eccles



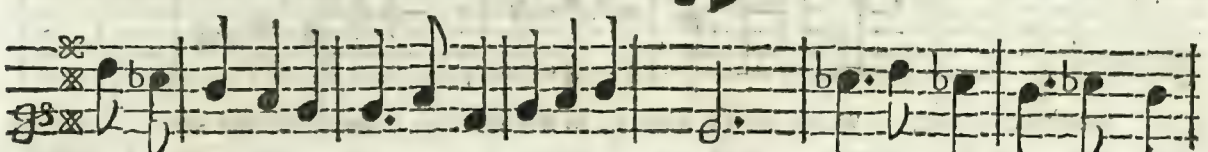
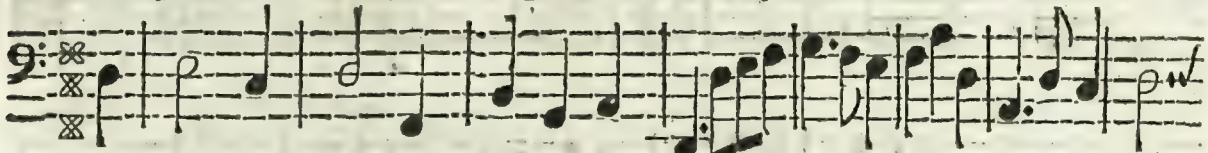
A Nymph and a Swain, a



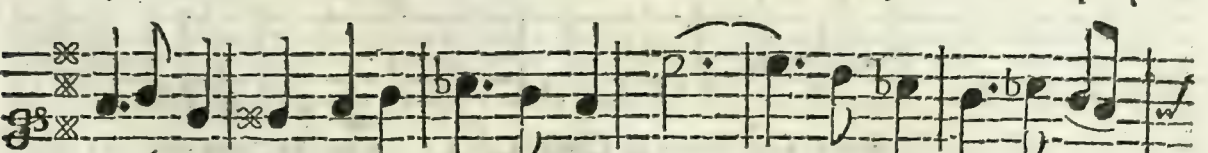
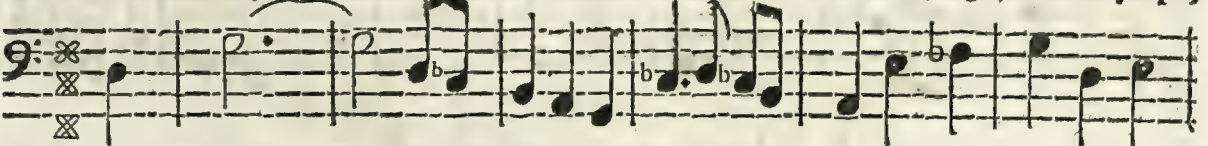
Nymph and a Swain to *A-pol-lo* once pray'd; the Swain had been Jilted, the Swain had



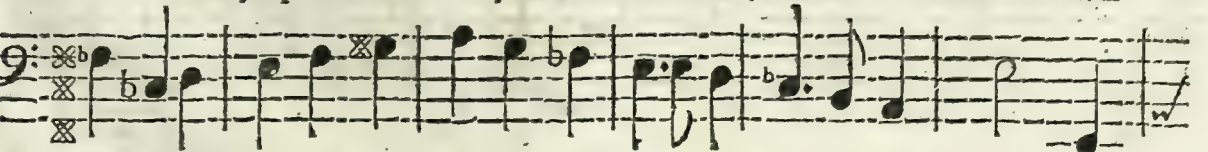
been Jilted, been Jilted, the Nymph been be—tray'd :



They'r in-tent was to try if this Oracle knew, e're a Nymph, e're a Nymph,



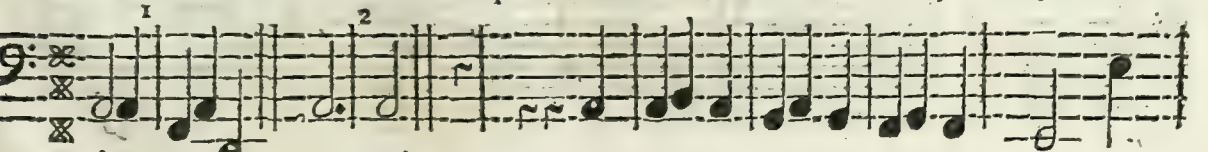
e're a Nymph that was Chast, that was Chast, or a Swain that was



true :

*A-pol-lo* was mute;

mute, mute, and had





like t'have been pos'd, had like, had like t'have been pos'd, but Sagely

sage—ly, sagely at length, but sagely, sage—ly, sagely at length, at

length he this secret dif—clos'd: He, he a-lone, he, he a-lone won't,

won't be—tray, won't, won't betray, in whom none, none, none will con—fi—

—de; and the Nymph, the Nymph may be Chast, Chast, may be, may be, may be,

may be, the Nymph may be chaste, that has ne-ver been try'd; that has



never, never, never, never, never has, never, that never has, never has,  
never been try'd. try'd that has try'd.

The Sailers Song in the last new Play call'd (*Love for Love.*)  
Sung by Mr. Doggett. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

A Soldier and a Saylour, a Tinker and a Taylour, had once a doubtfull  
strife Sir, to make a Maid a Wife Sir; whose name was Buxome Joan, whose  
name was Buxome Joan: For now the time was ended, when she no more in-  
tended, to lick her Lips at Men Sir, and gnaw the Sheets in vain Sir, and  
lye a nights a—lone, and lye a nights a—lone.

II.

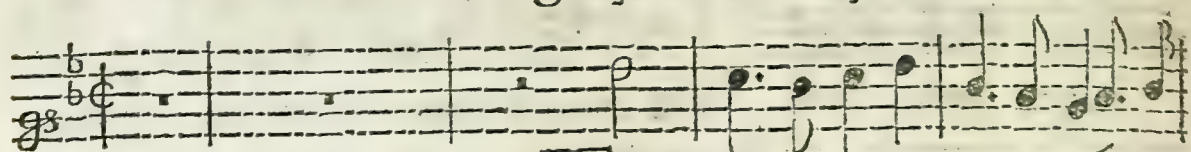
The Soldier swore like Thunder,  
He lov'd her more than Plunder;  
And shew'd her many a Scar Sir,  
Which he had brought from far Sir,  
With Fighting for her sake.  
The Taylour thought to please her,  
With offering her his measure;  
The Tinker too with Mettle,  
Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,  
And stop up ev'ry Leak.

III.

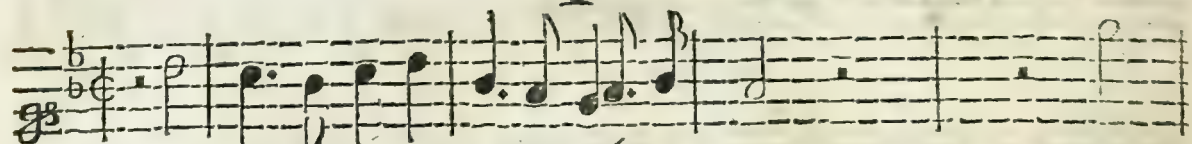
But while these three were prating,  
The Saylour flyly waiting;  
Thought if it came about Sir,  
That they shou'd all fall out Sir,  
He then might play his part,  
And just e'n as he meant Sir,  
To Loggerheads they went Sir;  
And then he let fly at her,  
A shot 'twixt Wind and Water,  
Which won this fair Maids Heart.



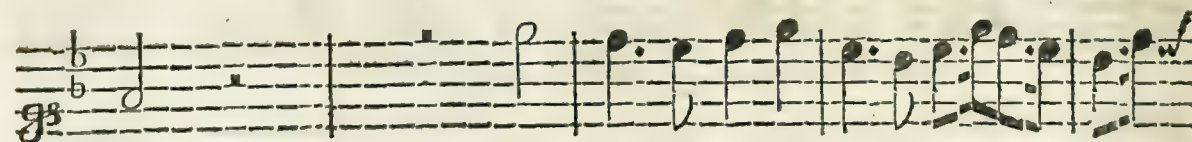
## A Two Part Song by Mr. Henry Purcell.



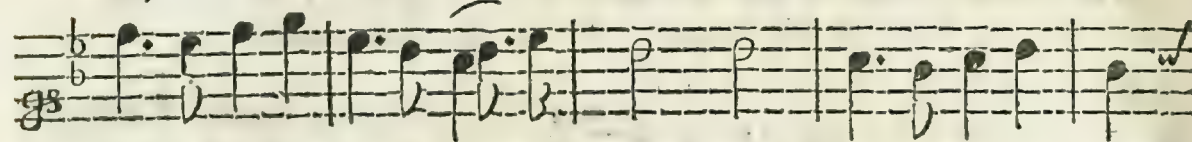
Two Daughters of this Aged stream are



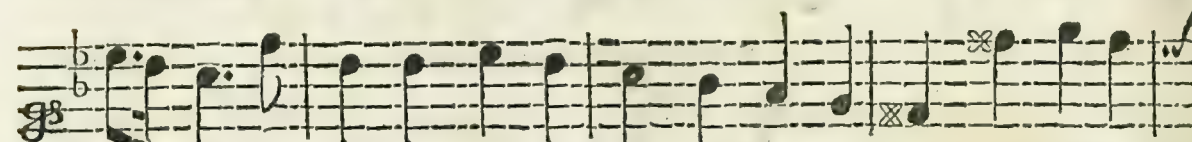
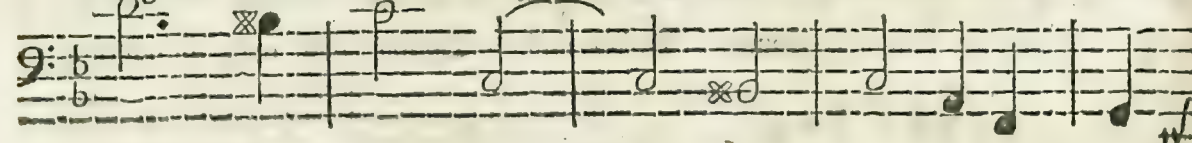
Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we, Two



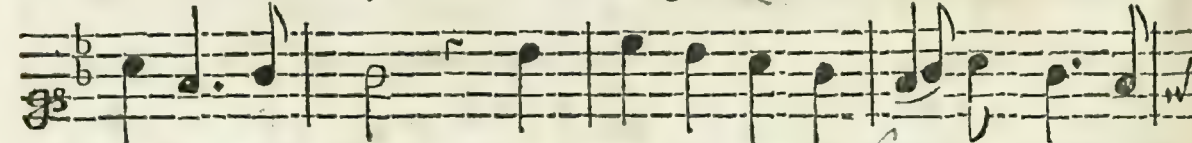
we, two Daughters of this aged stream—



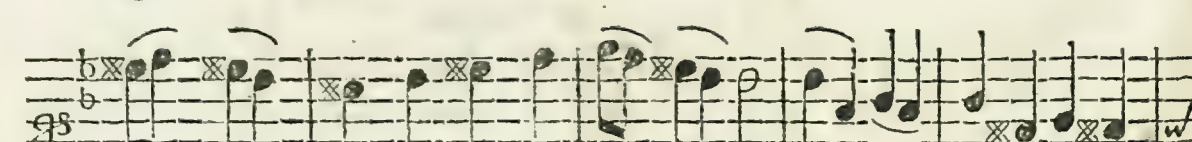
Daughters of this aged stream are wee, two Daughters of this a—



—m are we, and both our Sea-green Cocks have comb'd, and both our



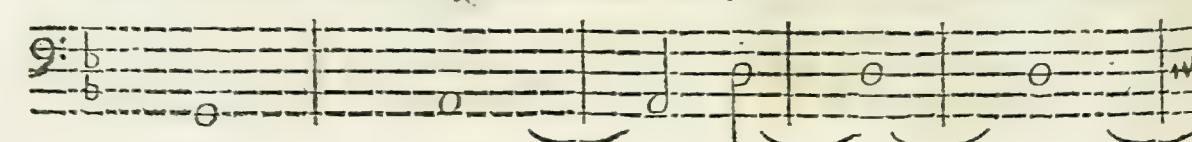
—ged stream are we, and both our Sea-green Cocks have comb'd for



Sea—green Cocks have comb'd, have comb'd for yee; come, come, come, come



yee, and both our Sea-green Cocks have comb'd for yee; come, come,





bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na-ked in for

bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na-ked in for

we are so, what danger, what danger from a na-ked foe;

we are so, what danger, from a na-ked foe; come, come,

come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and share what plea

come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and share what plea

sures in the Floods ap-pear; we'll beat the Waters

sures in the Floods ap-pear; we'll beat the Waters till they



till they bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir

bound we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir

cle roun d, and cir cle

cle roun d, and cir cle round.

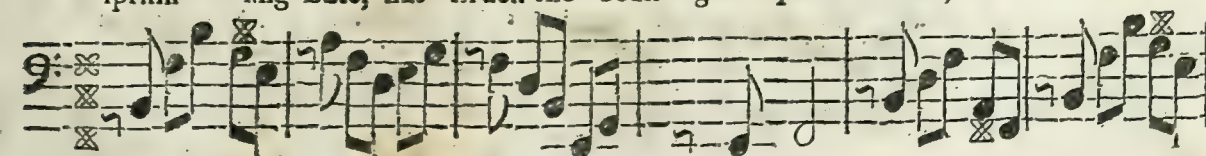
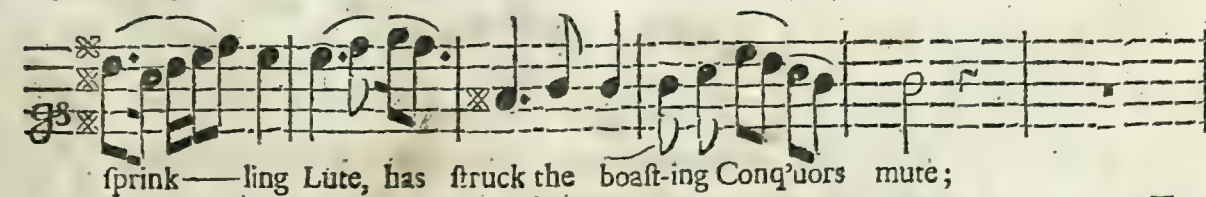
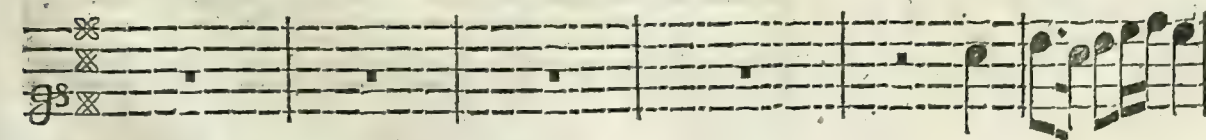
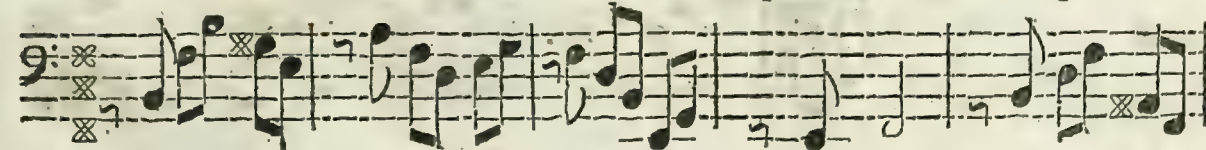
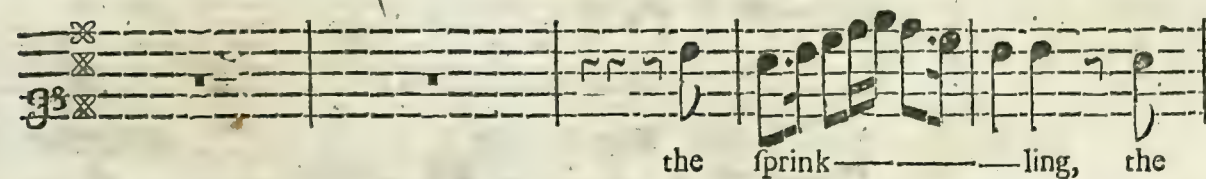
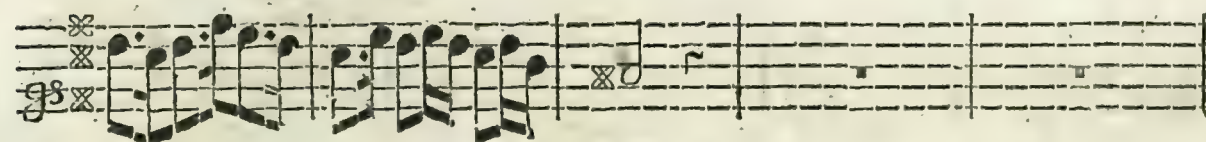
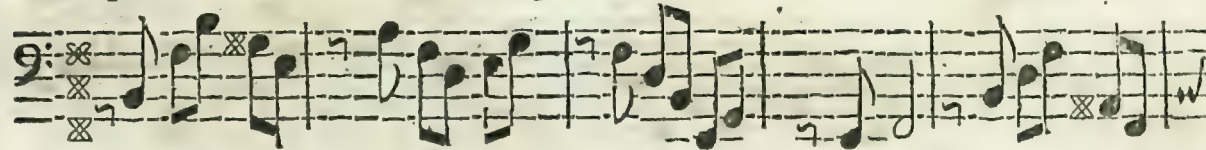
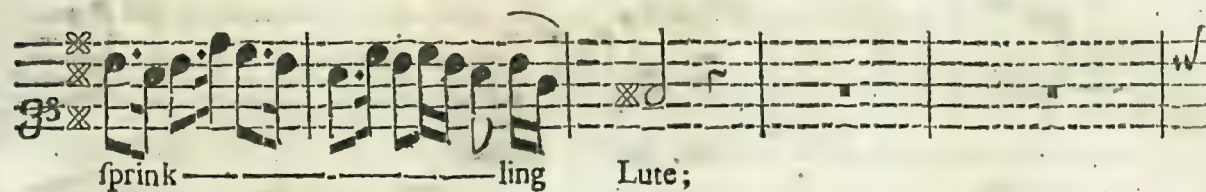
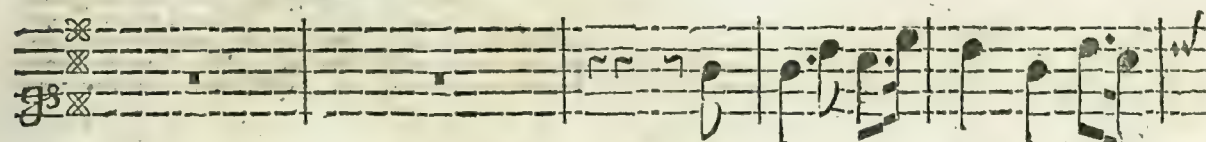
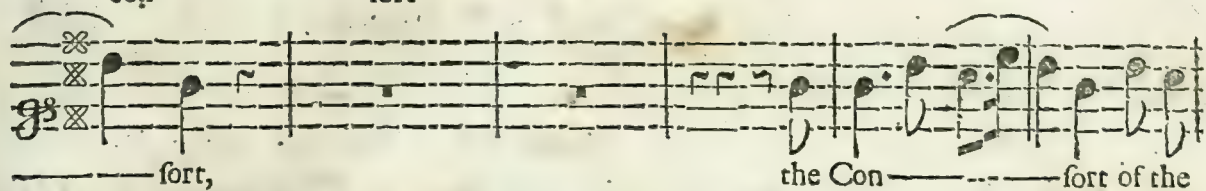
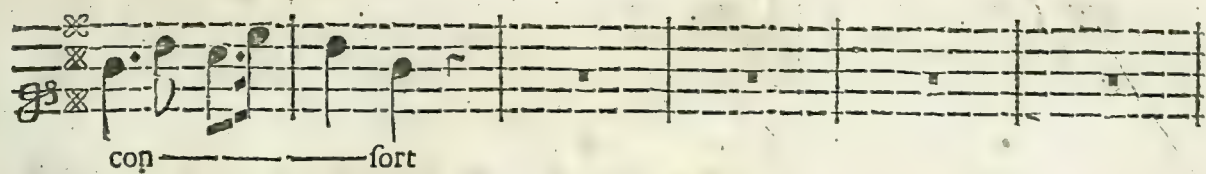
roun d, and cir cle round.

Mr. Picket's Song, Sung at St. Celia's Feast, by Mr. Robart.

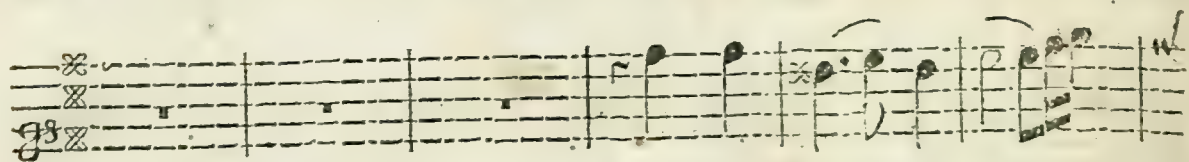
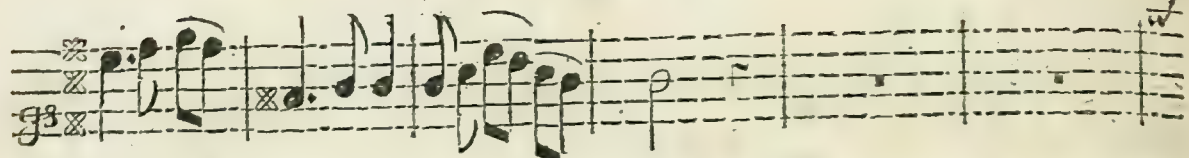
He

The Con

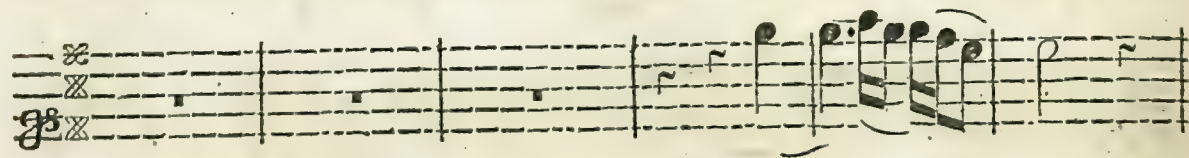
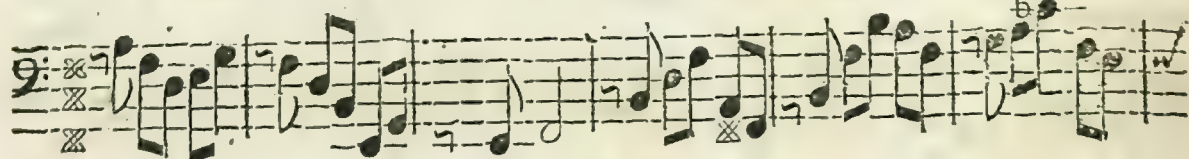




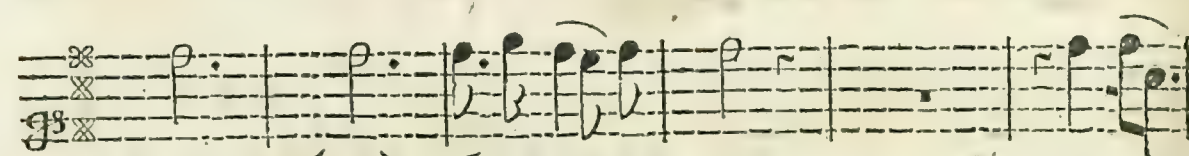
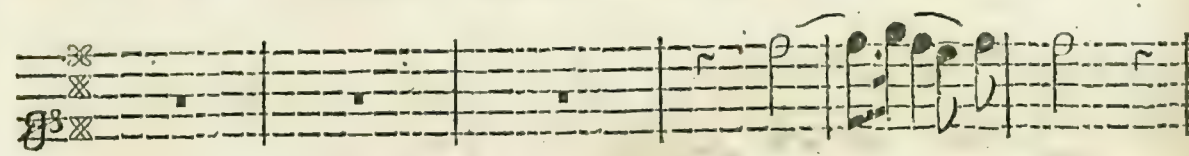
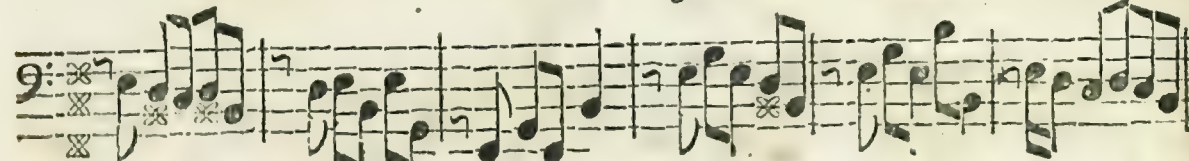




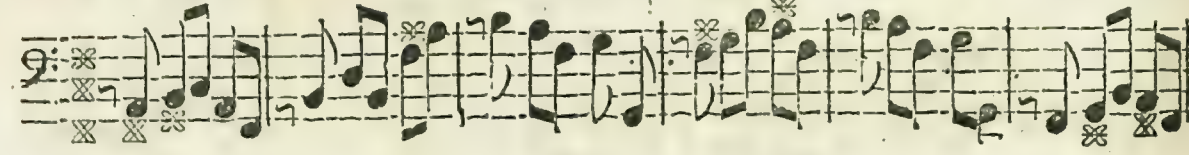
Hearts now like it trem



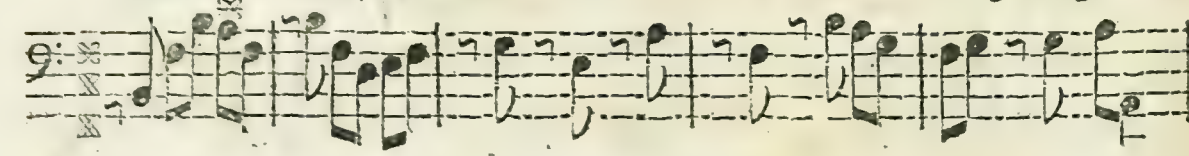
ble and grieve, Souls like



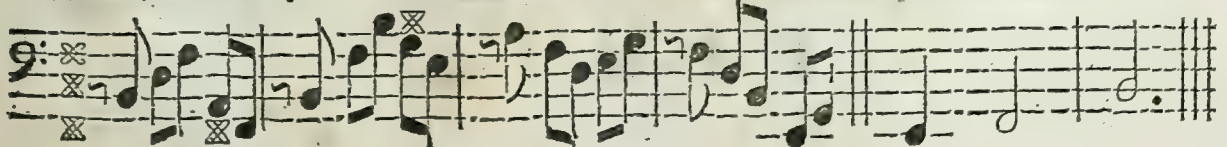
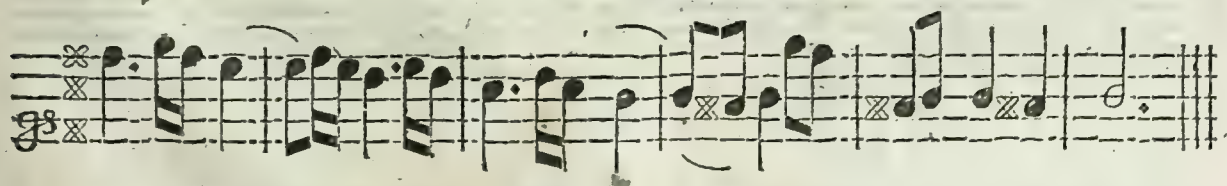
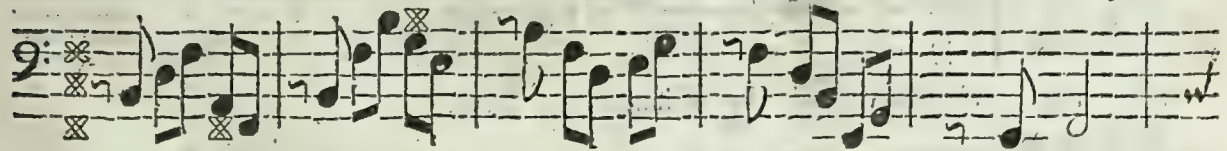
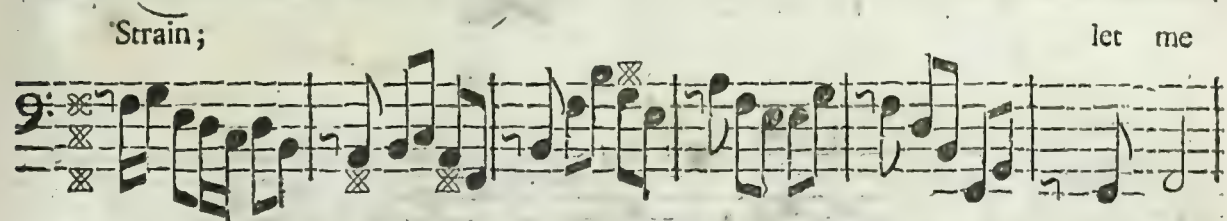
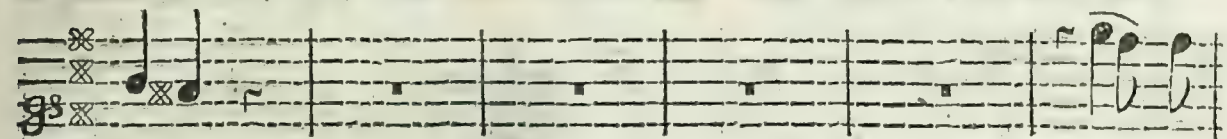
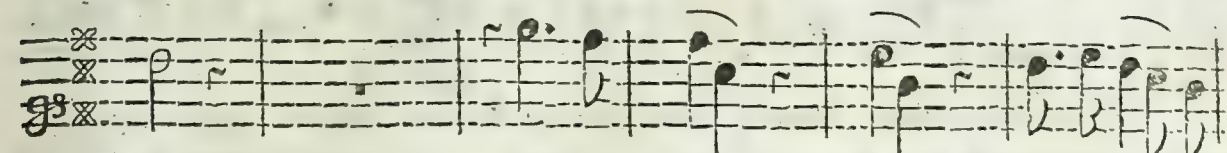
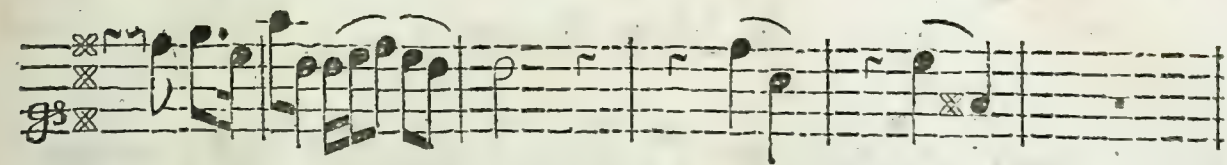
Sound — s their Man--fi— ons touch, touch,



touch, touch, the dan — cing Strings a—

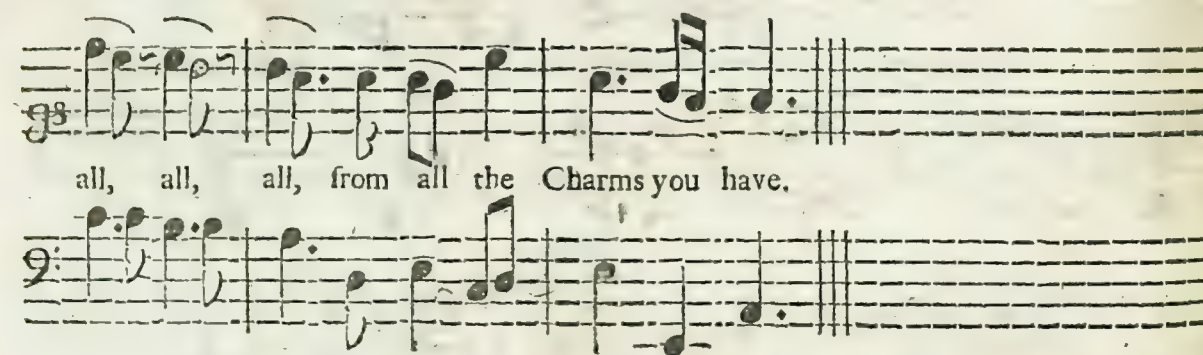
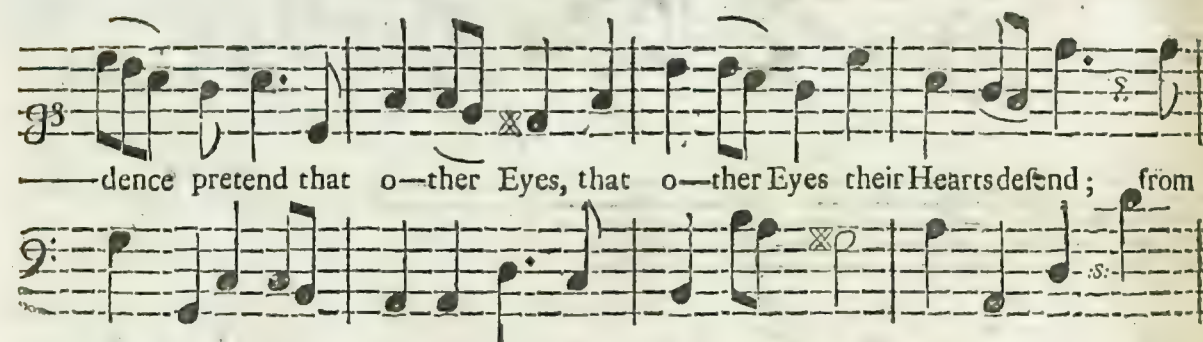
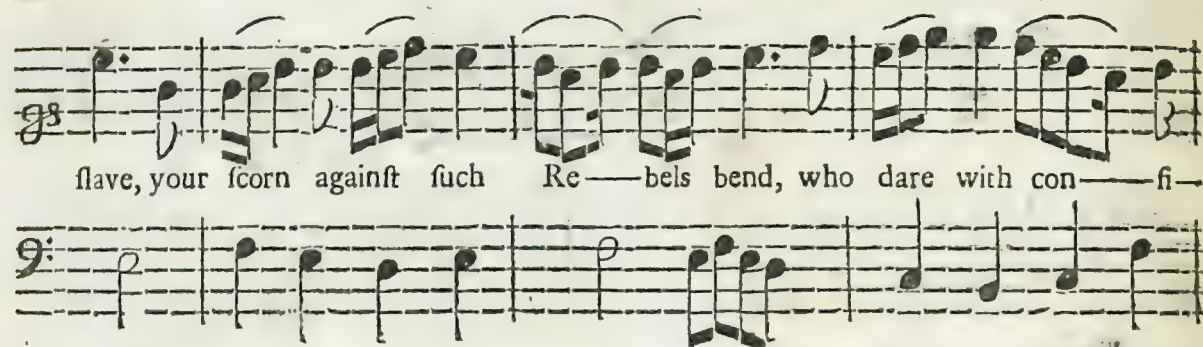
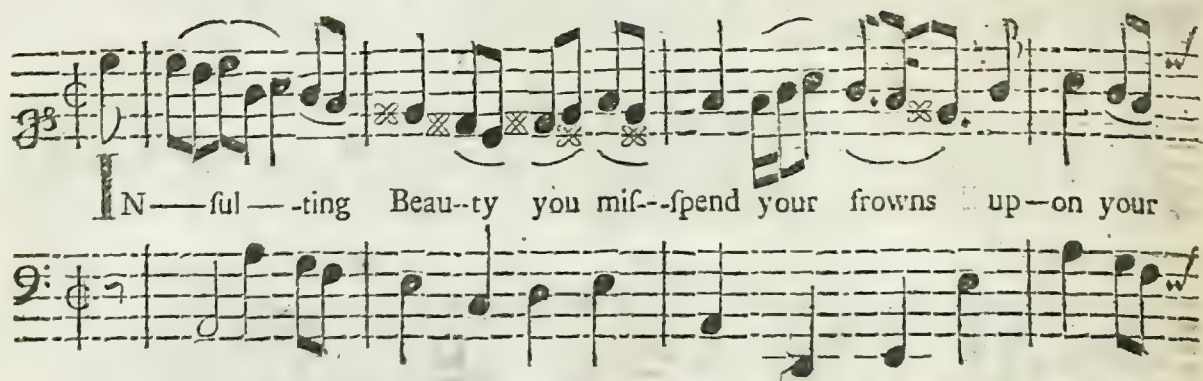








## A New Song.



## II.

Your conquering Eyes so partiall are,  
Or Mankind is so dull;  
That while I Languish in despair,  
Many proud senseless Hearts declare,  
They find you not :S: so killing fair,  
To wish——you mercifull.

## III.

They—an inglorious freedom boast,  
I Triumph in my Chain;  
Nor am I unreveng'd, tho' lost,  
Nor you unpunish'd, tho' unjust,  
When I alone :S: who love you most,  
Am kill'd——with your disdain.

F I N I S.











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## A Song Sett by Mr. Finger.

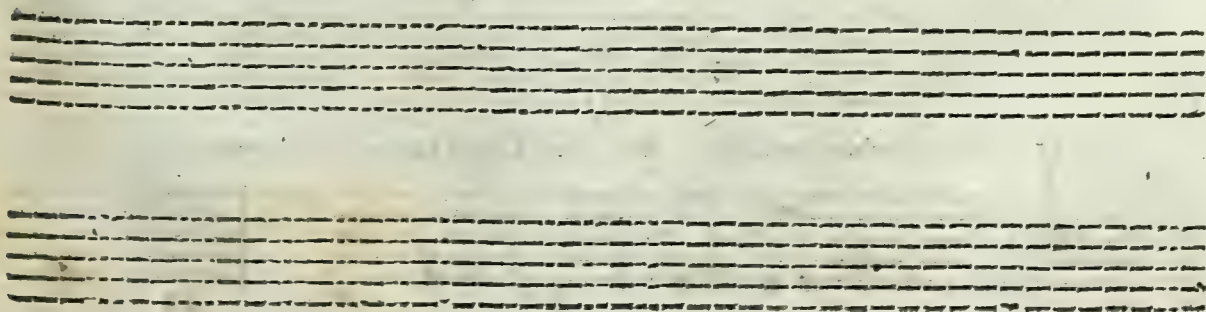
Promis'd *Sylvia* to be True, nay, out of Zeal, I

Swore it too; and that She might be-lieve me more, gave Her in Wri-ting what I

Swore: Nor Vows, nor Oaths can Lo-vers bind, so long as pleas'd, so

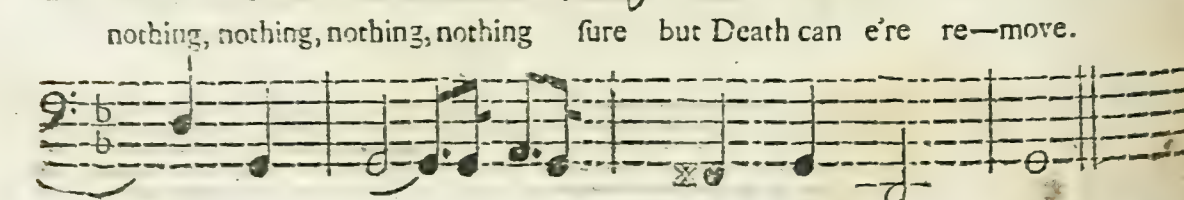
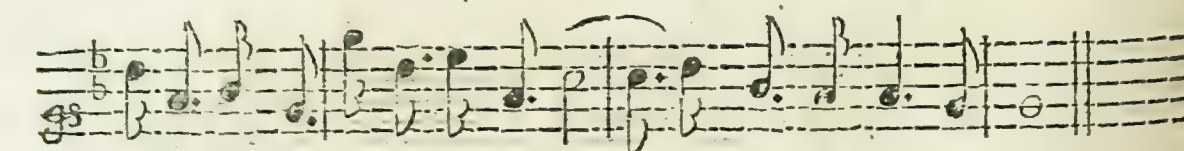
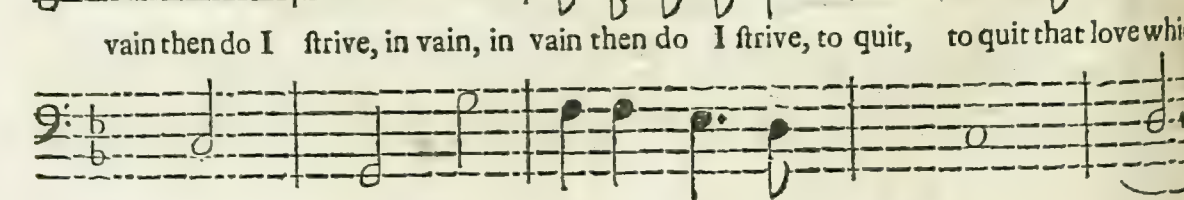
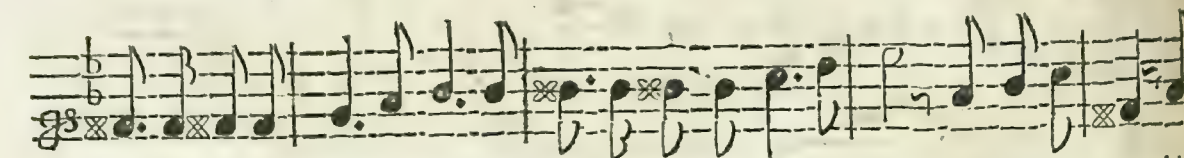
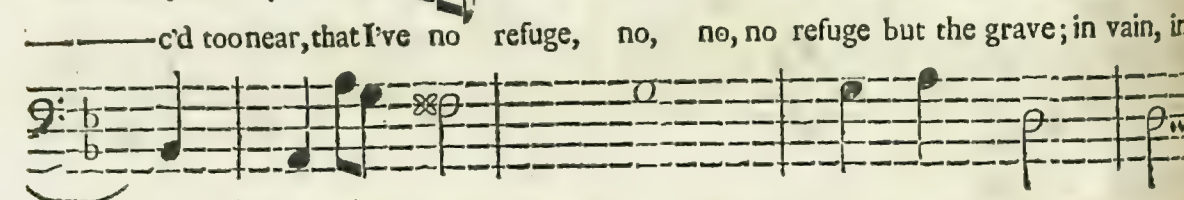
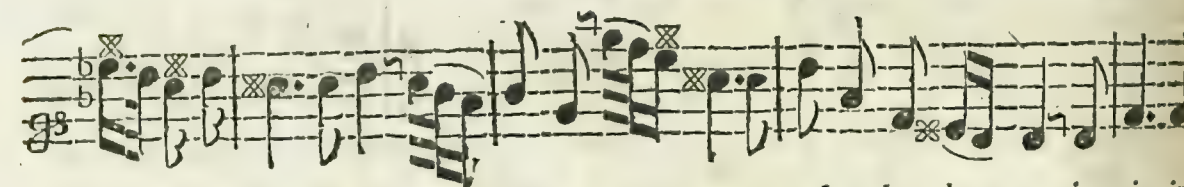
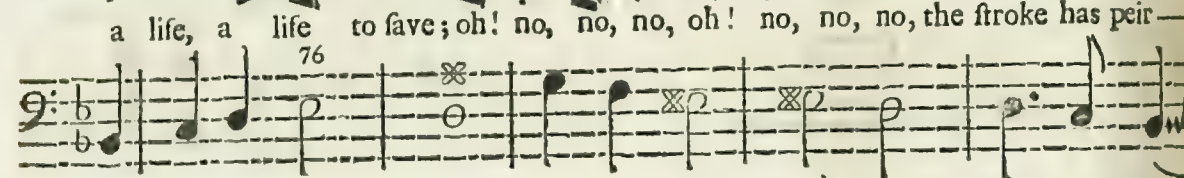
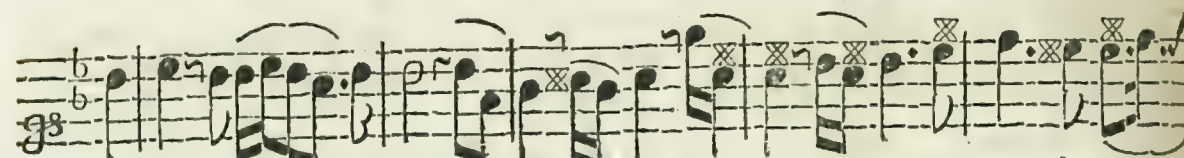
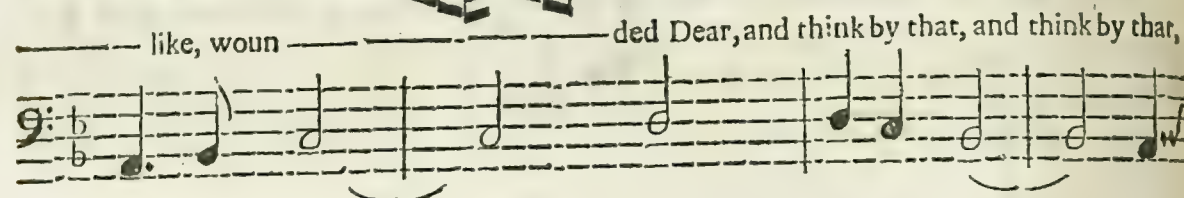
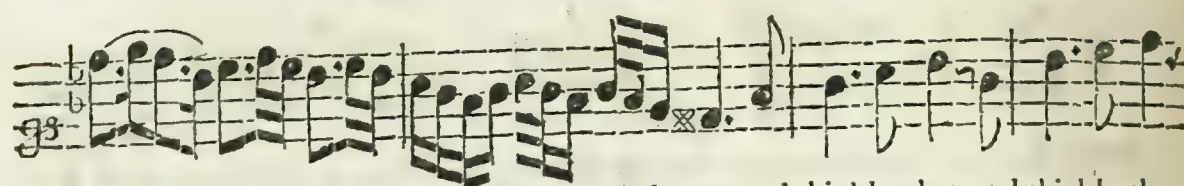
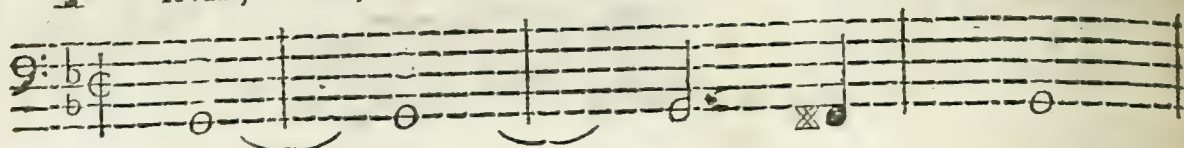
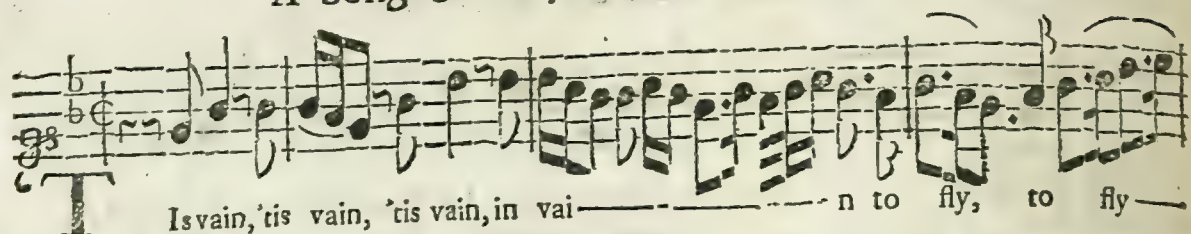
long they'r Kind; 'twas on a Leaf the Wind but blew, away both Leaf and Promise

fle w, a-way both Leaf and Pro-mise flew.

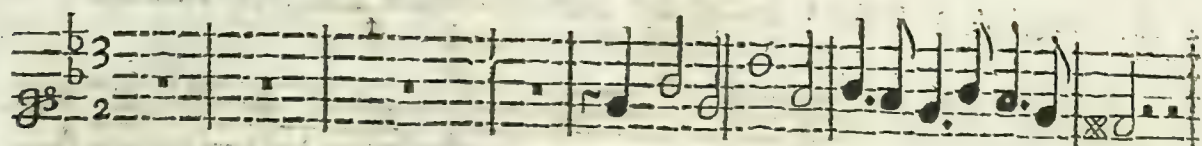




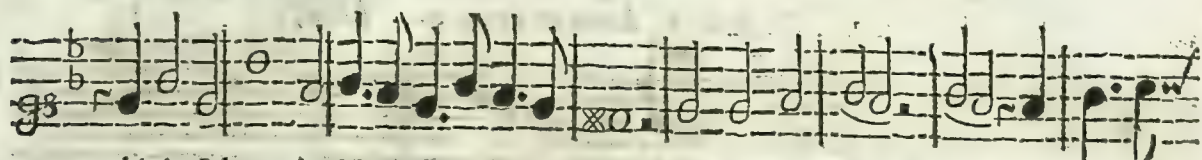
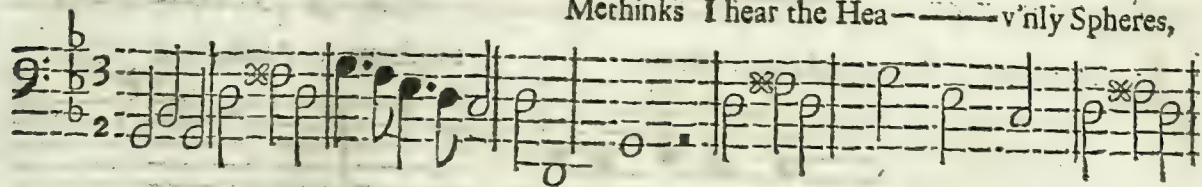
## A Song Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.



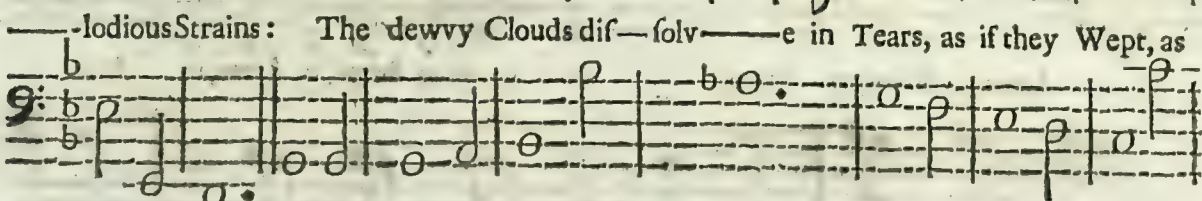
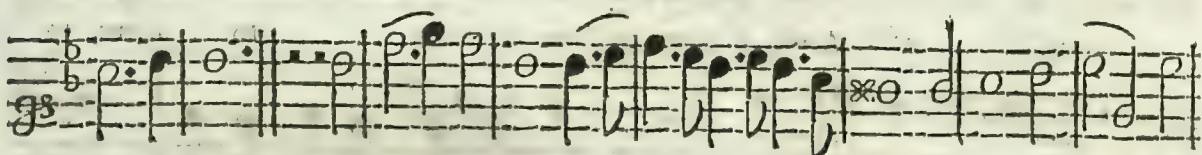
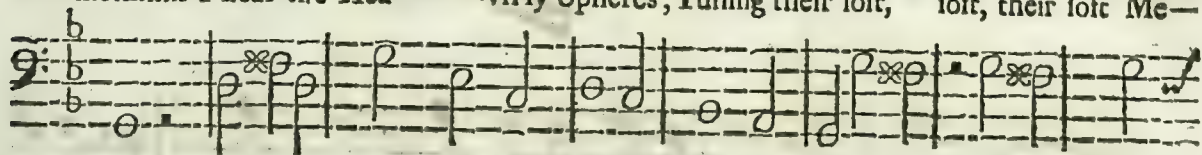




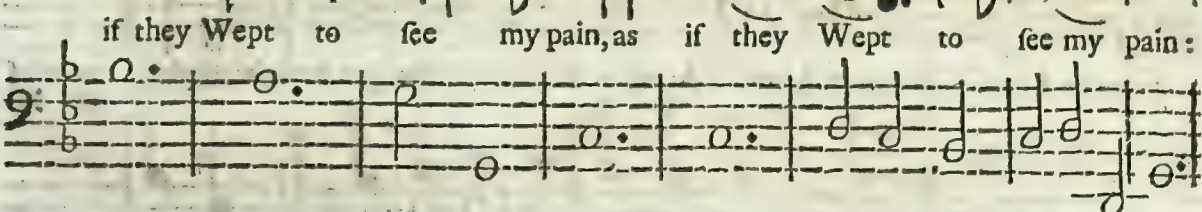
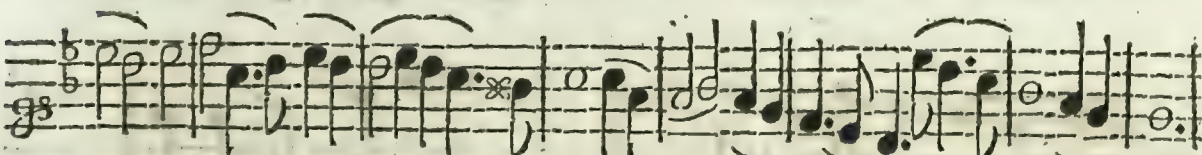
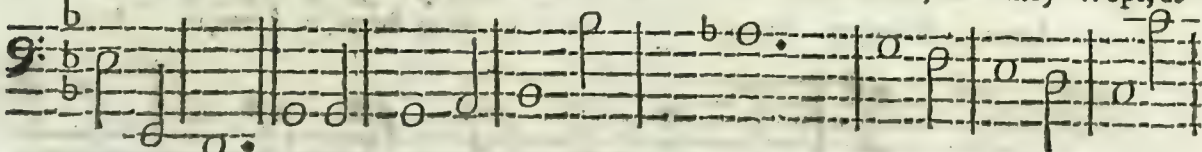
Methinks I hear the Hea — v'nly Spheres,



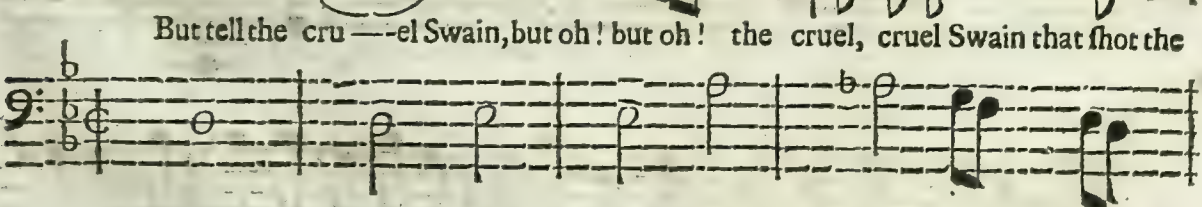
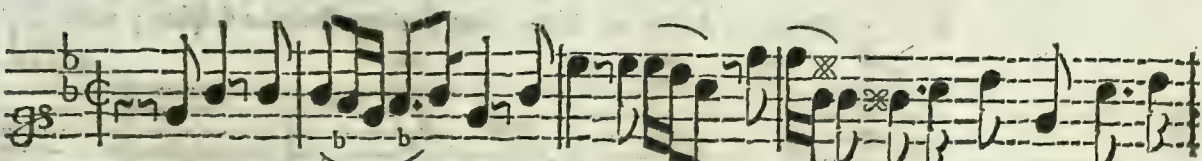
methinks I hear the Hea — v'nly Spheres; Tuning their soft, soft, their soft Me —



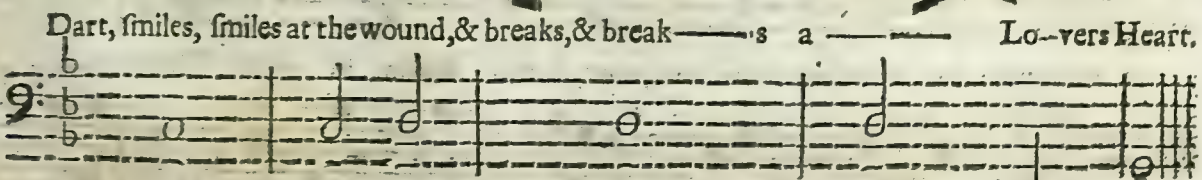
ludious Strains: The dewvy Clouds dis — solv — e in Tears, as if they Wept, as



if they Wept to see my pain, as if they Wept to see my pain:



But tell the cru — el Swain, but oh! but oh! the cruel, cruel Swain that shot the



Dart, smiles, smiles at the wound, & breaks, & break — s a — Lo — vers Heart.

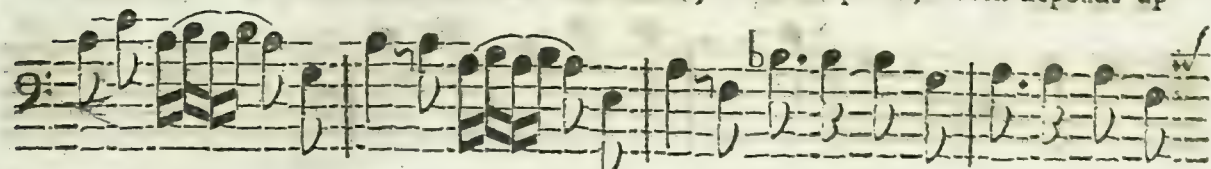




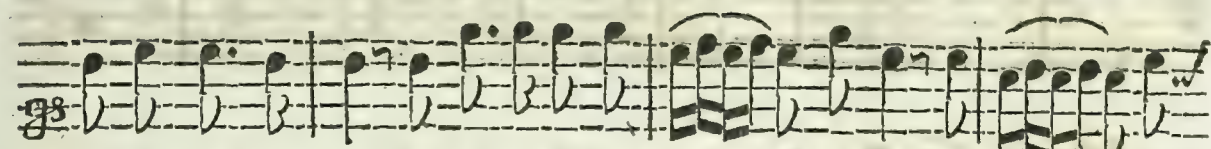




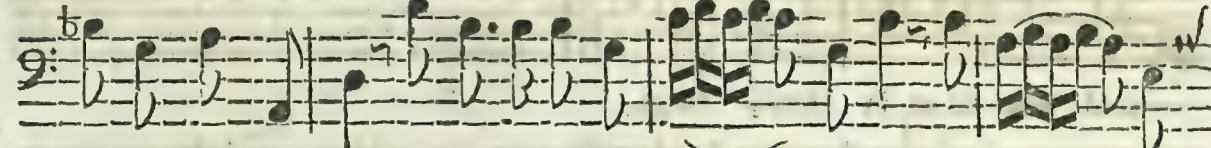
— cle for Wa—r declares, for Wa—r declares, success depends, success depends up—



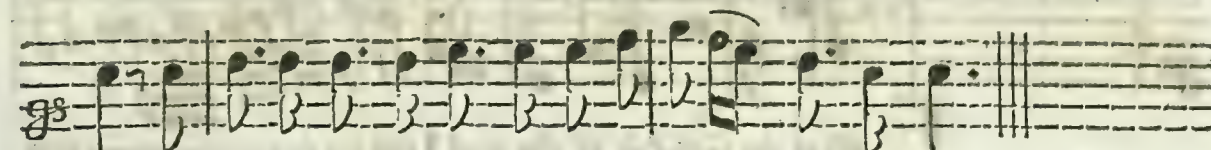
— cle for Wa—r declares, for Wa—r declares, success depends, success depends up—



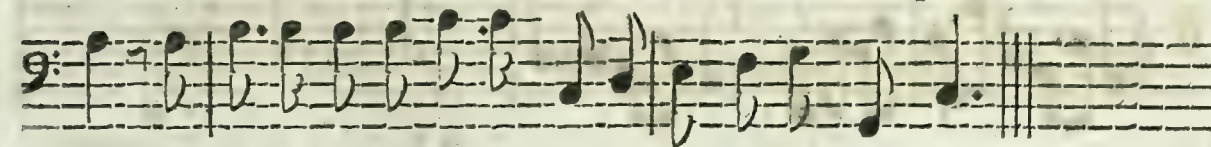
— on our Hearts and Spears; the O—racle for Wa—r declare, for Wa—r de—



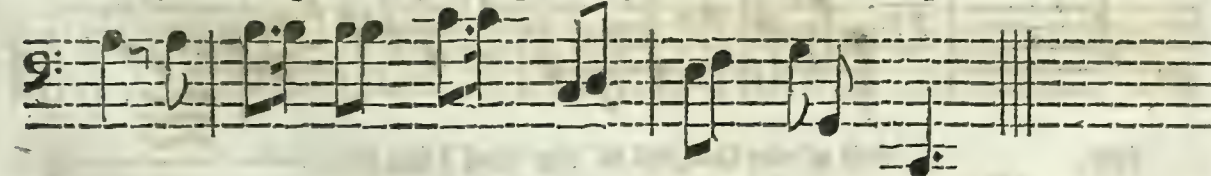
— on our Hearts and Spears; the O—racle for Wa—r declare, for Wa—r de—



— clares, success depends, success depends upon our Hearts and Spears.



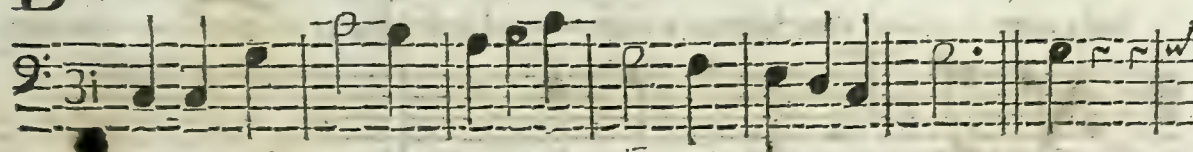
— clares, success depends, success depends up—on our Hearts and Spears.



A Song in *Bonduca*, Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.



**B** *Ritains* strike home, re—venge, re—venge your Country's wrong: Strike,





strike and re—cord, strike, strike and re—cord your selves in *Druid*s

Songs; strike, strike and re—cord, strike, strike and re—cord, re—

—cord your selves in *Druids* Songs.

A Song in the *Lovers-Luck*. Sett by Mr. John Eccles.

F ull of the God, full of the God I feel my ra—ging

Soul; Full of the God, full of the God I feel my ra—ging

Soul a—roun—d their Spheres, a—roun—d their Spheres my glow—ing



Eye-Balls ro ———— wl, sparkling forth raptures,

sparkling forth raptures, sparkling forth raptures from my ac ———— tive

Breast. In vain I beg the fullen, the fullen God of Sleep; in vain I call him from his

gloomy deep, to fetter up my wan ———— dring thoughts to rest. In

vain I beg the fullen, the fullen God of Sleep; in vain I call him from his gloomy

deep, to fet-ter up my wan ———— dring thoughts to rest.



A Song in the *Mask* for the *Lover's Last-Shift*, Sung by Mrs. Cross  
and the Boy, upon a Marriage Life. Sett by Mr. Francks.

G O Home, go Home, go Home un-happy wretch, and mourn for all thy guilty, for

Go Home, go Home, go Home unpappy wretch, and mourn for all thy guilty, for

all thy guilt-ty pas—sion past; go Home, go Home, go Home un-happy wretch, and

all thy guilt-ty pas—sion past; go Home, go Home, go Home unhappy wretch, and

Slow. Quick. mourn, and mourn, and mourn for all thy guilty, for all thy guilt-ty pas-sion

mourn, and mourn, and mourn for all thy guilt-ty, for all thy guilt-ty pas-sion

Soft. Loud. Very Slow. past, for all thy guilty, for all thy guilt-ty pas-sion past, for all thy guilt-ty

past, for all thy guilty, for all thy guilt-ty pas-sion past, for all thy guilt-ty



pas—sion past: Then thou shall find those Joy

pas—sion past: Then thou shall find those Joy

pas—sion past: Then thou shall find those Joy

—s, those Joys re—turn, those Joy

—s, those Joys re—turn, those Joy

—s, those Joys re—turn, those Joy

*Loud.*  
—s, those Joys re—turn, those Joy

—s, those Joys re—turn, those Joys, those Joy—s, those, those Joys re—turn:

—s, those Joys re—turn, those Joys, those Joy—s, those, those Joys re—turn:

Which shall for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever

Which shall for ever, for ever, for

Which shall for ever, for ever, for



last; which shall for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever

ever, for ever, last; which shall for ever, for ever

last, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e—ver last, for

ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e—ver last, for ever, for

ever, ever, e—ver last.



[ 11 ]

A Song set by Mr. Finger, in the New Play call'd,  
 (Love for Love.) The Words by Mr. Congreve.  
 Sung by Mr. Pate and Mr. Reding.

Tell thee Charmion, Charmion,

Char—mion, cou'd I time re—trieve; I tell thee

Charmion, Char—mion, cou'd I time

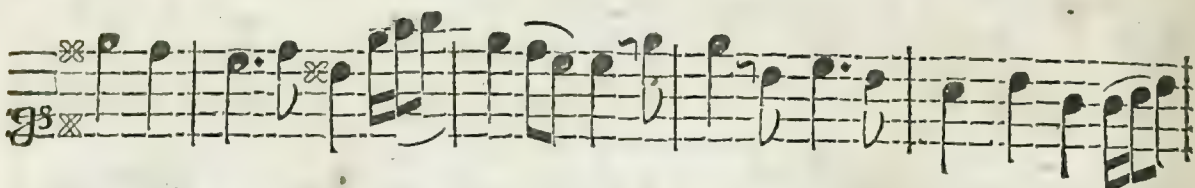
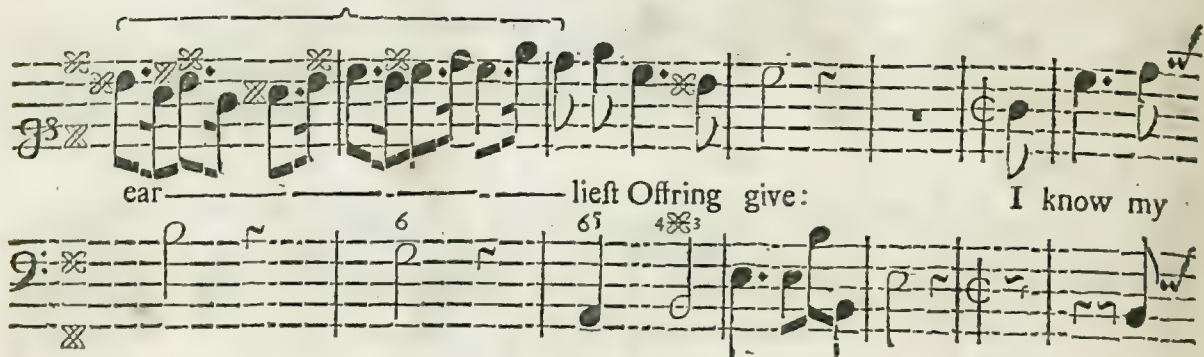
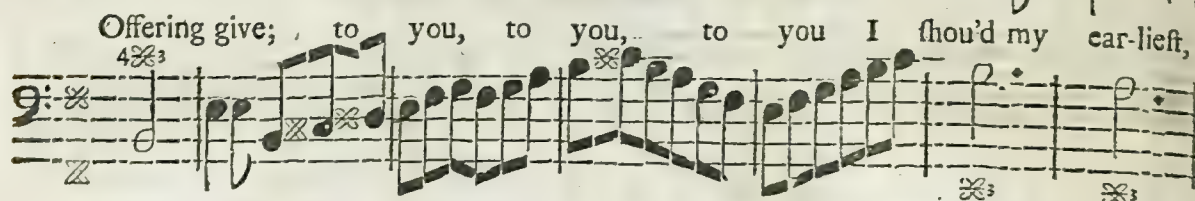
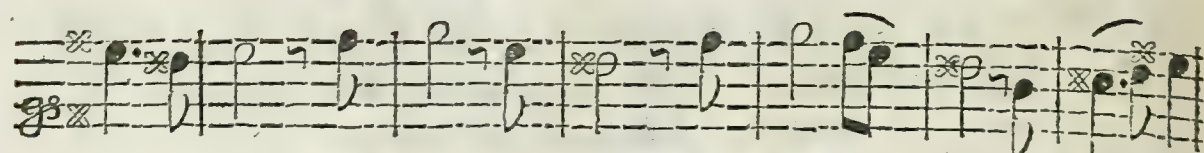
retrieve, and cou'd again begin to Love, be—gin to Lo—

ve and live; To you, to you, to you I shou'd my

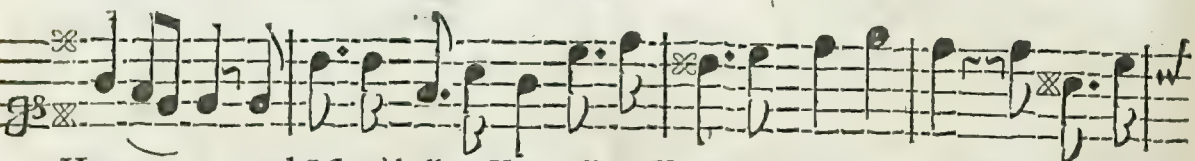
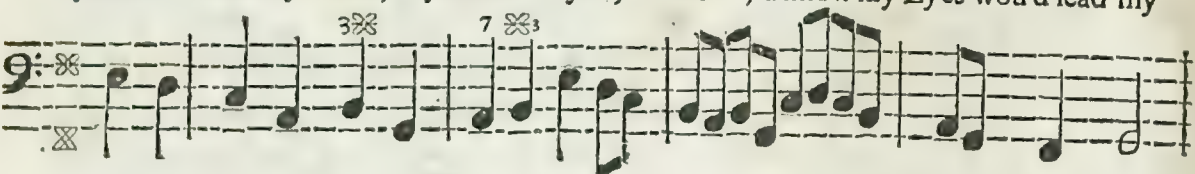
earliest, ear—liest

D

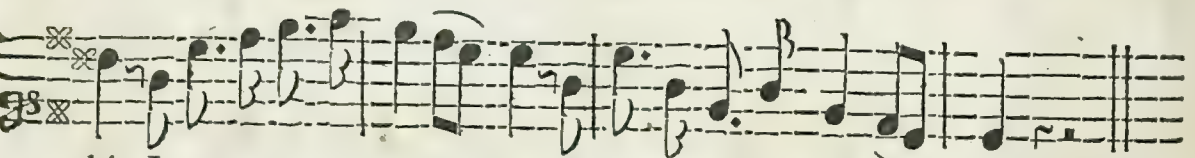
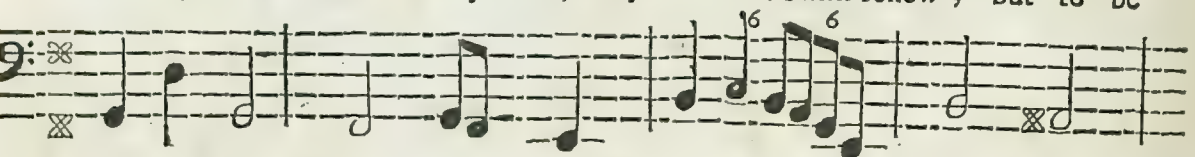




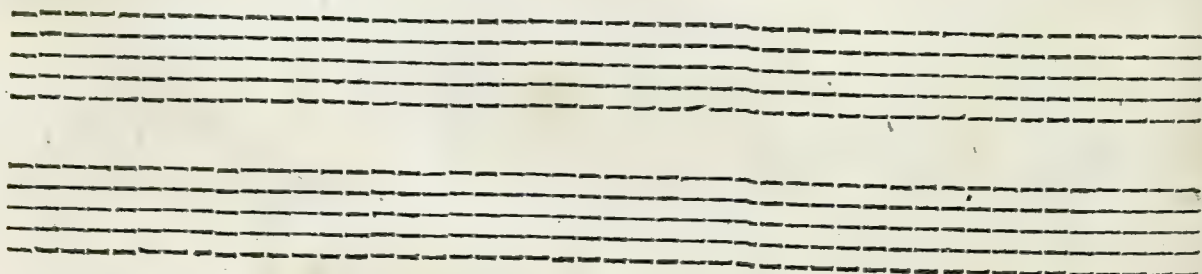
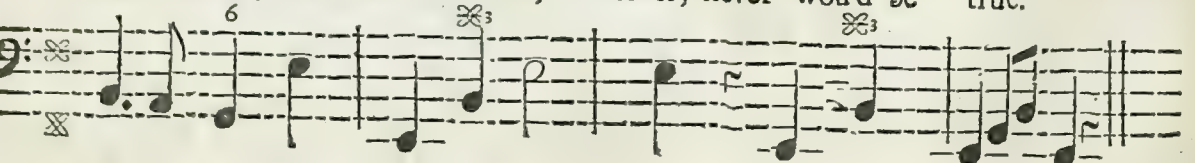
Eyes wou'd lead my Heart, my Heart to you, I know, I know my Eyes wou'd lead my



Heart to you, and I shou'd all my Vows, all my Vows and Oaths renew; but to be

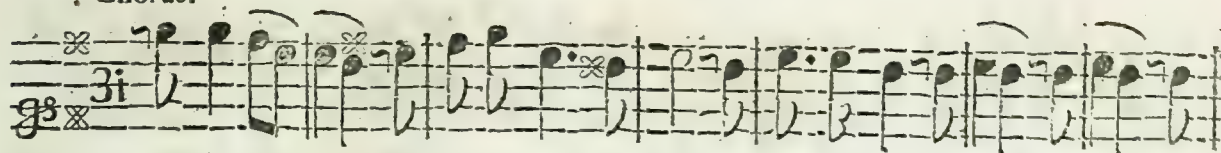


plain, I never, never wou'd be true, I never, never wou'd be true.

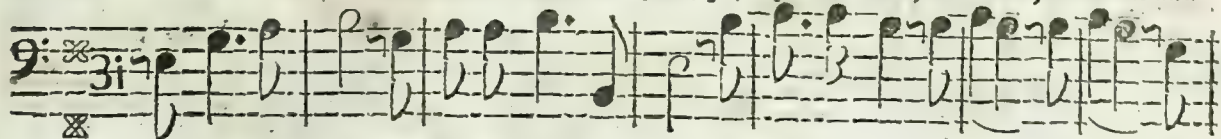




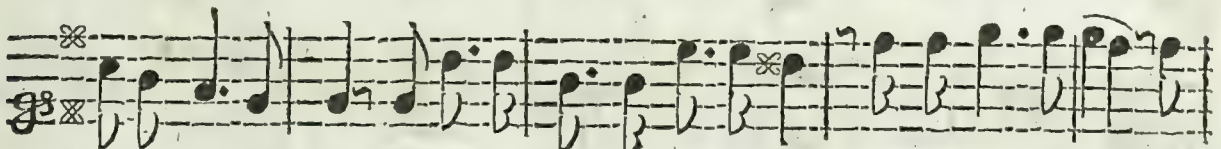
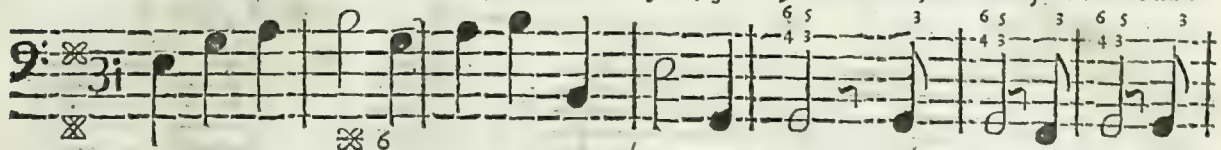
Chorus.



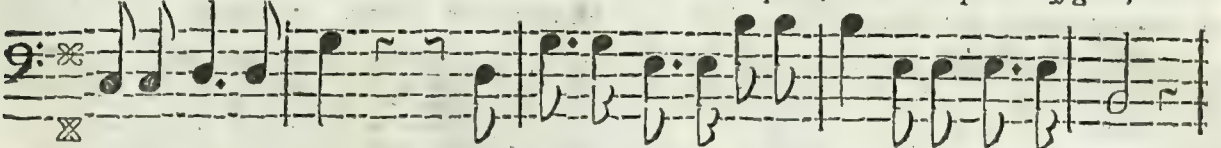
For by our weak and weary truth, I find, for by our weak, our weak, our weak and



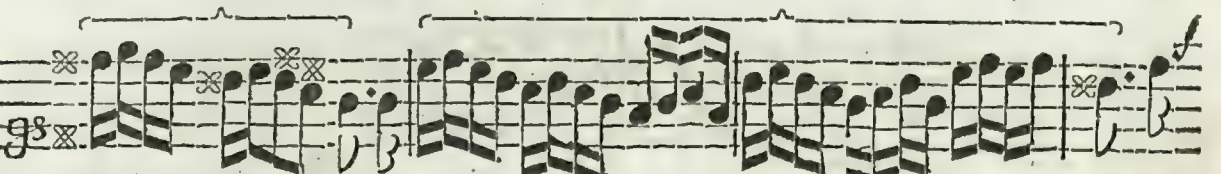
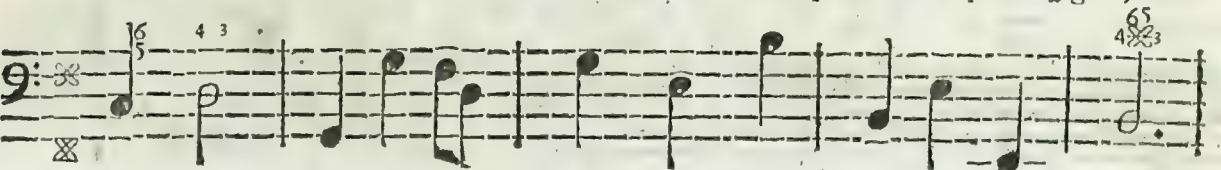
For by our weak and weary truth, I find, for by our weak, our weak, our weak and



weary truth I find, Love hates to cen-ter in a point, in a point assign'd, but



weary truth I find, Love hates to cen-ter in a point, in a point assign'd,



run s, but run s with



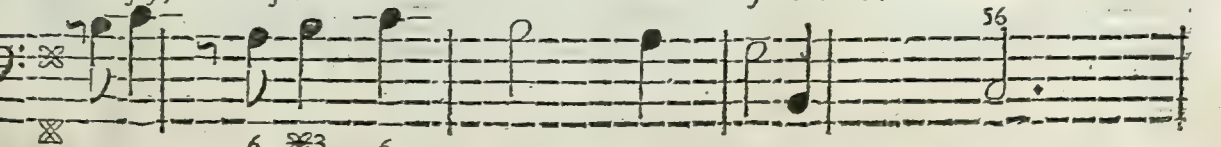
but run s but run s



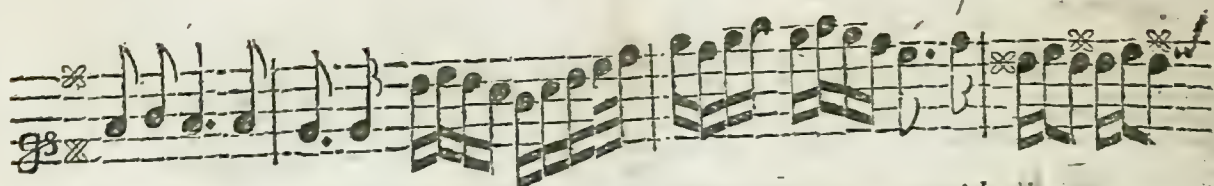
joy, with joy, with jo y the cir



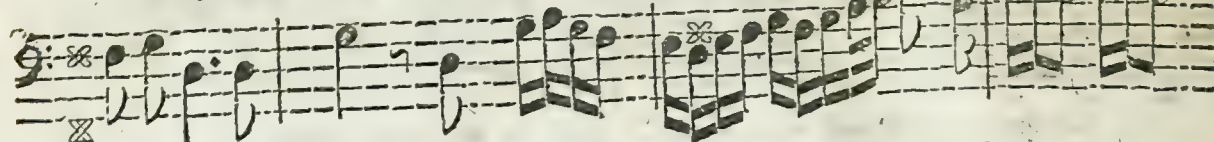
with joy, with jo y the cir



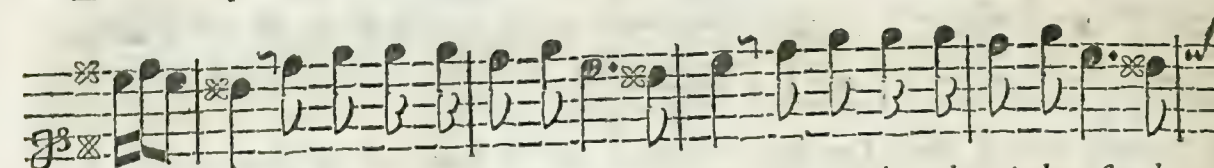
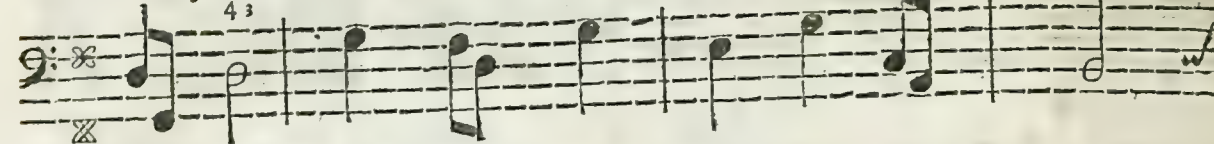




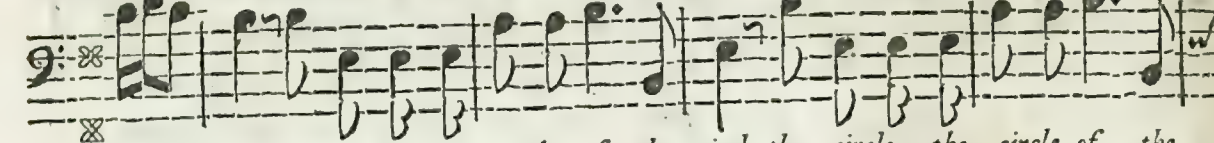
—cle of the mind; but run — s with jo —



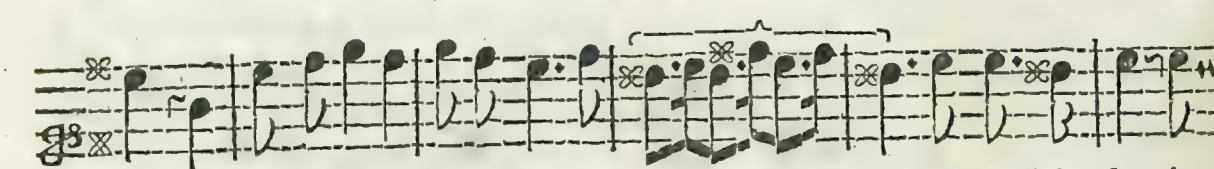
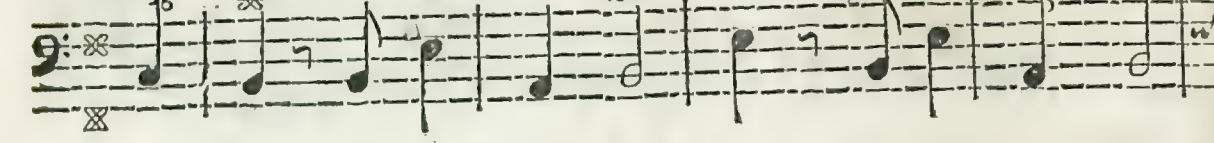
—cle of the mind; but run — s with jo —



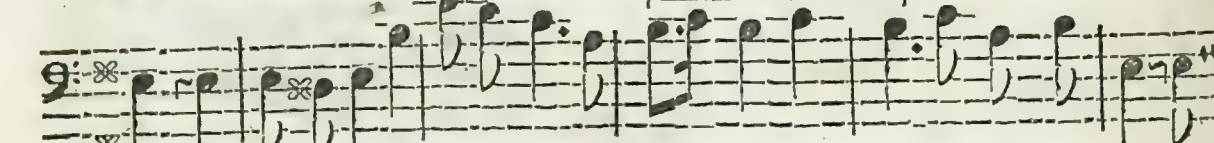
—y the circle, the circle of the mind, the circle, the circle of the



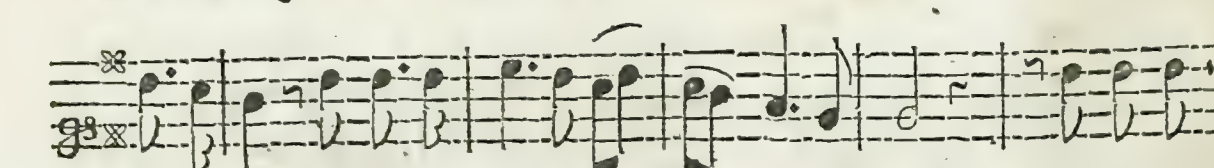
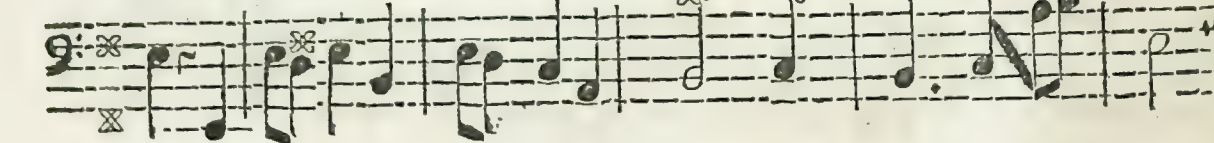
—y the circle, the circle of the mind, the circle, the circle of the



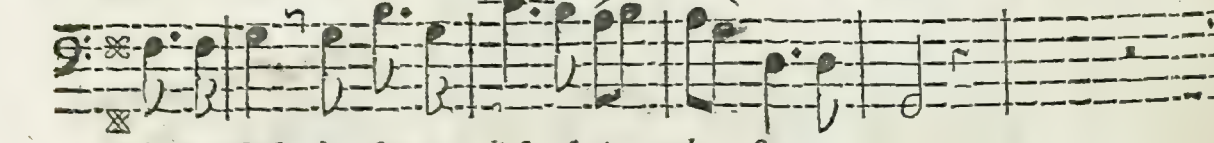
mind; then never, never, never let us Chai — n what shou'd be free, but



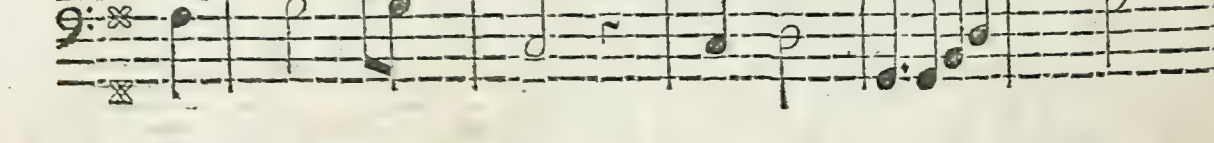
mind; then never, never, never let us Chai — n what shou'd be free, but



for re-lief, but for re-lief of ei—ther Sex a—gree: Since Women



for re-lief, but for re-lief of ei—ther Sex a—gree:





love to change, since Women love to change, since Women

and so do we, and so do we,

love to change, since Women love to change, and so do

and so do we since Women love to change,

we, and so do we, and so do we, since

since Women love to change, since Women love to change, since

Women love to change; and so do we, and so do we.

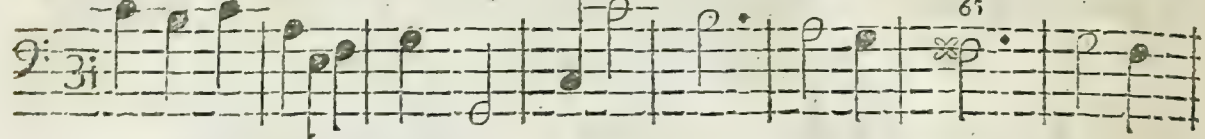
Women love to change; and so do we, and so do we.



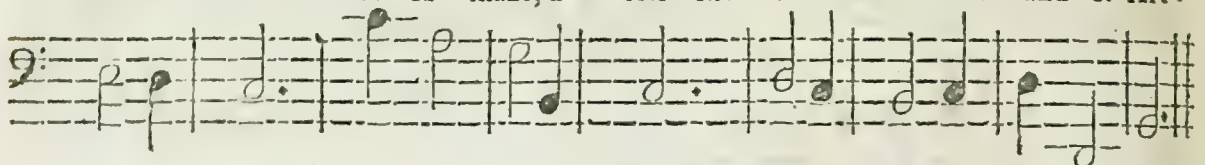
A Song set by Mr. Robert King, Sung at the Consort in York-buildings.



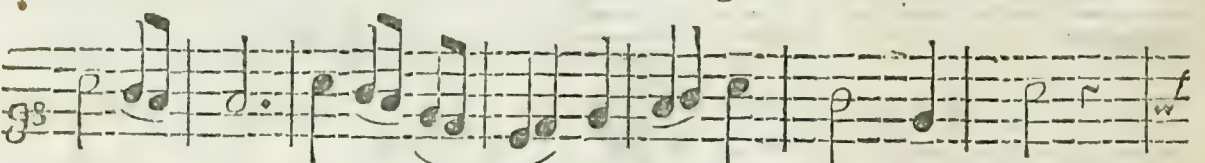
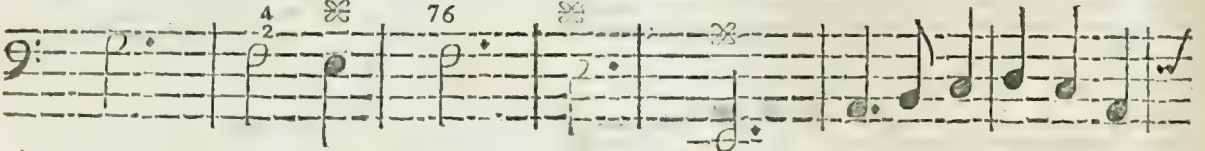
When Cynthia did by va-ri-ous ways, at once in-vade my care-less Heart; con-



—founded with the sweet A-maze, I left the use of Wis-dom and of Art:



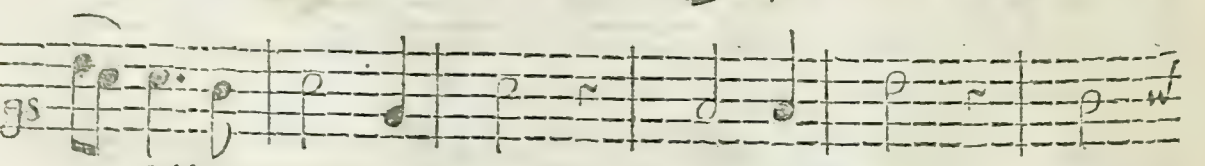
Wisdom for — bids to Love at all, Art bids us hide it



when we doe: But Ca-sar could not help his fall, when struck,



struck, when struck, struck, when struck, when struck with such



a sudden blow; when struck, struck, when struck, struck,





when struck, when struck with such a sudden blow.

A New Song set by Mr. R. W.

Well Cha-ri-es-ta then said I, since it must thus for e-ver be;

I can renounce your Sla-ve-ry, and since you will nor, can be free:

Ma-ny a time she made me dye, yet wou'd you think't I lov'd the more. but

I'll not take't as hereto-fore, not I, I vow not I.



A New Song set by Mr. Finger, Sung by Mrs. Hudson,  
at the Confort in Charles-street in Coventgarden.

MY Suit will be over, my Fire will de-cline, if you'd have me be yours, you must

quickly be mine; no Shephard had e-ver a Heart better fram'd, no Lo-ver

e're yet had a Breast more in-flam'd: If a proof of my Passion be all you re-

-quire, my Sympathy will show the truth of my Fire; let your Heart be but warm

and I'm all on a flame, the moment 'tis cold your Shephard's the same.



A Song Sett by Mr. *Finger*.

N a dark and lone—ly Den, clos'd in

dismal Sha—des of Night, too many, many mournfull years I'd lain, to bear at

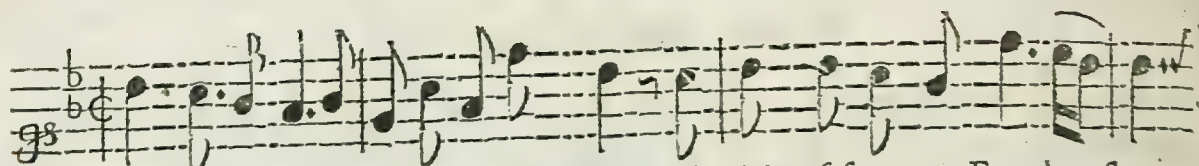
first the ray—es of light; you like the Sovereign of the

Day, with too much glo

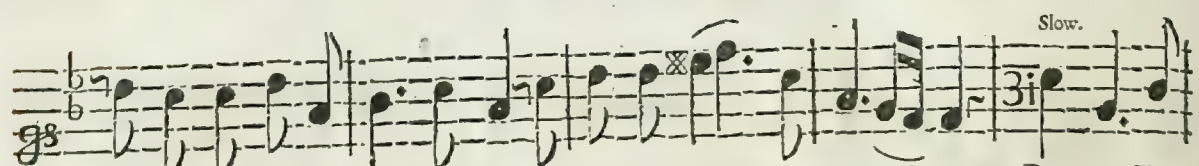
—ry struck my sight, I turn'd my feeble Eyes a-way, to the pal—e Ruler

of the Night, to the pal—e Ruler of the Night:

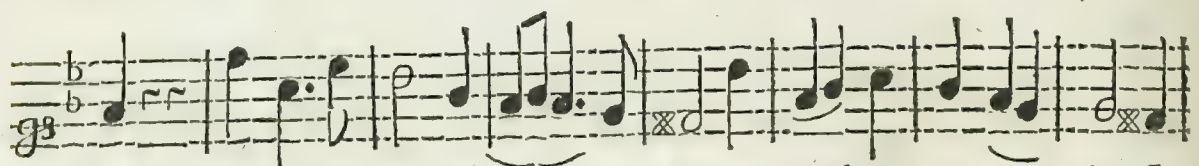





Blind, blind I was to all, to all your Charms, such brightness from your Eyes here shone,



my weakness fav'd me from your Arms, I wanted strength to be undone; But now I'm



lost, but now I'm lost, and you're a-dore'd, my freedom at your feet I



lay; since my Sences are re-stor'd, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a—



—way, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a—way, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a—



—way, my Heart a—way.



## A Song Sett by Mr. Finger.

Slow.

U N-happy 'tis that I was Born, to be undone by Ce-lia's Scorn;

nor Time, nor Tongue can e're re-late, the Trage-dy of my hard Fate;

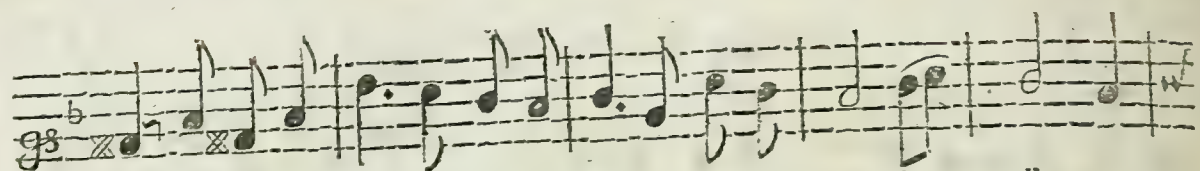
I in a Fever scorch and burn, with Love, but none do you re-turn'; If

pitty on me you'l not take, a-las my tender Heart, my tender Heart will

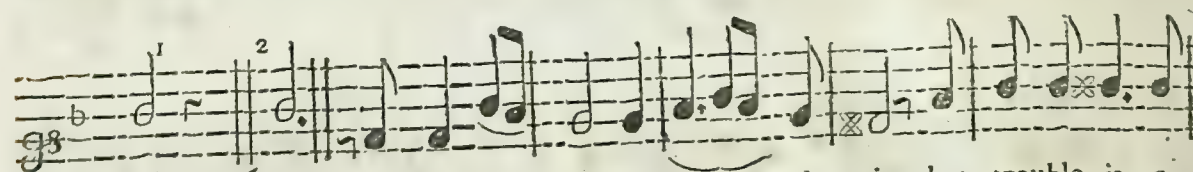
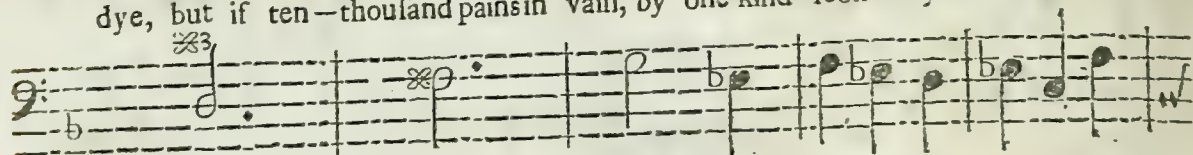
break, a-las my tender Heart, my tender Heart will break.

Ah Charming Creature cast an Eye, I wish a Thousand times to

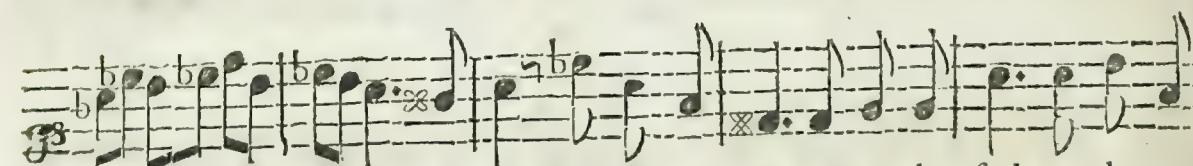
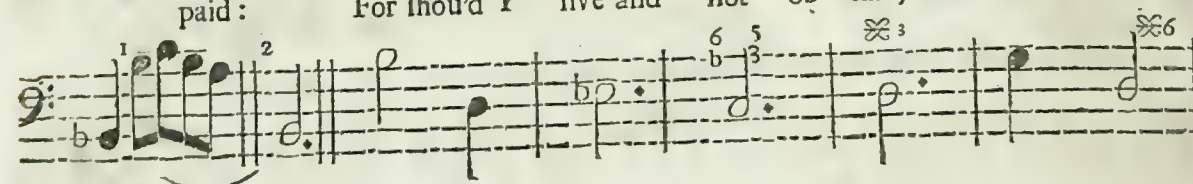




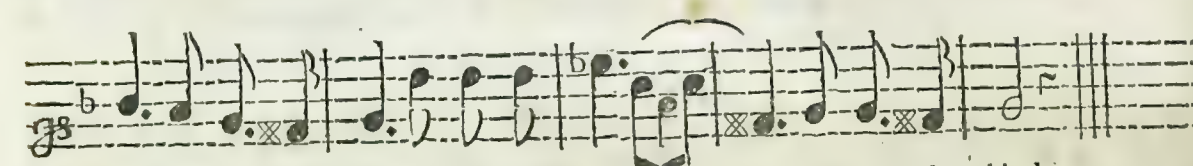
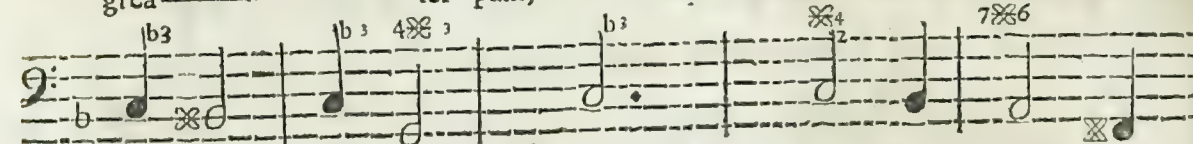
dye, but if ten—thousand pains in vain, by one kind look they all are



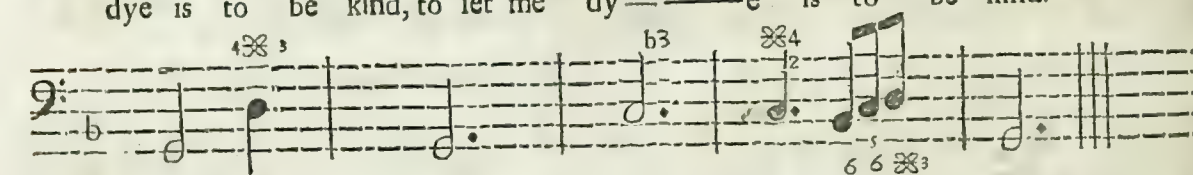
paid: For shou'd I live and not ob—tain, that trouble is a



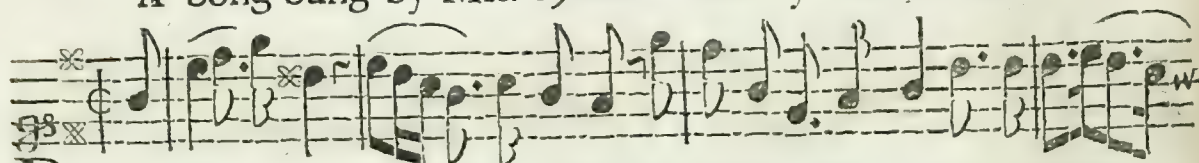
grea—ter pain, now lovely Fair I on—ly find, to let me



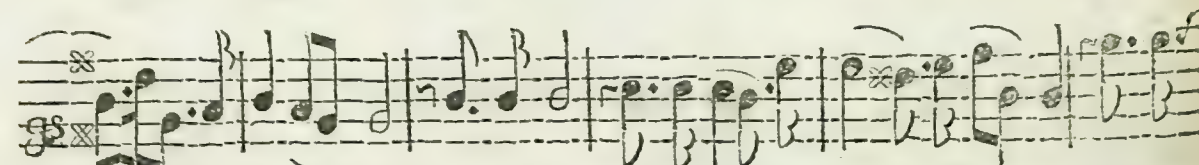
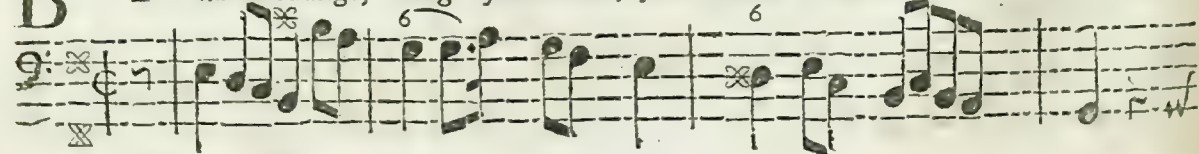
dye is to be kind, to let me dy—e is to be kind.



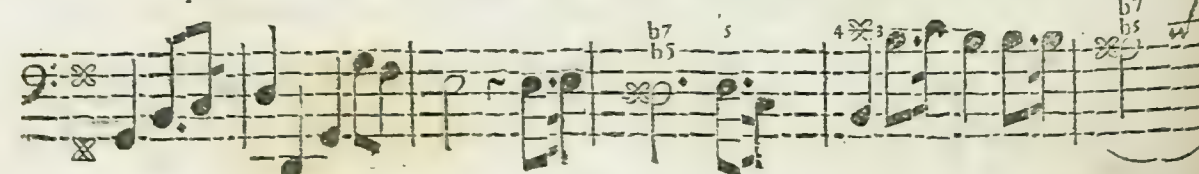
A Song Sung by Mrs. Cybber. Sett by Mr. Williams.



B E—lin—da change, change your fickle, your fickle, fickle mind, and to Stre—



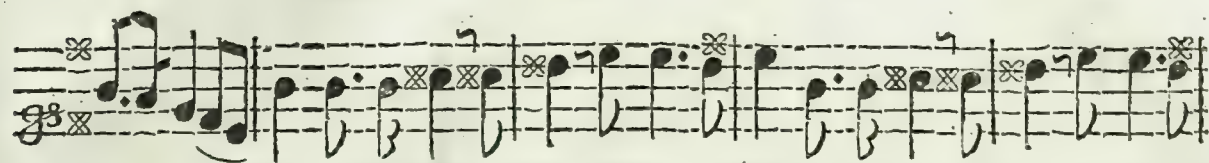
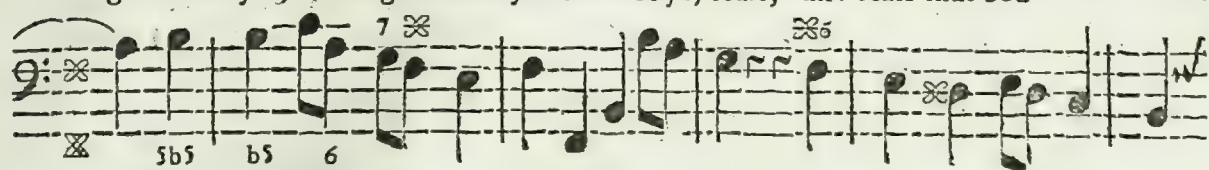
phon be more kind, he that loves, he that loves and does a—dore ye; he that



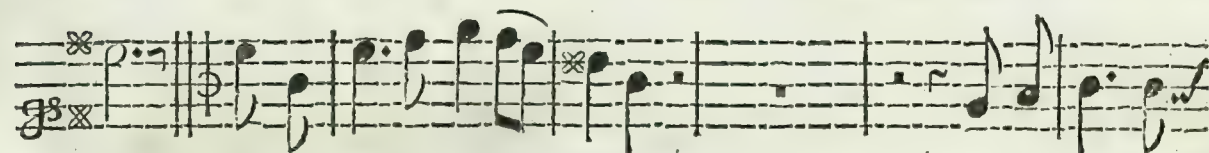
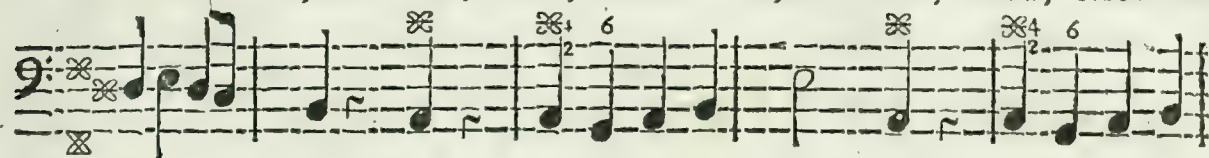




fights and dyes, that fights and dyes be-fore ye, cease, ah! cease that bou

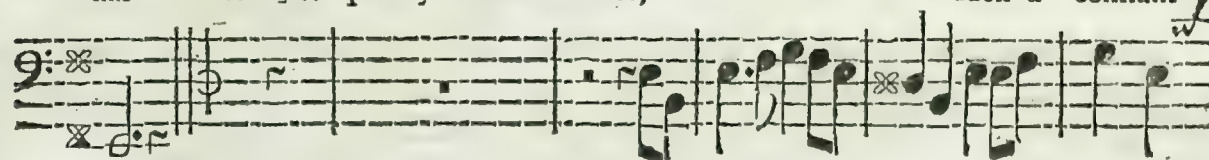


nd-les will, and forbear, forbear, forbear to kill, and forbear, forbear, forbear to

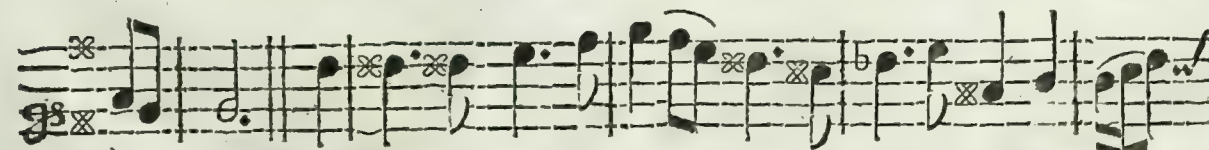
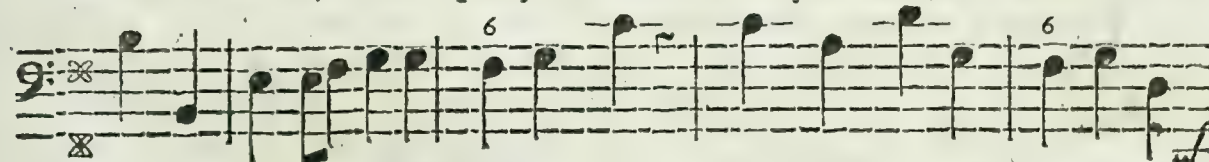


kill: When you plainly doe dis- cover,

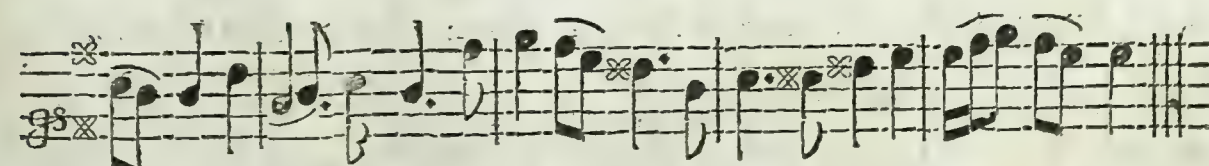
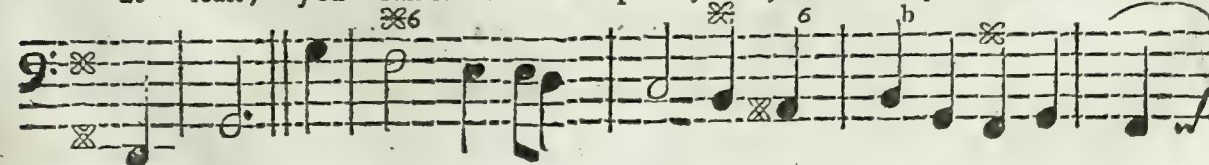
such a constant



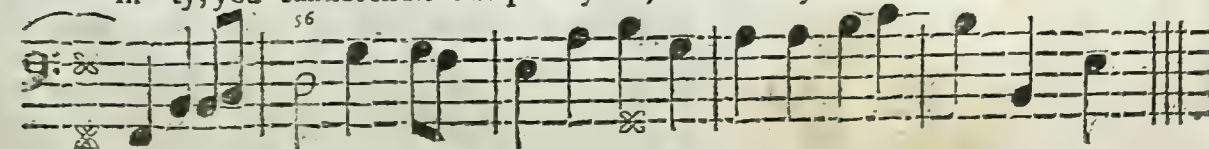
faithfull Lover, will not pi-ty mov—e your breast, to be-stow a look



at least; you cannot chuse but pit-ty me, if mercy's in Di-vi



ni-ty, you cannot chuse but pit-ty me, if mercy's in Di-vi—ni-ty.





Sung by Mrs. Hudson, in the *Ridiculous Lovers*. Sett by Mr. Williams.

U N--justly Phil--lis you accuse your slave with want of ten--der Love; for when dull

Wedlock I re--fuse, 'tis that my flame may last-ing prove: Not Winds can

more command the Sea, than un--wed Phillis Stre--phon may; but ty--rant

Wed--lock does decree, that conqu'ring Woman shall o--bey.

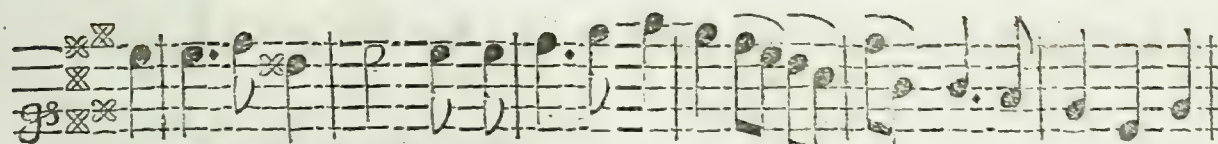
## II.

When e're you Wed you must resign  
Your pow'r of being Cruel too;  
The dread of which now makes me thine,  
And will preserve me ever so:  
The Knott of Love if ty'd by truth,  
No Time nor Fate can e're unbind;  
Then yeild thy Beauty and thy Youth,  
And Strephon shall be ever kind.

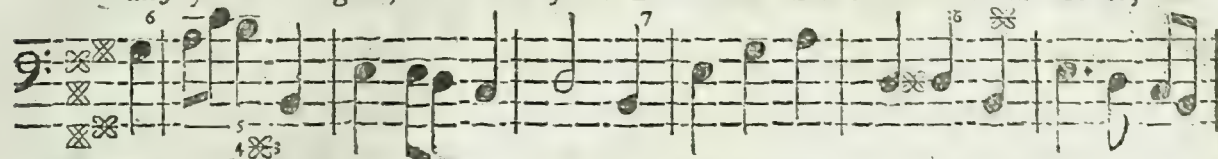
Song Sung at the Confort in *York-buildings*. Sett by Mr. Williams.

H Ow Peacefull the Days are, how Pleasant the Nights, how full of all Plea--sures,

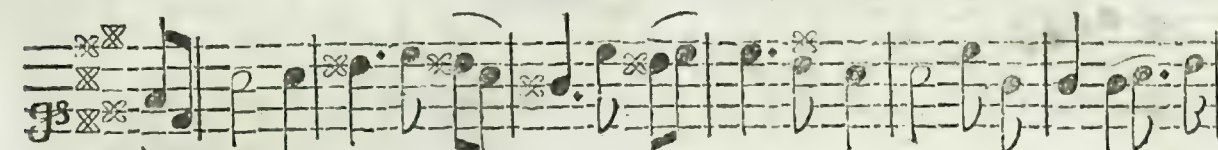
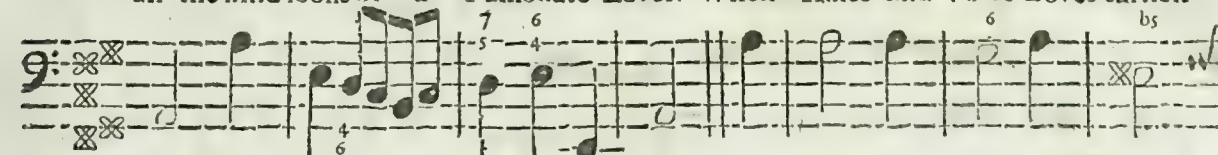




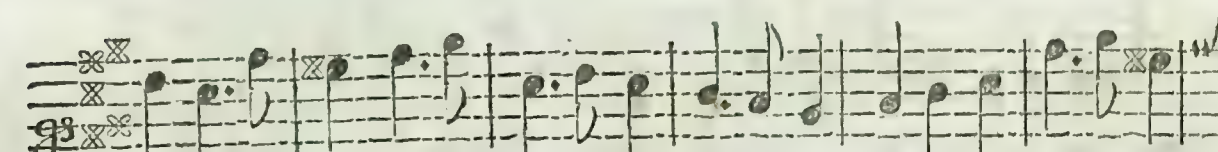
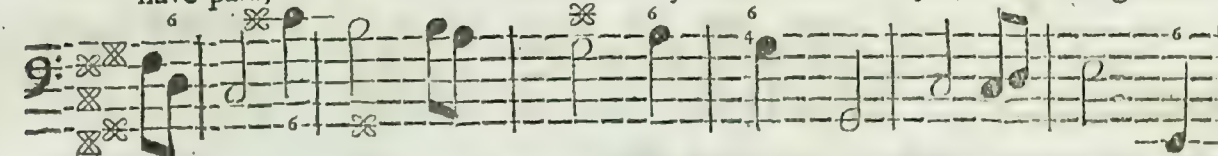
all Joys and Delights; when the Eyes of Do—rin—da her Heart does dis—cover, with



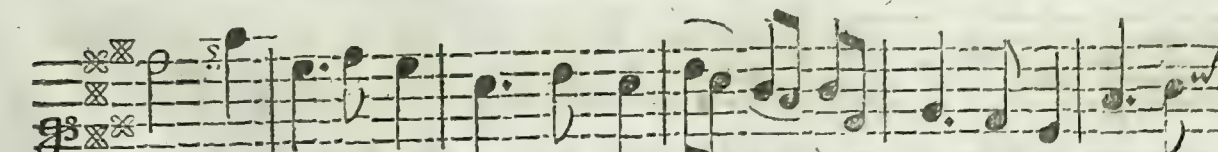
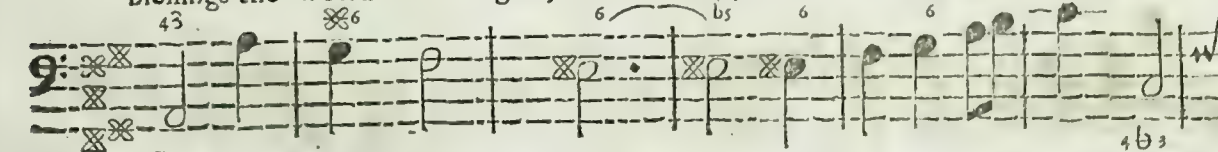
all the kind looks of a Passionate Lover. When Kisses and Vows Loves earnest



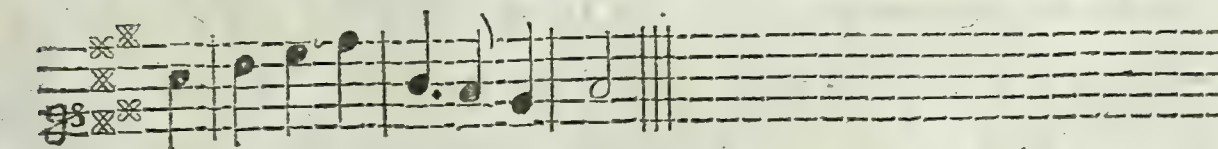
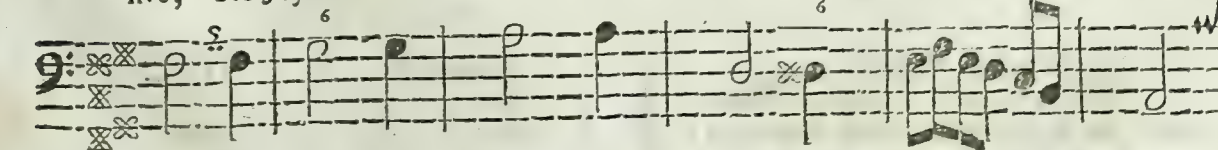
have paid, and I am se—cure that my Heart's not betray'd, I conclude greater



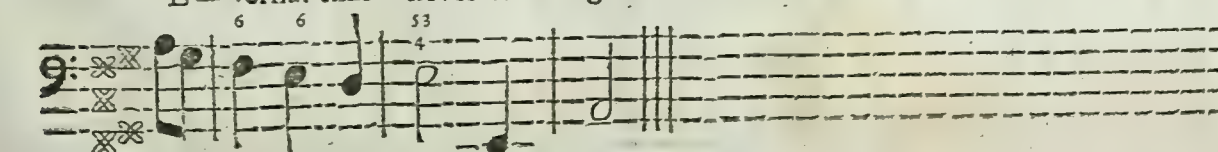
blessings the world cannot give, and I Pray, and I Wish here for e—ver to



live; No Joy's like that Love where true Hearts do U—nite, 'tis a Morning



E—ternal that never sees Night.





A Song in the *Lover's Luck*, Sung by Mr. Redding and Mr. Curco,  
And Sett by Mr. John Eccles.

ET us Re-vel and Roa—r, let us Re-vel and Roa—  
Let us Re-vel and Roa—r, let us

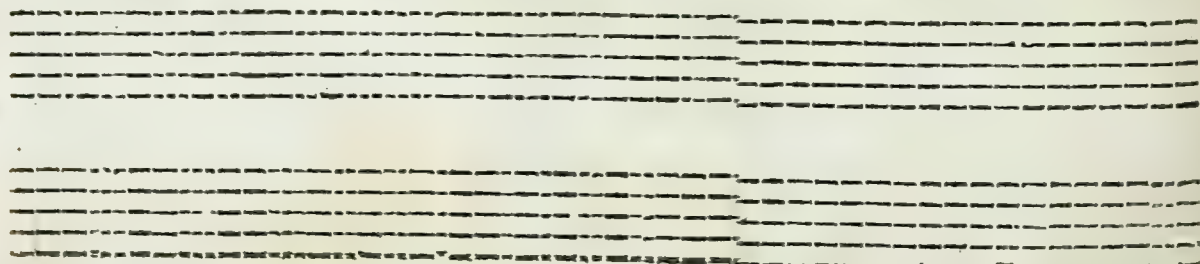
r, and Roa—r, the whole World is our  
Re-vel and Roar, and Roa—r, the whole world is our

Store; nay, the God's shall Club to our Pleasure: When we  
Store; nay, the God's shall Club to our Pleasure: When we Wallow all Night, in an

Wallow all Night, in an unknown de-light, Au-ro-ra dis-covers the Treasure.  
unknown de-light, in an unknown de-light, Au-ro-ra dis-covers the Treasure.

Let us never Repine,  
Whilst brisk Wenches and Wine,  
Make the Brims of our Lives Run over;  
Leave the *How* and the *What*,  
To the Politick Sott,  
And the *When* to the Fool of a Lover.

Thus we are free from all Cares,  
Of Taxes and Wars,  
We know not the Name of dull Sorrow;  
Ev'ry Purse is our prey,  
Which we Spend in a day,  
And the Devil take Care for to Morrow.





A Song Sett by Mr. Robert King.

W Hy Phillis must your an-ger try to wrack a Zea-lous Breast, a =



The last Song that Mr. *Henry Purcell* Sett before he Dy'd.

Ove-ly, Lovely Al-bi-na, Love-ly, Lovely Al-

bi-na's, come, co-me a-shore, to enter her just, just claim;

ten times more Char-ming, ten times more Char-

ming then be-fore; To her Immor-

tal Fame,

Fame. The Bel-gick Ly-on, as his brave, brave, brave, the Bel-gick

Fame. The Bel-gick Ly-on, as his brave, brave, brave, the Bel-gick



Ly-on, as his brave, brave, brave, this Beauty, this Beauty will re-leave, this

Beauty, this Beauty will re-leave, will, will re-leave, for nothing,

nothing, nothing but a mean blind Slave, can liv

e, and let her griev

e and let her grieve.



( 1 ) Mr. Banister's First Trebles.

*Slow.*

*Symphony.*

( 2 ) Trumpet Minuet.

Round 0.

( 3 ) Minuet.

( 4 ) Minuet.



























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(2)<sup>A</sup>



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## *An Advertisement to the READER.*

**M***Y design in this new Collection of MUSICK, is to give the World the best Entertainment I can of that kind. What I publish is from Dr. Blow's, Mr. Purcell's, and other Eminent Masters Composition; the SONGS will commend themselves, and my Undertaking will be justify'd by them. I shall continue to make my Collection, and publish it every Term, so that nothing will be old before it comes to your Hands; and you shall always have a new Entertainment prepar'd, before you have lost the Relish of the former,*

**By your Servant,**

*H. P.*

---

A New Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. Sung by Mrs. Siball.

**W**

H O, who can behold Flo—rel —la's Charms, and not, and

not like me a—dore; one, one glance, one, one glance



52

from her my Soul, my Soul dis-arms, and robs me of re-

—list—ing pow'r. Let unblest Hero's still, still pur—sue coy Glo—

—ry in the dus—ry Field, if I Fle—

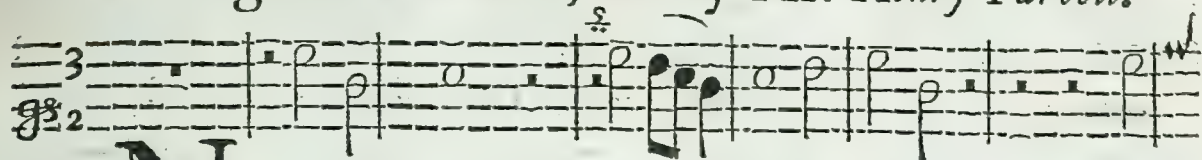
—rel—la but sub—due. Fate can no grea—ter, no, no, no

grea—ter Tri—

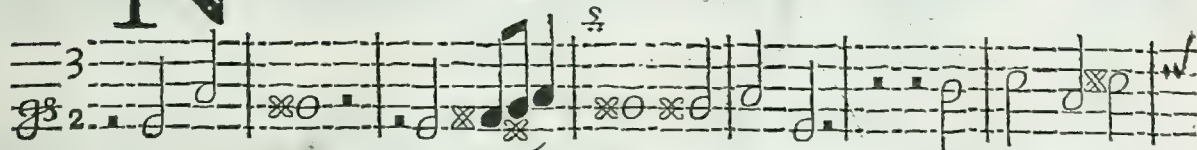
—umph yield.



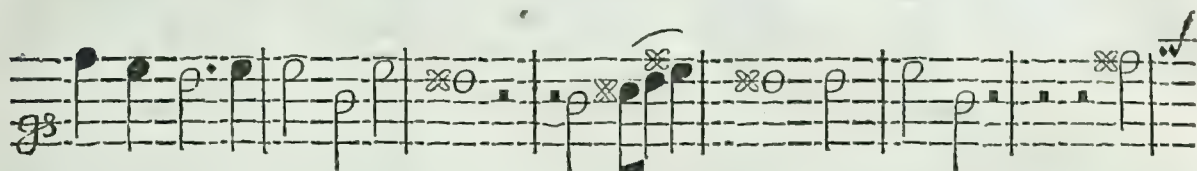
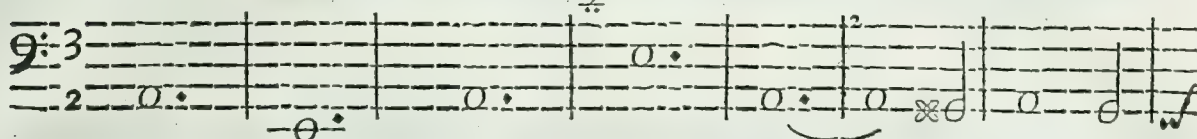
[ I ]  
A Song for 2 Voices, set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



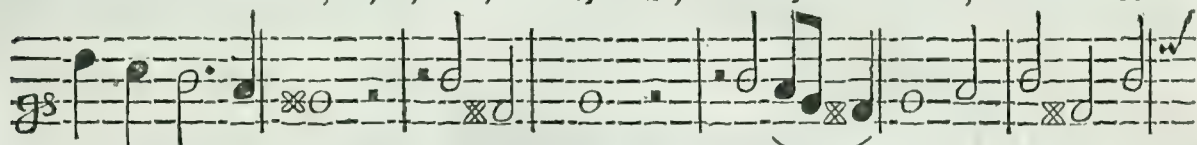
**N** O, no, no, no, no, no, re—sistance, re—



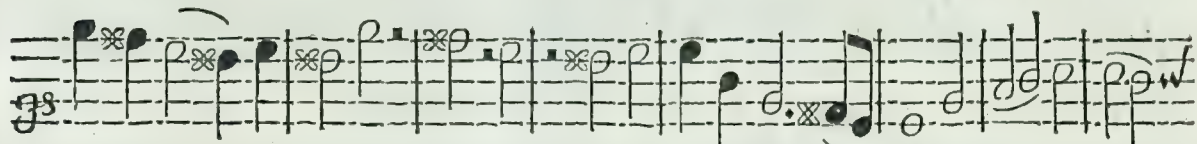
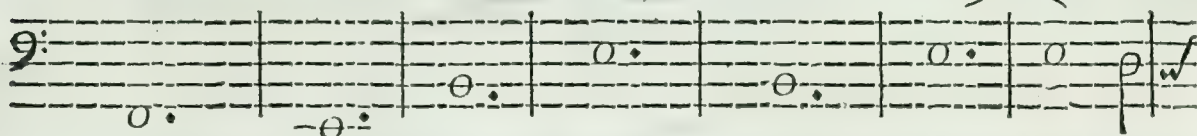
No, no, no, no, no, no, re—sistance, re—sistance, re—



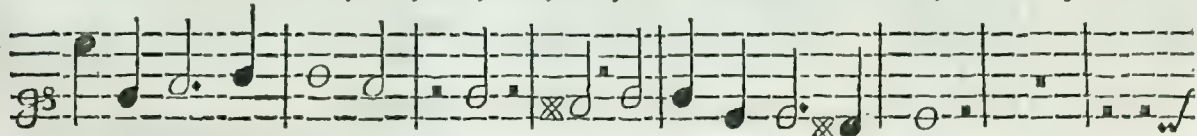
—sistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re—sistance, re—



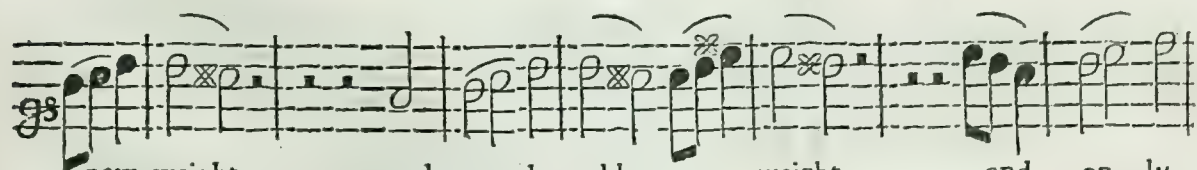
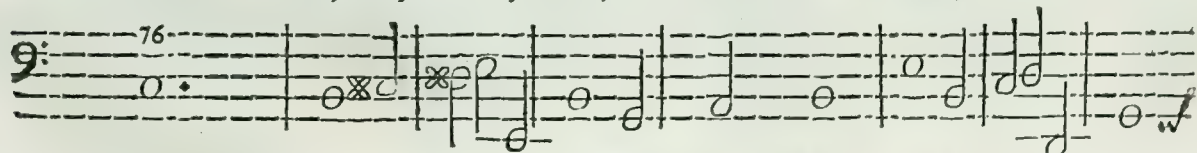
—sistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re—sistance, re—



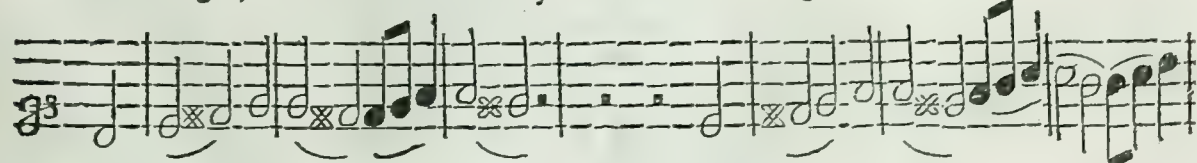
—sistance is but vain, vain, vain, vain, vain, re—sistance is but vain; and on—ly adds



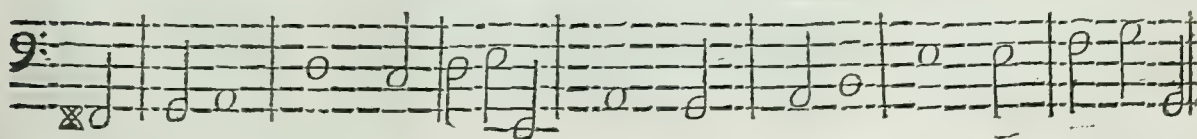
—sistance is but vain, vain, vain, vain, re—sistance is but vain;



new weight, and on—ly adds new weight, and on—ly



and on—ly adds new weight, and on—ly adds new weight, new





adds new weight to Cu-pid's Chain; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

weight, new weight to Cu-pid's Chain; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, re-sistance is but

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, resistance is but

vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, resistance is but vain:

A thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, ways;



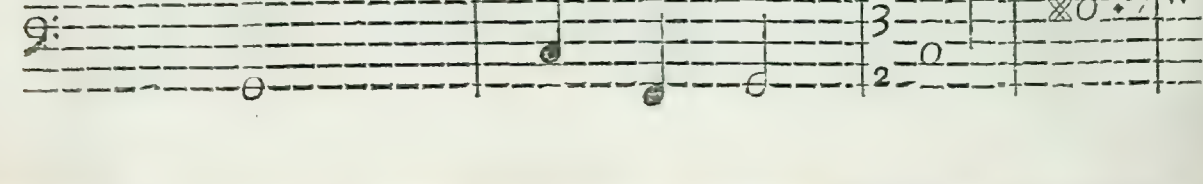
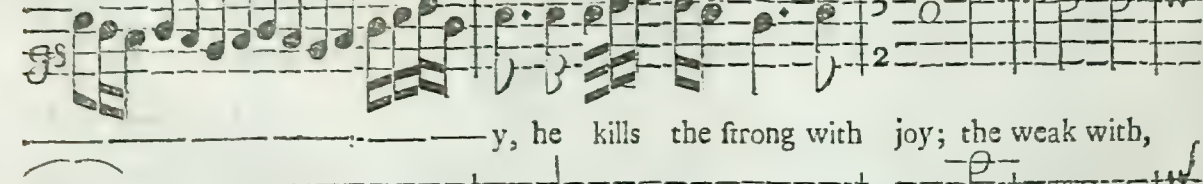
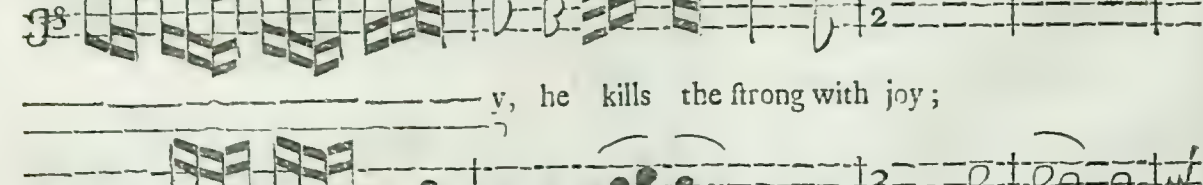
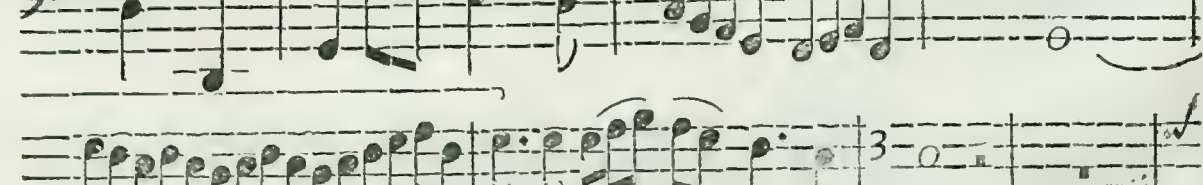
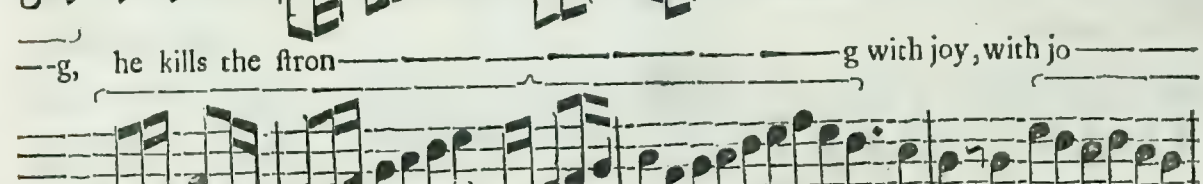
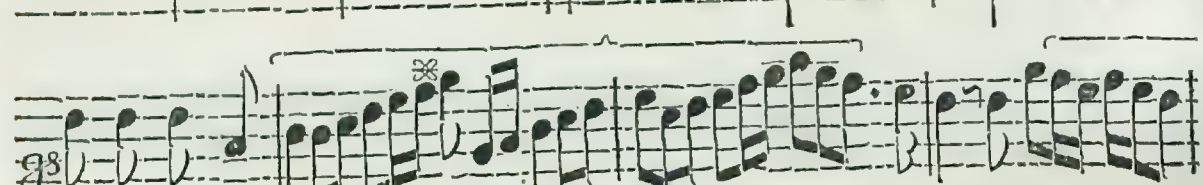
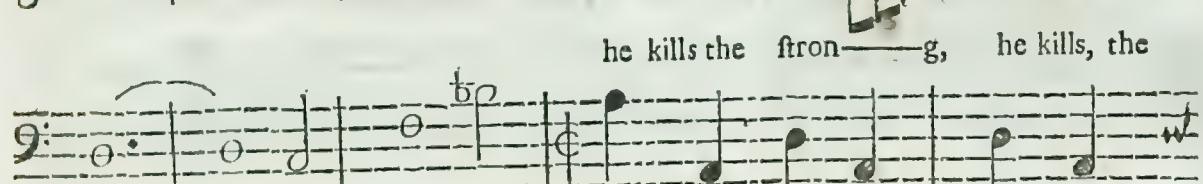
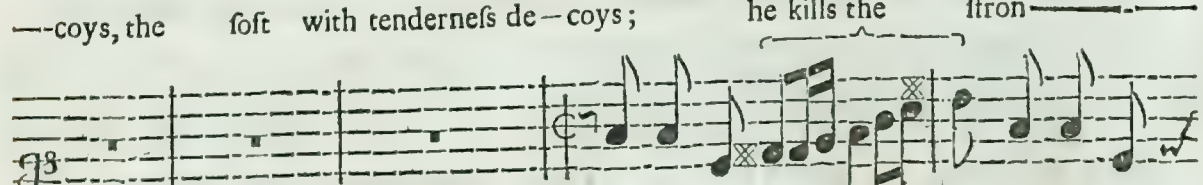
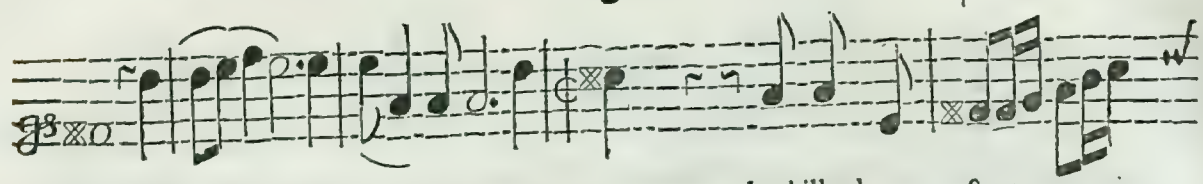
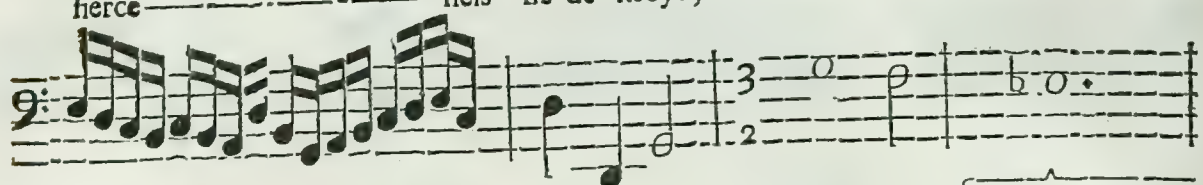
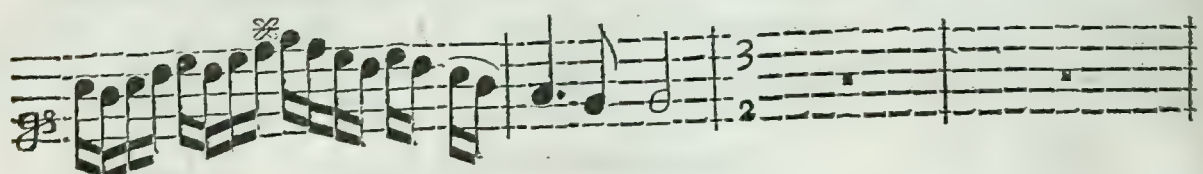
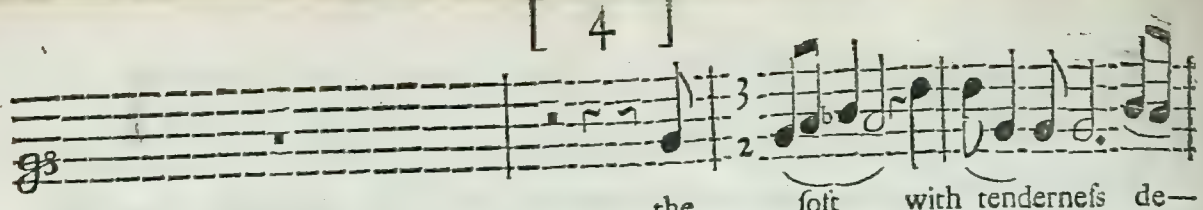
thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand ways; a thousand, thousand, thousand,  
ways; a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, ways a

thousand Arts, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, knows to Cap—ti—  
thousand Arts, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, the Tyrant knows to Cap—ti—

—vate our hearts; And sometimes  
—vate our hearts; Sometimes he fights he fights em—ploys;

trys the u—niversal language of the Eyes:  
The fierce— with







the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no, no,  
 pain, the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no,

End with the first Strain from this mark. :S:

### A Song set by Mr. Henry Parcell.

He that wou'd gain a faith—full Lo—ver, must at a  
 distance, must at a di—stance keep the slave; not by a  
 look her Heart dis—co—ver, Men shou'd but  
 guess, Men shou'd but guess the thoughts we have:



Whilst they'r in doubt their flame increa—ses, and all at—tendance,  
and all at—ten—dance they will pay; when once con—fess their  
ar—dour cea—ses, and Vows like Smook soon fly's—  
a—way.

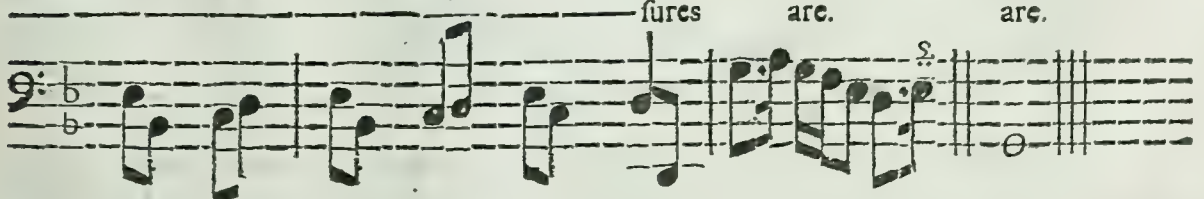
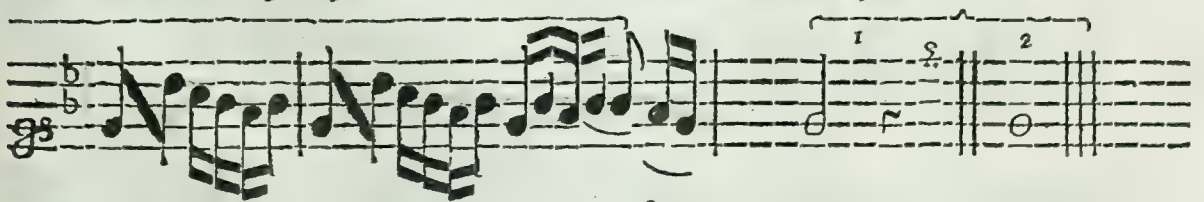
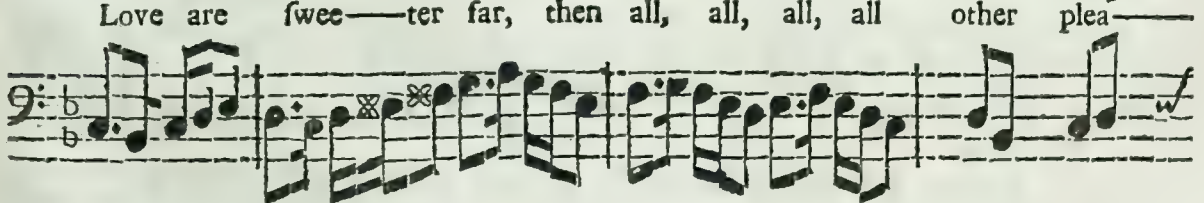
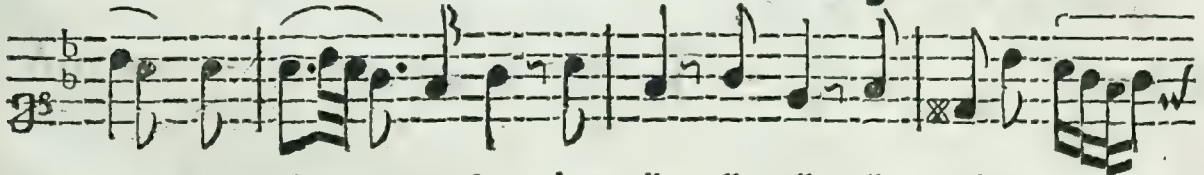
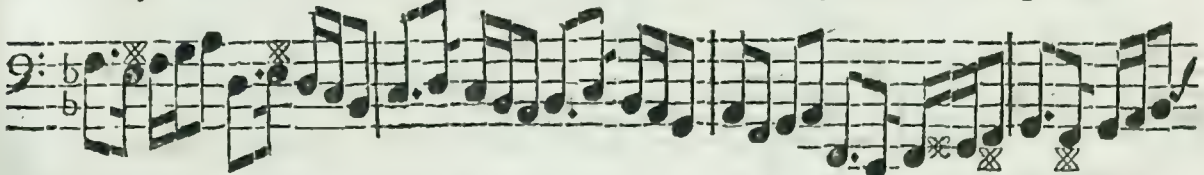
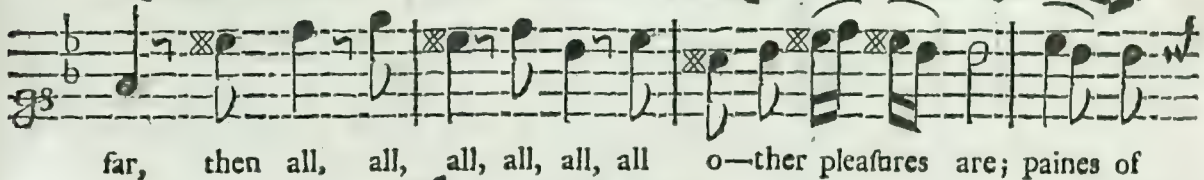
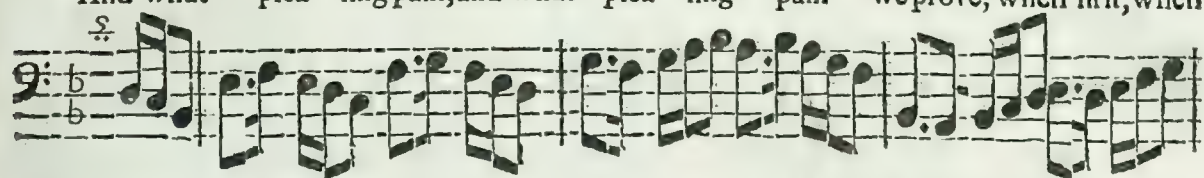
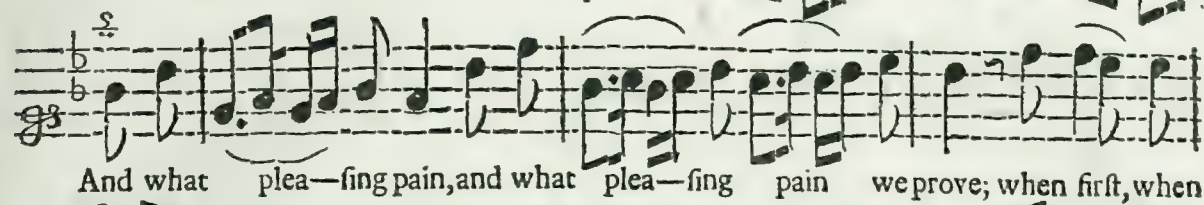
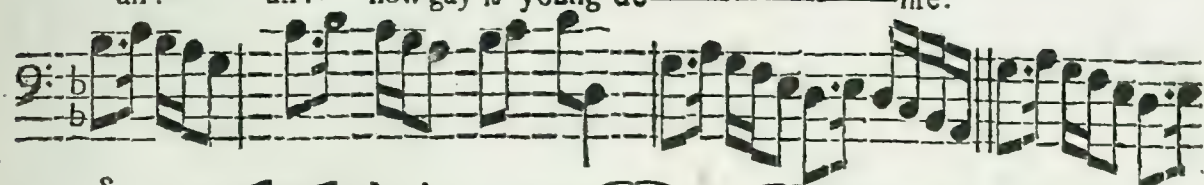
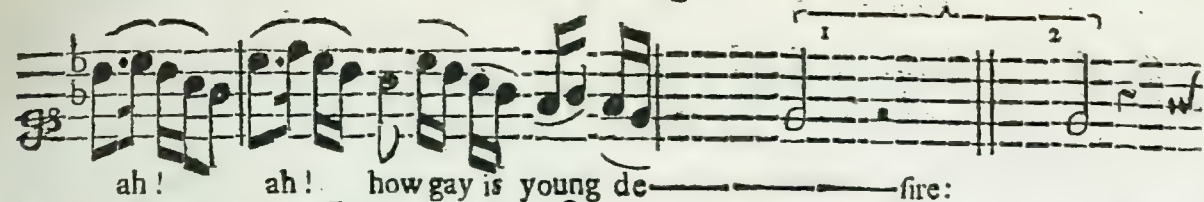
Then fond *Aurelia* cease complaining,  
All thy reproaches useles prove;  
Beauty may conquer whilst disdainning,  
But lose their value when they love:

II. So when a Comet does appear,  
Men do with trembling view the Blaze;  
The Sun too common none does fear,  
Nor on his Beams with wonder gaze.

A Song Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff* in *Tyrannick Love*, or the  
*Royal Martyr*. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

A h! how sweet, ah! how sweet, how sweet it is to Love, ah!





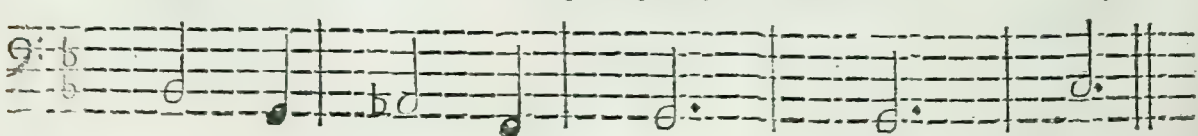
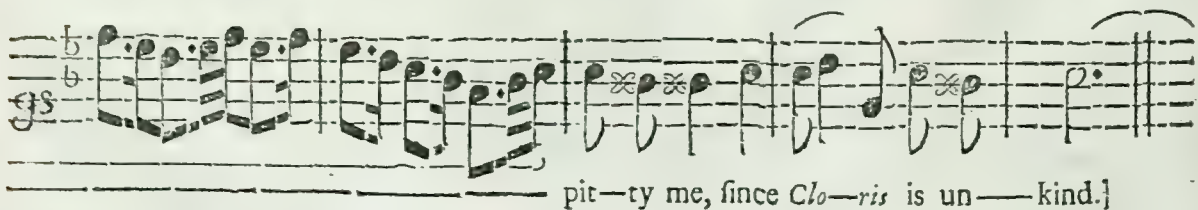
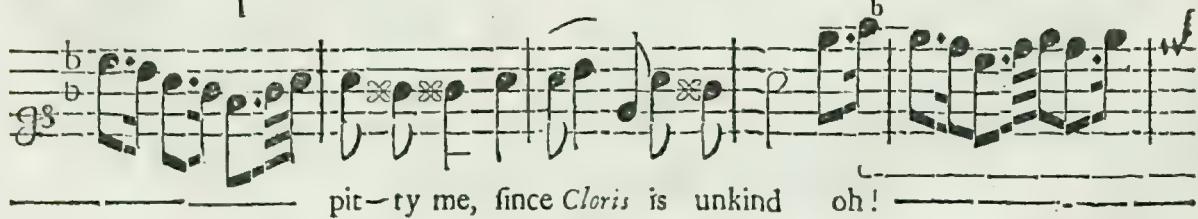
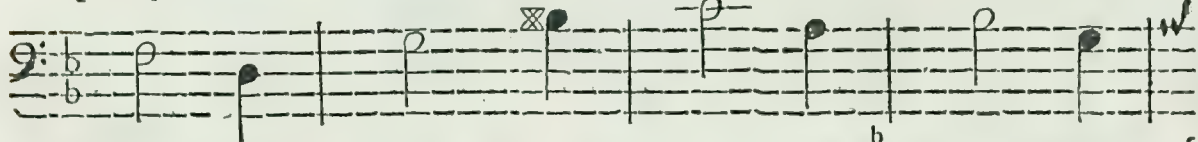
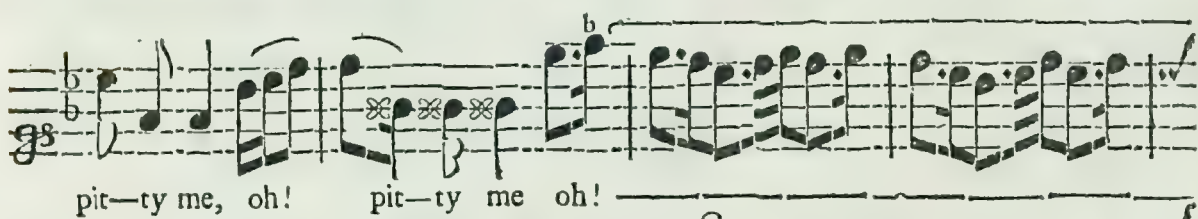
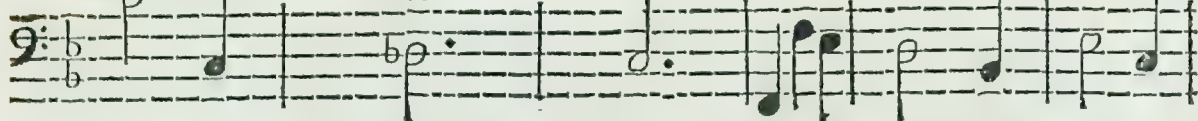
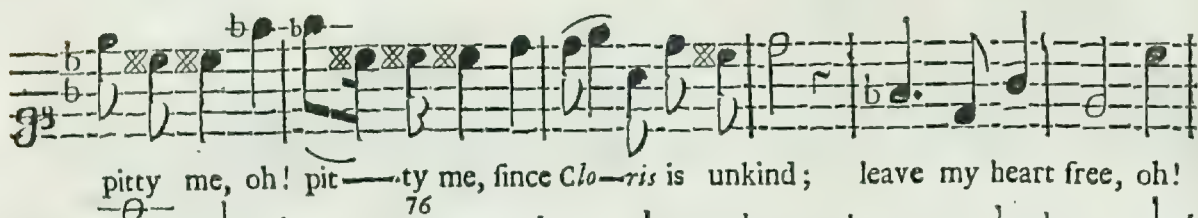
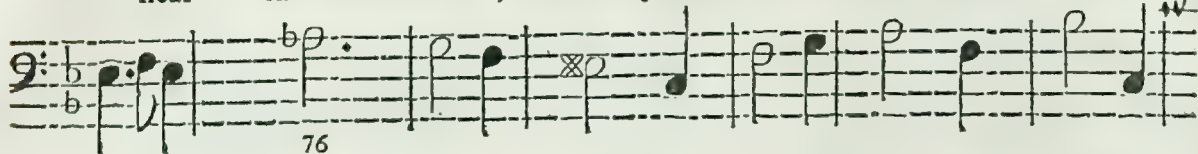
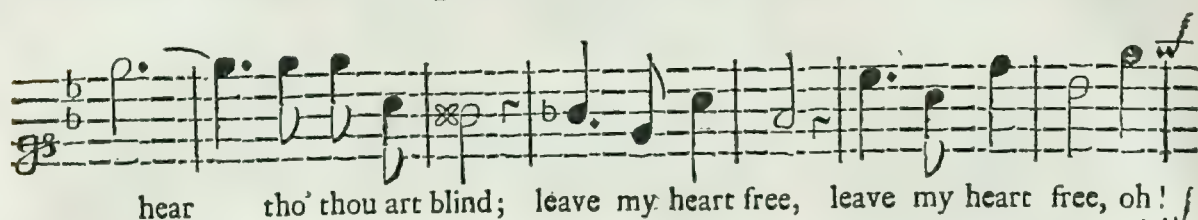
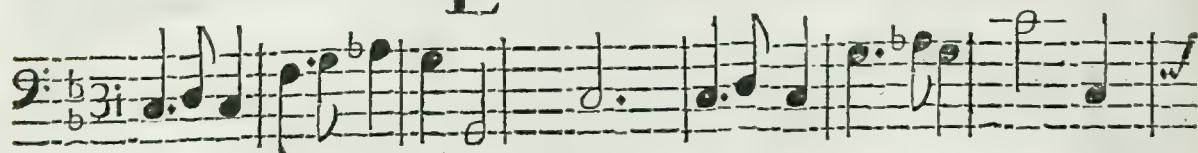
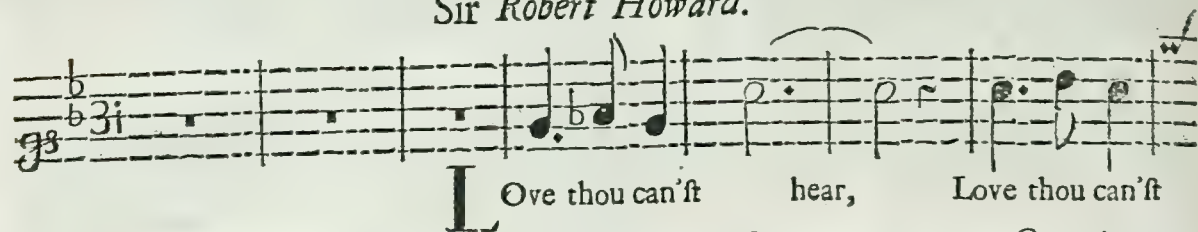
## II.

Sighs that are from Lovers blown,  
Gently move and heave the Heart;  
Even the Tears they shed alone,  
Like trickling Balsome cure the smart;

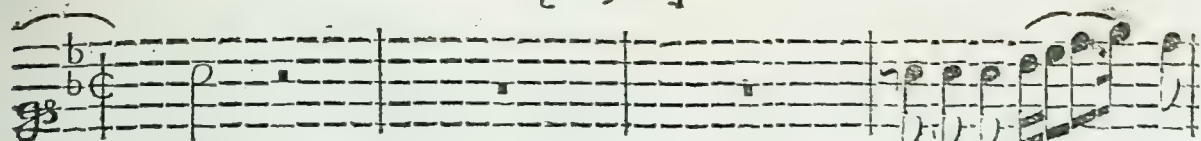
Lovers when they loose their breath,  
Bleed away an easy death.



A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by  
Sir Robert Howard.



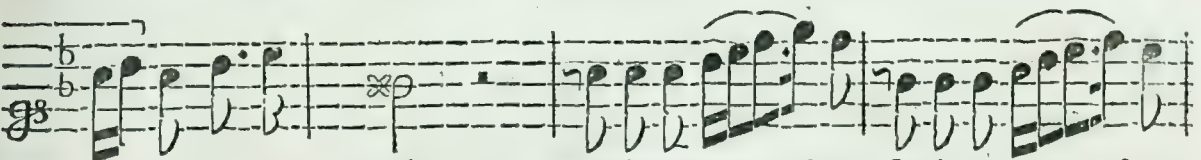




She is un--con--stant,



she is un--con--stant, she is un--con--



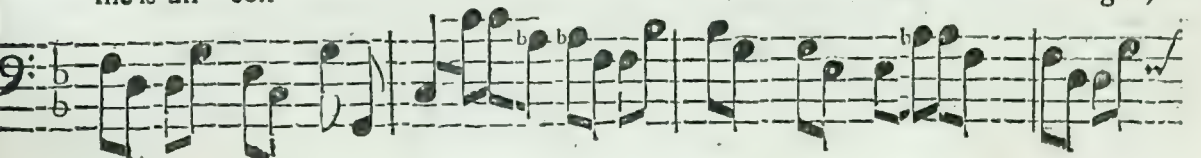
stant as she's bright;

she is un--con--stant, she is un--con--stant,



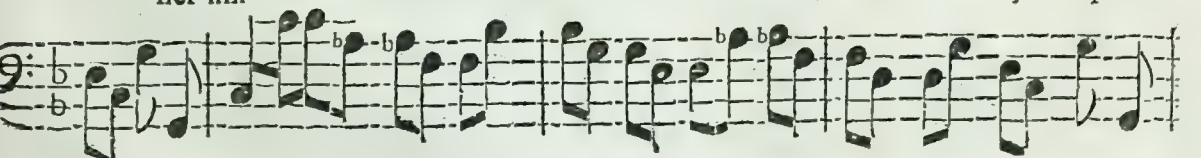
she is un--con--

stant as she's bright;



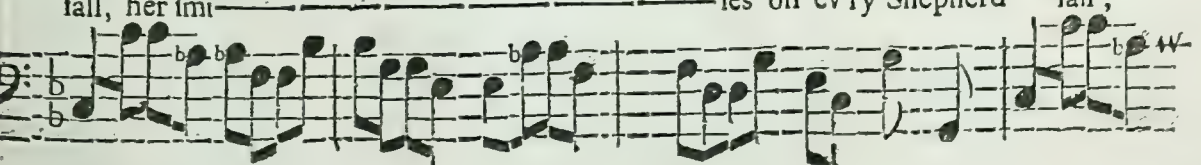
her smi

les on ev'ry Shepherd



fall, her smi

les on ev'ry Shepherd fall;





And as the Sun, and as the Sun u — fes his light, the

vainly, the vain—ly loves to shine, the vainly lo—

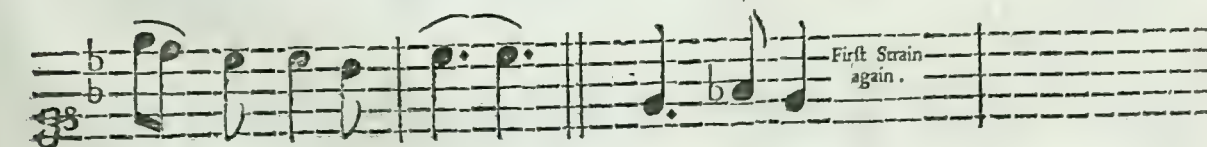
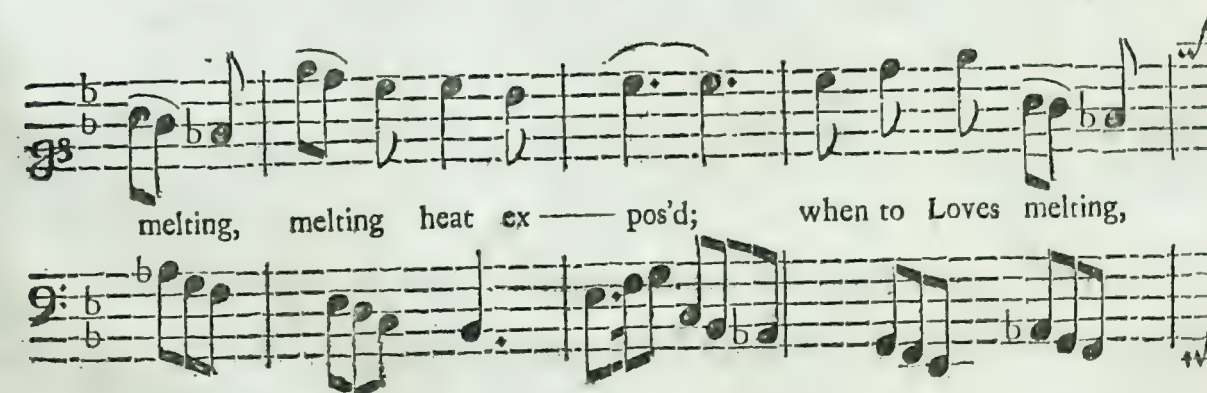
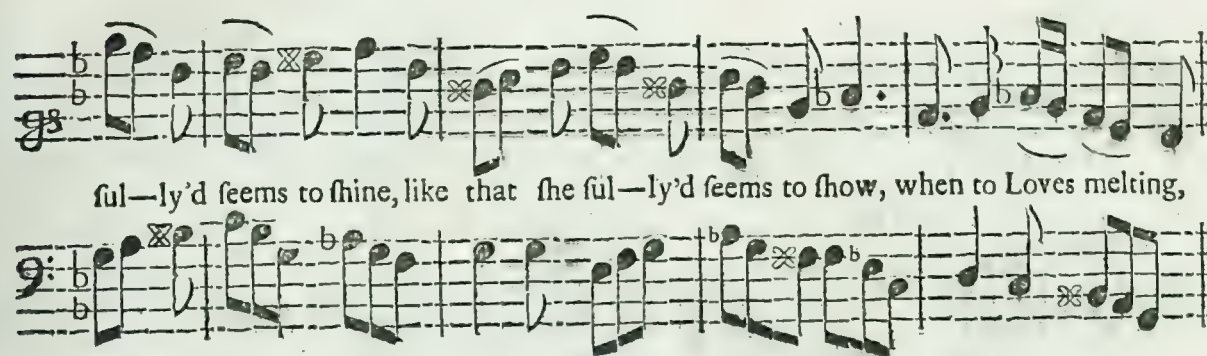
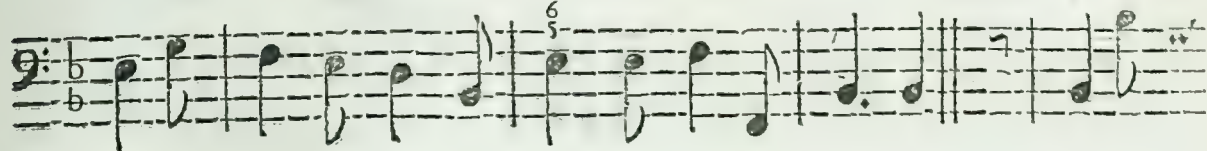
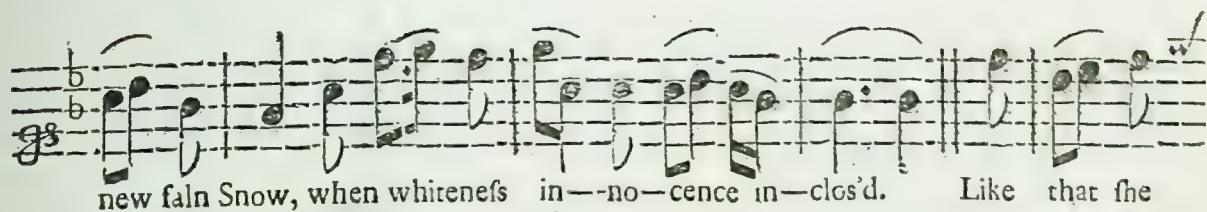
—ves to shine on all; and as the Sun, and as the Sun, u—

—fes his light, the vainly, the vain—ly loves to shine, the vainly

lo — ves to shine on all.

I thought her fair like new fallen Snow, I thought her fair like







## Brisk Time.

The powerfull Char — ms shall now be try'd, the powerfull

char — ms shall now be try'd; this Fu —

ry, this Fu —

ry from my breast to chase, I'll summons  
scorn, revenge and pride; I'll summons, summons

scorn, re-venge and pride;  
Slow.

at least her Image, at least her Image, her Image to deface.  
at least her Image, her Image to deface.



A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by  
Mr. Congreve.

**P**ious Ce---lin---da goes to Prayers, if I but ask, if I but ask the  
favour; and yet the tender, tender Fool's in tears when she believes, when  
she believes I'll leave her: Wou'd I were, wou'd I were free from this restraint, or  
else had hopes, or else had ho—pes to win her; wou'd she cou'd, wou'd she cou'd  
make of me a Saint, or I of her, or I of he—r a Sinner;  
wou'd I cou'd, wou'd I cou'd, oh! wou'd I cou'd make of her a Sinner.

E



A Song set by Mr. Courtiville. The Words by  
Mr. Congreve.

G Rant me gen-tle Love, said I, one choice blessing e're I dye,

long I've born ex-cess of pain, let me now, let me now, let me now,

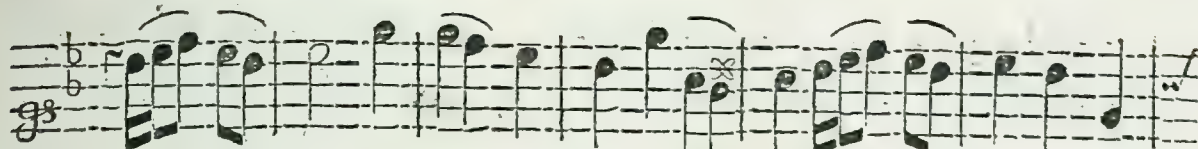
now some blifs ob-tain; thus, thus, thus, thus to al-migh-ty

Love, almigh-ty Love I cry'd when an-gry, thus, thus, thus, thus,

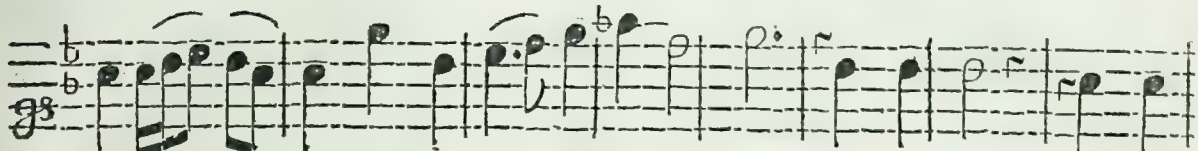
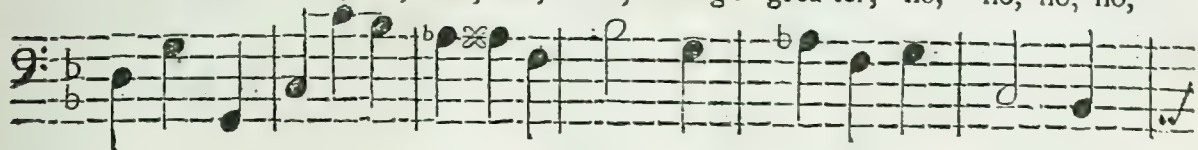
thus, thus, thus, thus, when angry, thus, thus, thus the God re-ply'd; when

an-gry, thus, thus, thus the God re-ply'd: Blessings greater, none, none, none, none

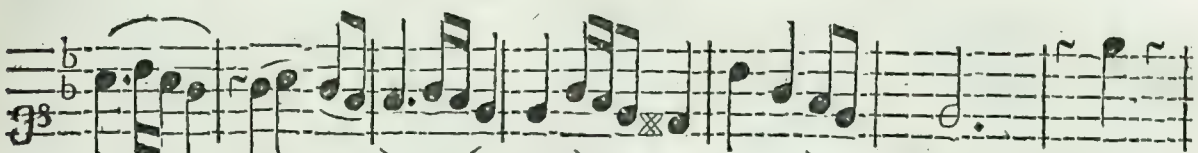
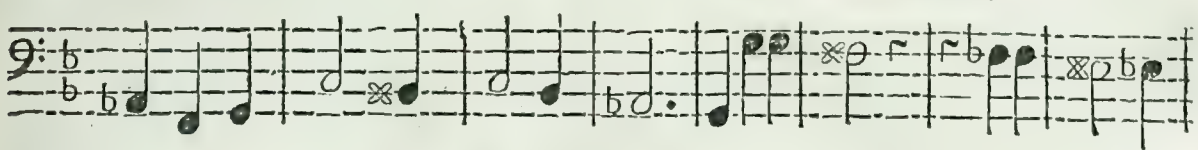




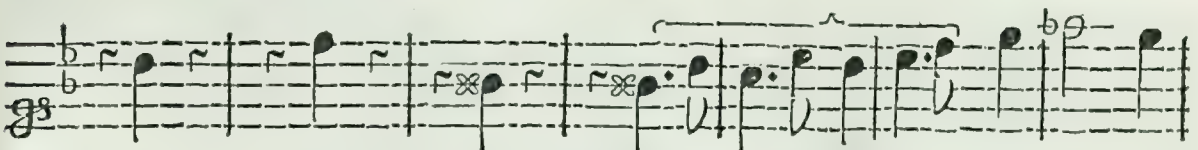
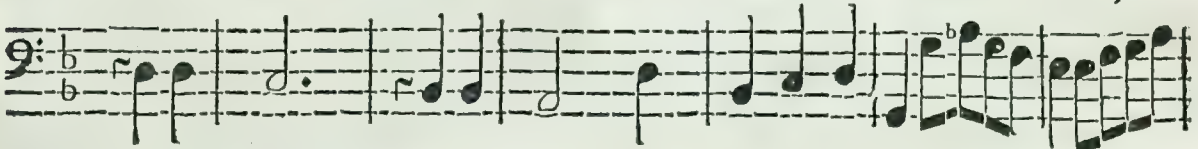
none can have, no, no, no, none, blessing's greater, no, no, no, no,



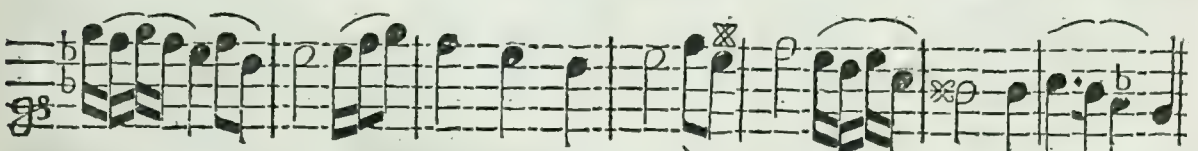
no, none can have; art thou not *A-min-ta's* slave? art thou not, art thou



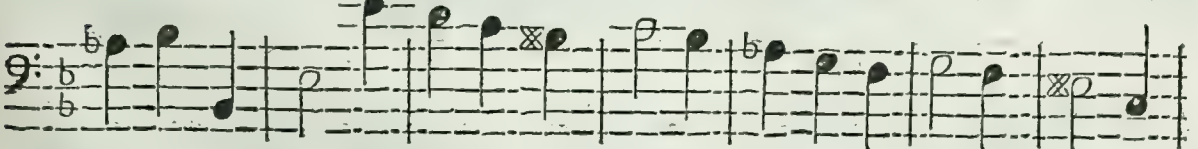
not, art thou not, art thou not *A-min-ta's* slave? cease,



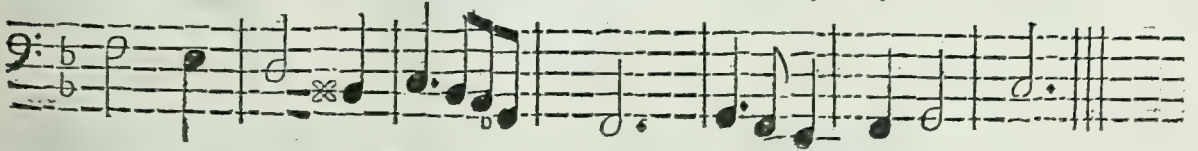
cease, cease, cease, cea — se fond mor — tal



to implore, for Love, Love himself's no more; no more, for Love him-

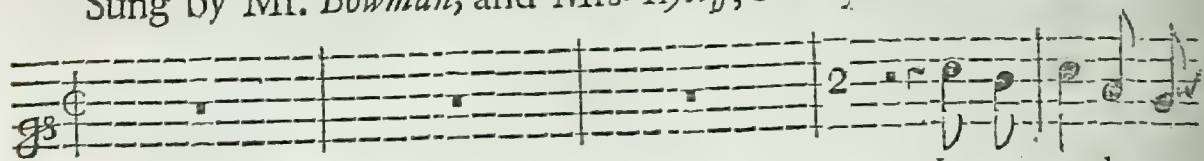


—self's no more, for Love himself's no more, no, no, no more.

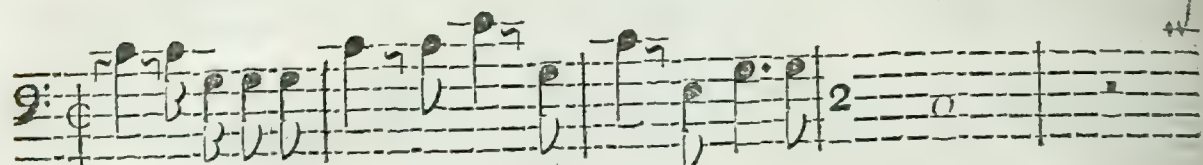




A Dialogue in *Tyrannick Love*, or the *Royal Martyr*,  
Sung by Mr. Bowman, and Mrs. Ayliff, Set by Mr. H. Purcell.



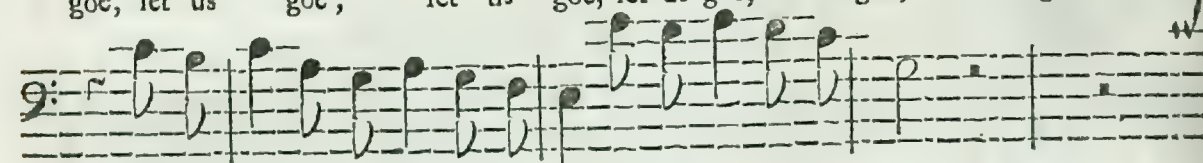
Let us goe, let us



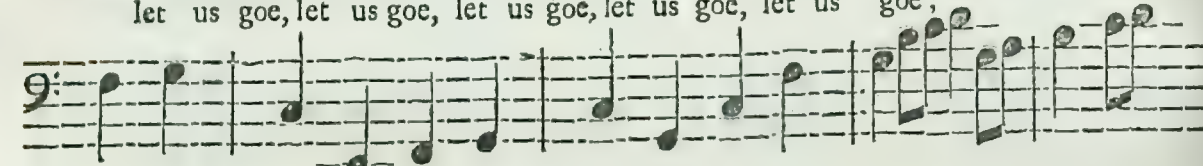
**H**ark my *Davidcar*! hark we're cal'd, we're cal'd, we're cal'd be — low ;



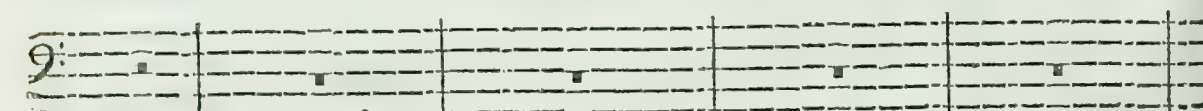
goe, let us goe; let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe to re



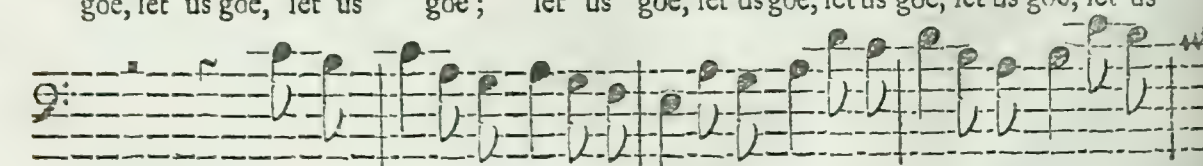
let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe;



—leave the care, of lon—ging Lovers in dif—pair; let us



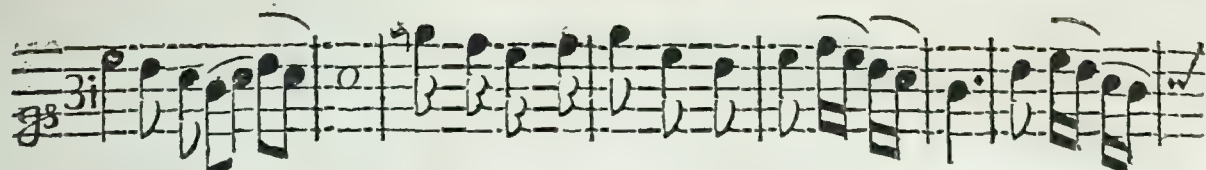
goe, let us goe, let us goe; let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us



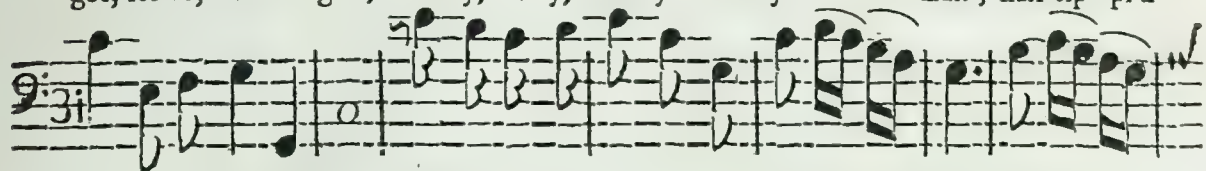
let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us



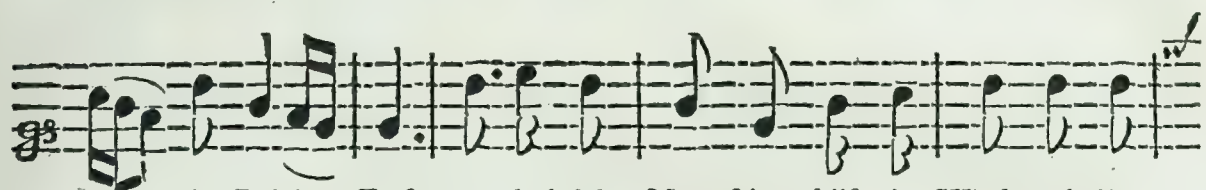
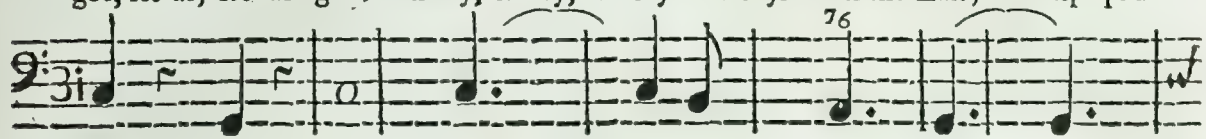




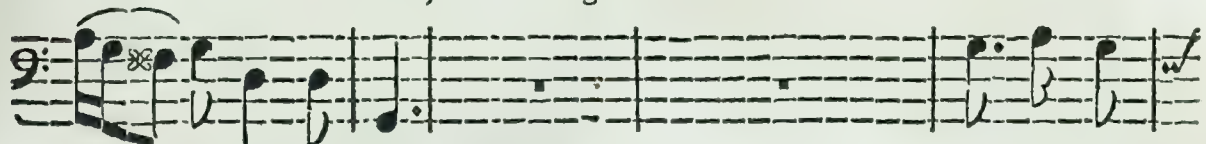
goe, let us, let us goe; merry, merry, merry we Sayle from the East; half tip--pl'd



goe, let us, let us goe; merry, merry, merry we Sayle from the East; half tip--pl'd

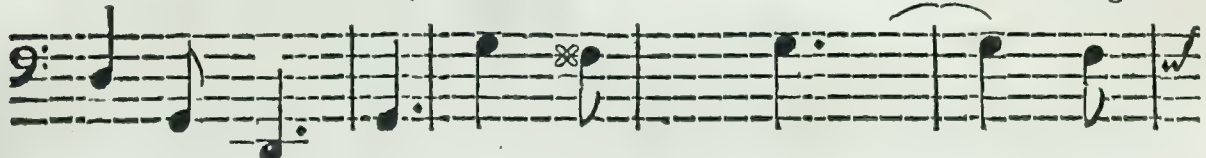


at the Rainbow Feast; in the bright Moon-shine whilst the Winds whistle



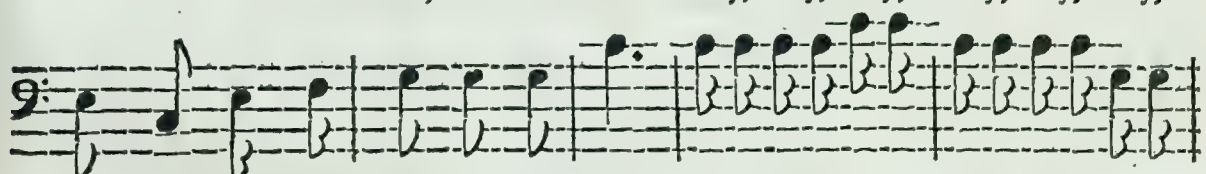
at the Rainbow Feast;

in the bright

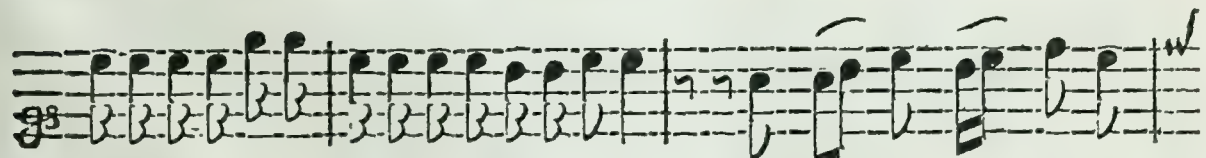
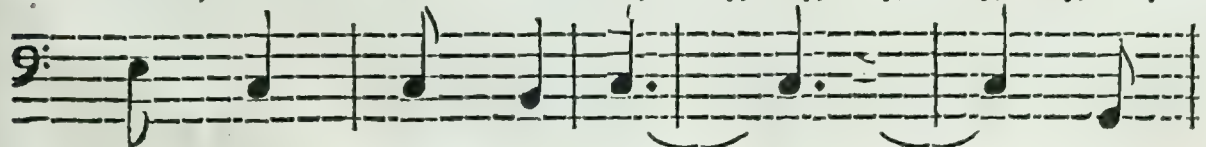


loud;

tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy,

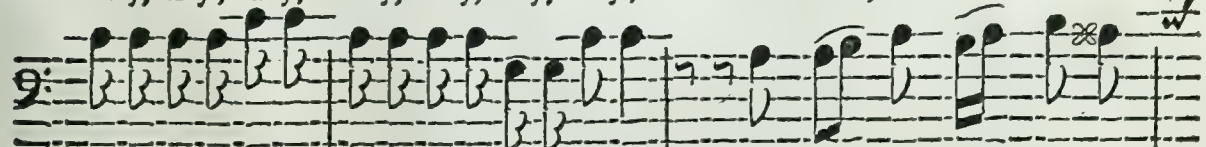


Moon-shine, whilst the Winds whistle loud; tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy



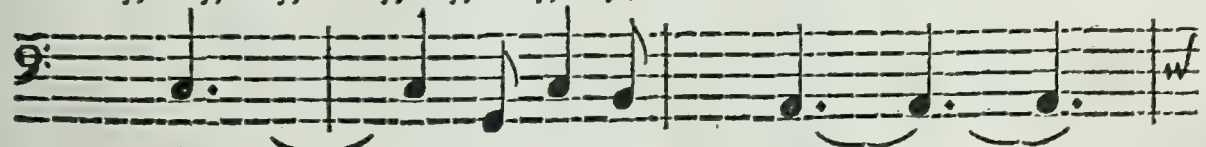
tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy;

we mount, we mount and we

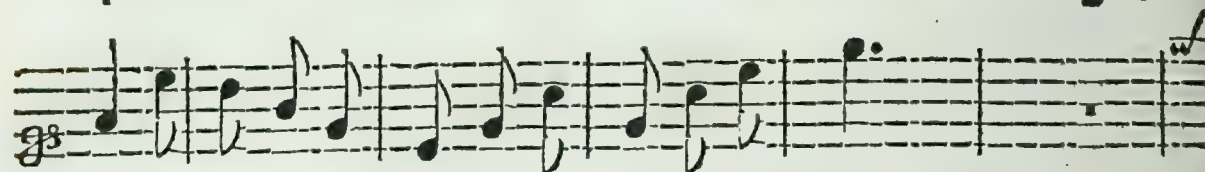
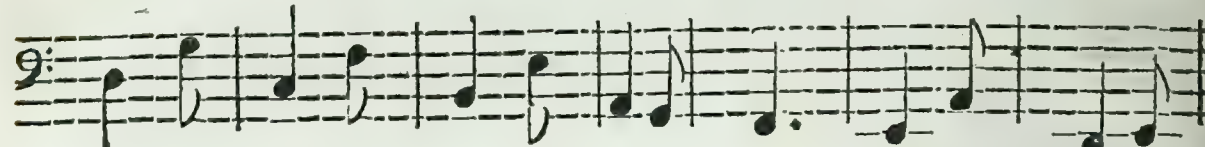
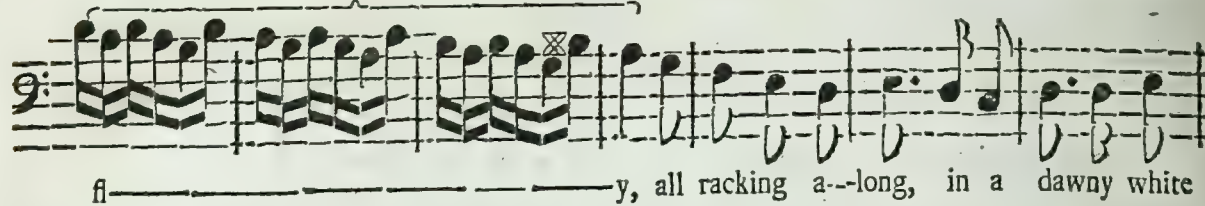
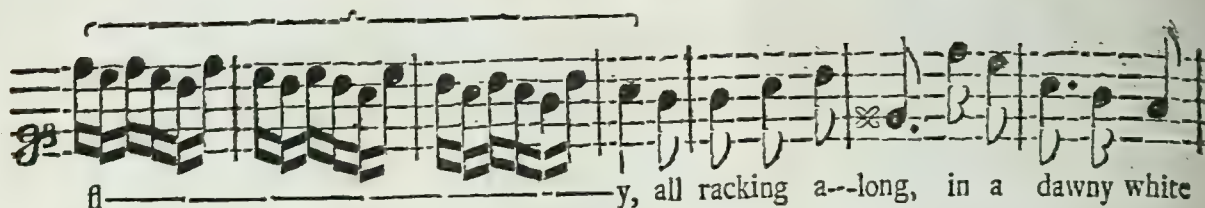


tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy;

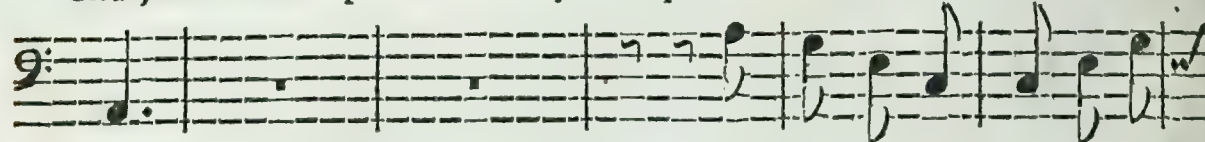
we mount, we mount and we



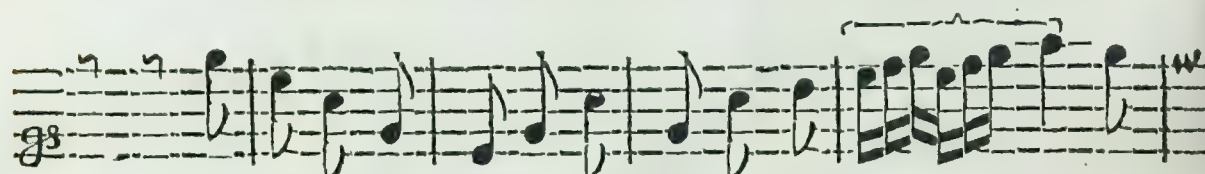




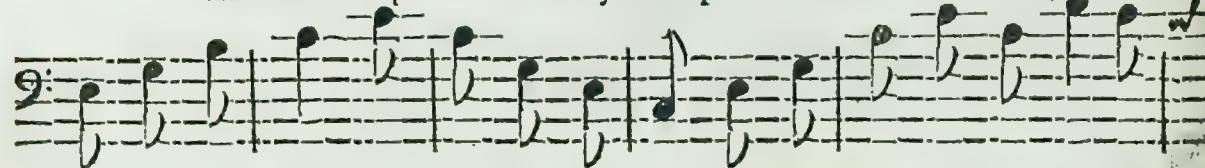
Cloud, and least our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too farr,



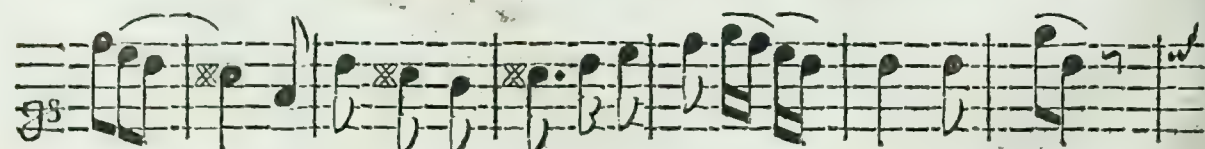
Cloud, and least the leap from the Sky



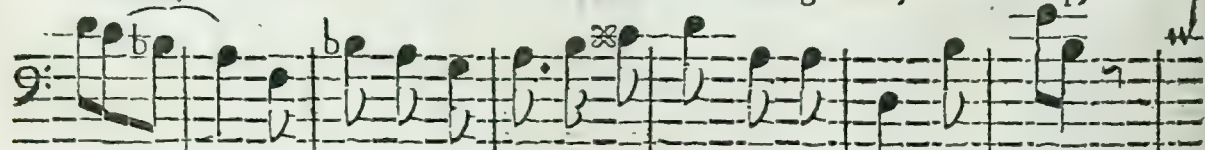
and least our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too fa--rr, we'll



shou'd prove too farr, and least our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too farr, we'll



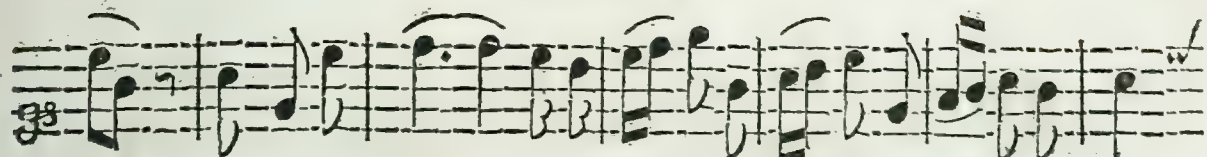
slide, we'll slide on the back of a new fal-ling Star, and drop,



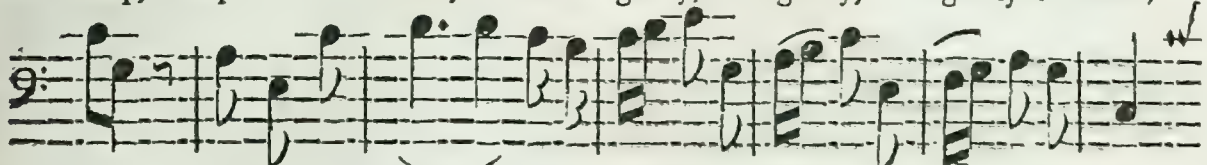
slide, we'll slide on the back of a new fal-ling Star, and drop,



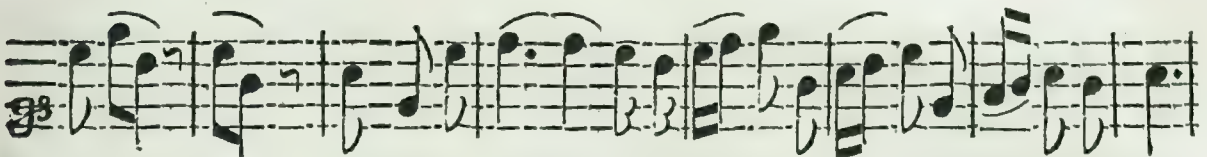
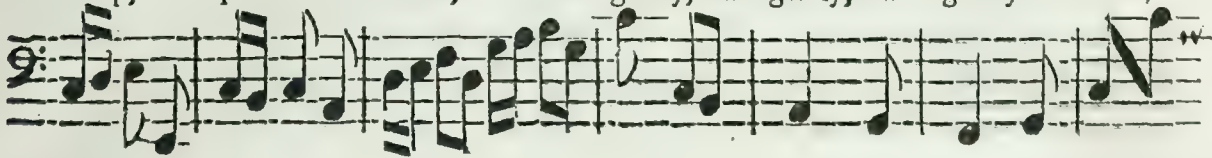




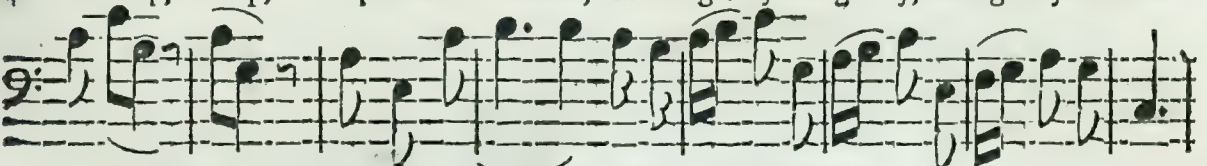
drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;



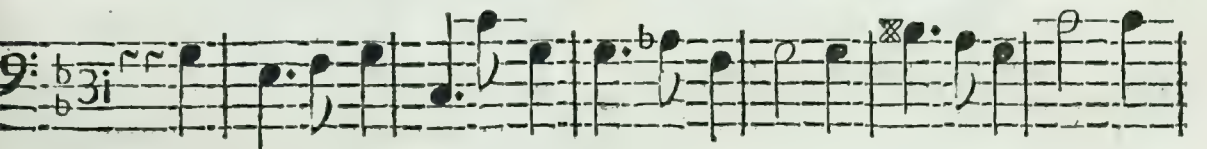
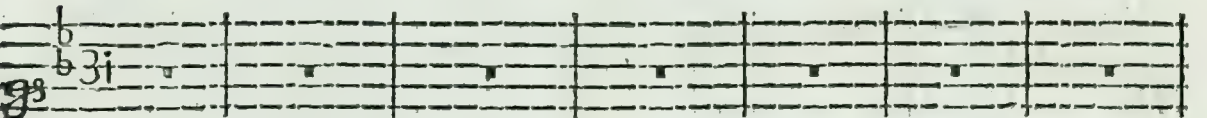
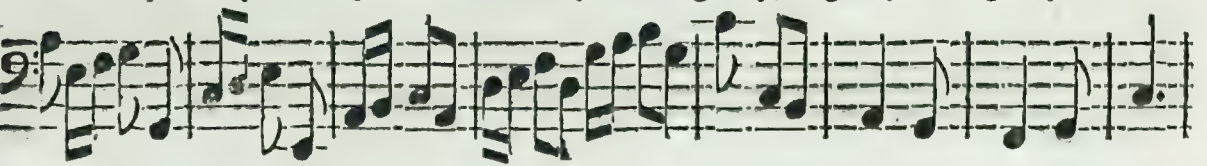
drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;



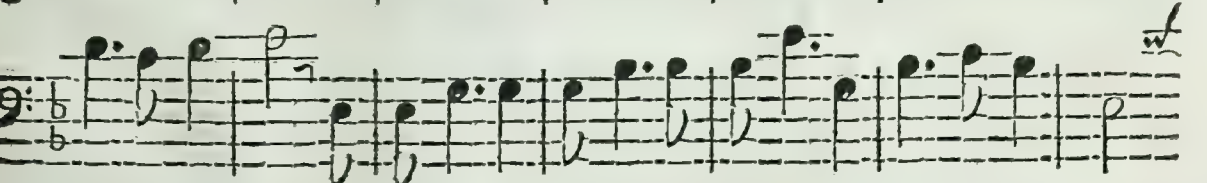
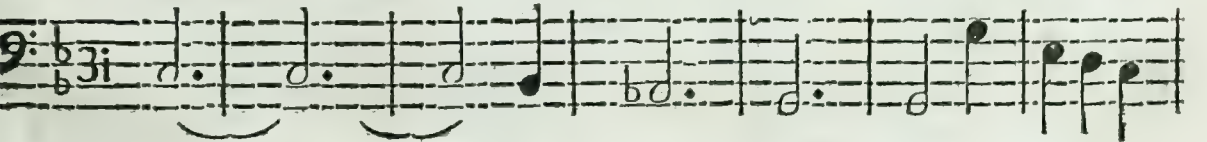
and drop, drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.



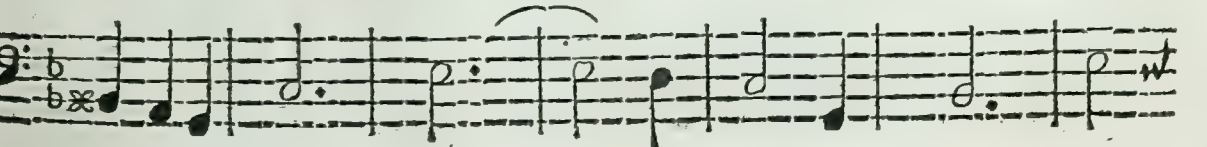
and drop, drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.



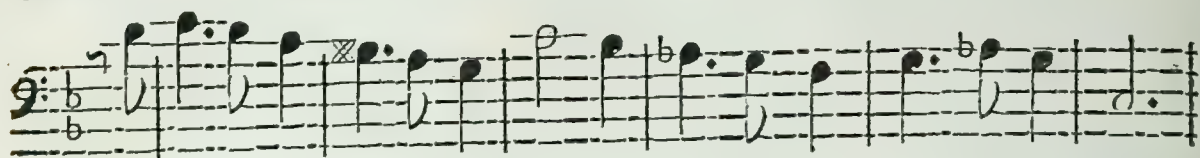
But now the Sun's down, and the Element's Red, the Spirits of Fire a—



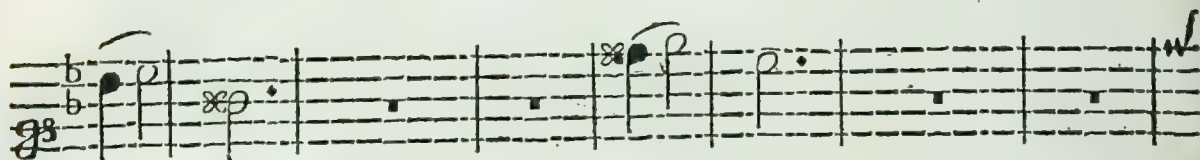
—gainst us make Head; they muster, they muster, they muster like gnats in the Air:



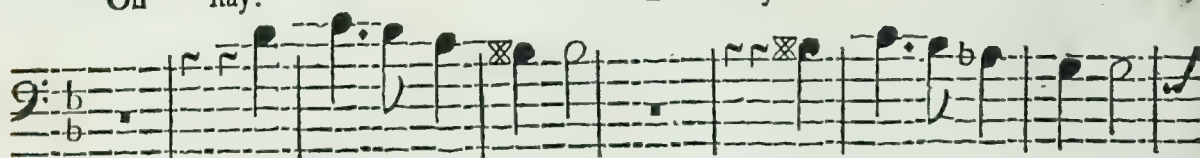




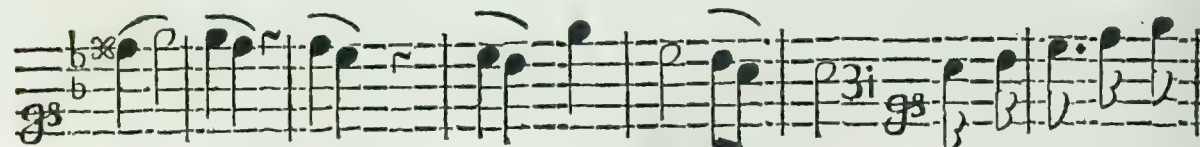
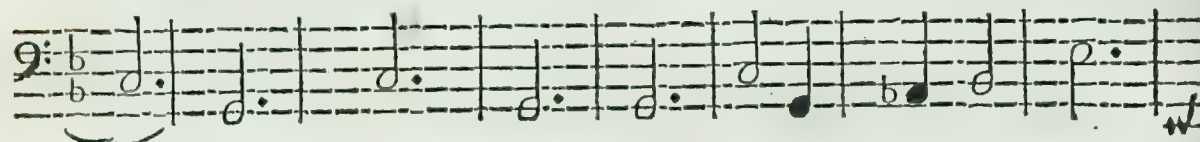
a—las I must leave thee my Fair, and to my light Horse-men re—pair.



Oh stay! oh stay!



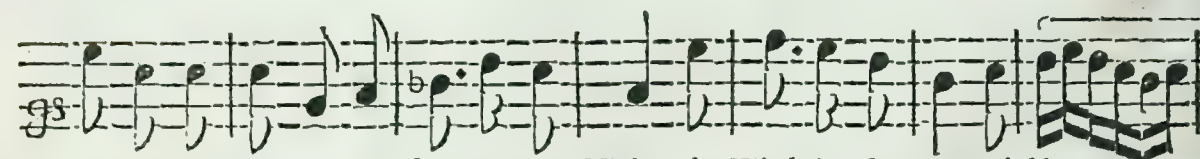
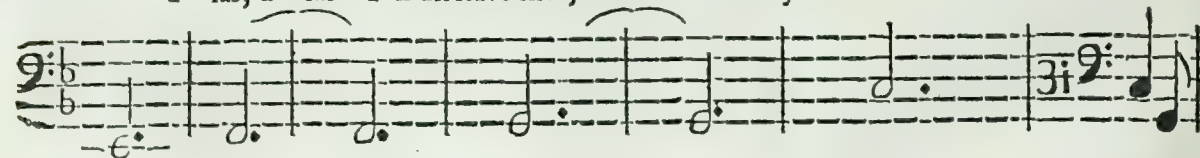
A—las I must leave thee, a—las I must leave thee



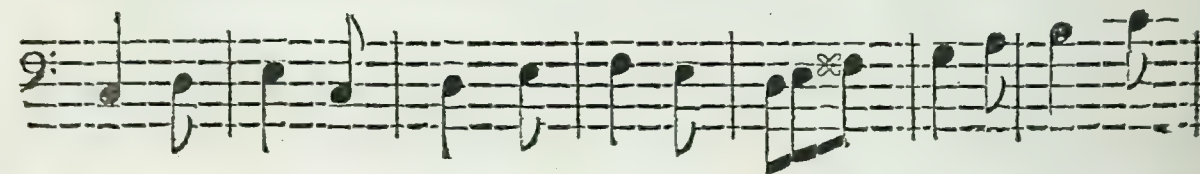
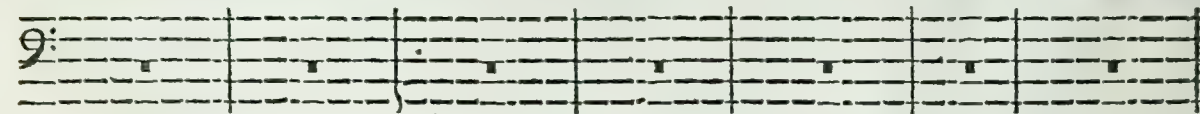
oh stay! stay, stay, oh stay, stay, stay; for you need not to



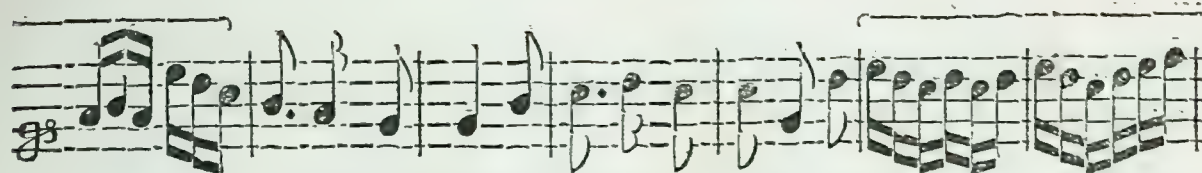
a—las, a—las I must leave thee, must leave thee my Fair.



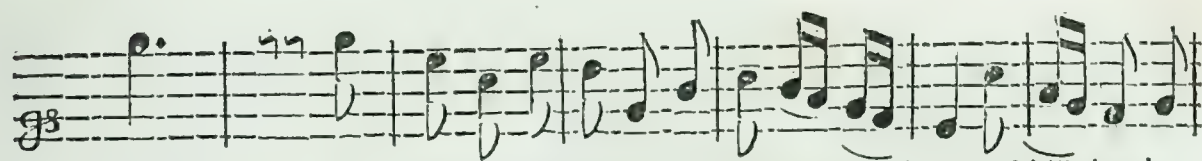
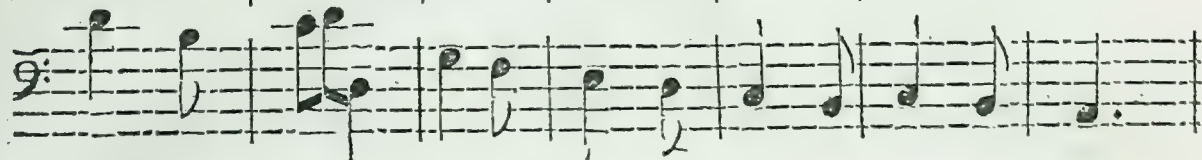
fear 'em, you need not to fear 'em to Night; the Wind is for us and blo—



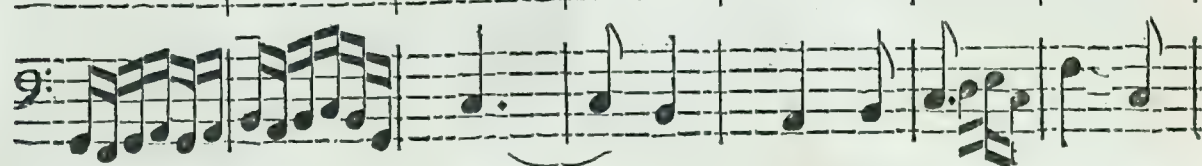
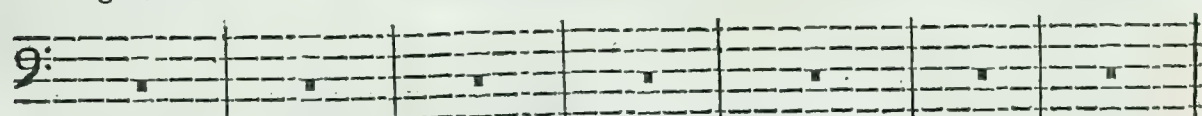




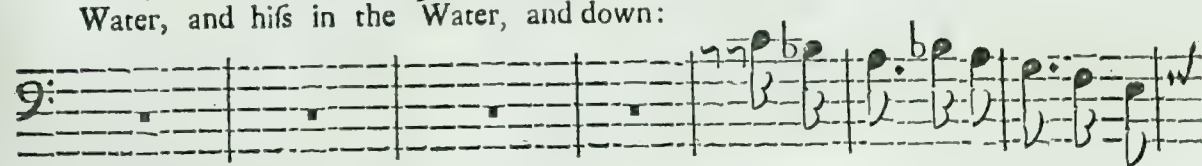
ws full in their fight, and o're the wide Ocean we fi



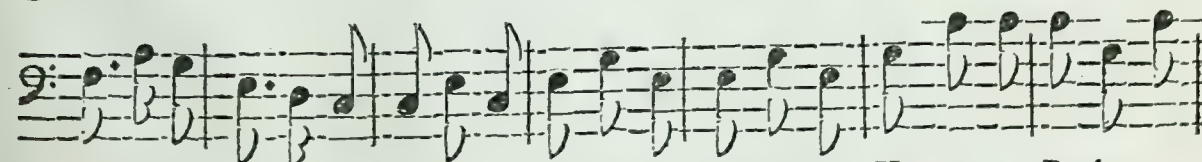
ght; like Leaves in the Autumnour Foes will fall down and his in the



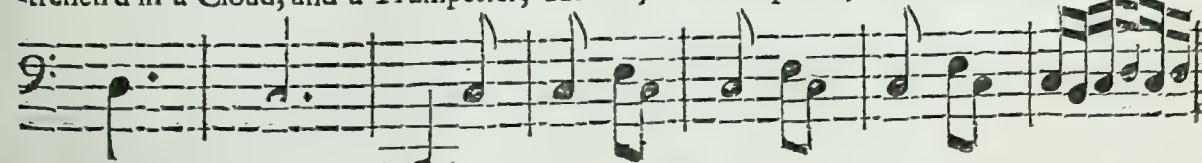
Water, and his in the Water, and down:



But their Men lye se-cure-ly in-



trench'd in a Cloud, and a Trumpetter, Horner, a Trumpetter, Horner to Battle, to





Bat - - - - - the sounds loud; no mortals that spy how we

Tilt in the Sky, with wonder will gaze and fear such events as will ne're come to pass,

Then call me a-gain when the Battle is won.  
stay you to perform what the Man wou'd have done.

Chorus.

So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pity, to pity the

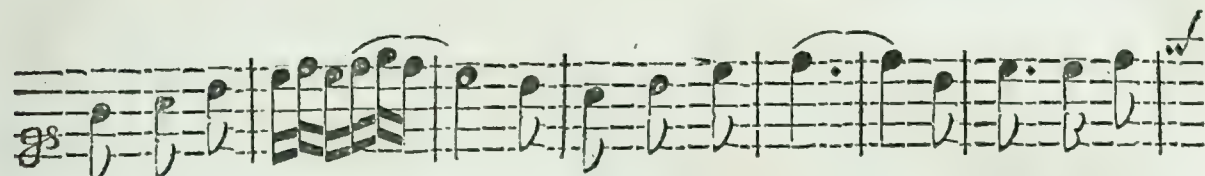




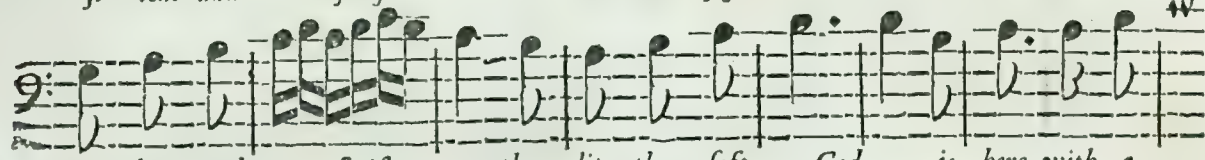
Lover, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift, si-lent and swift,



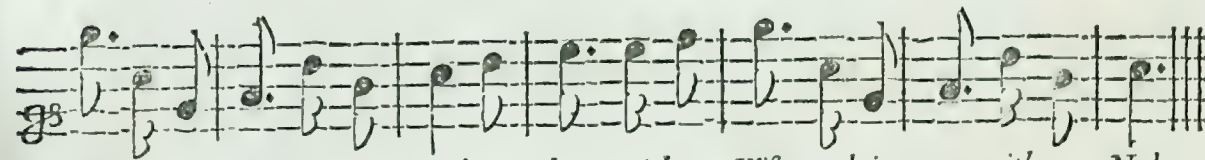
Lovers, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift,



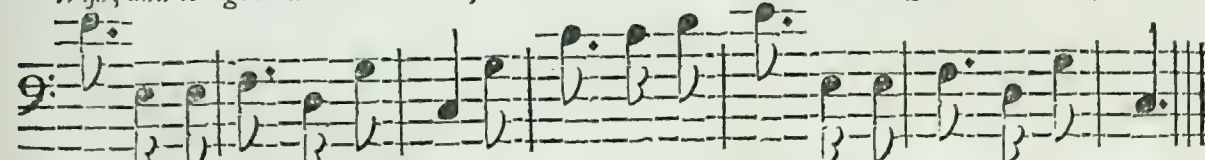
si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a



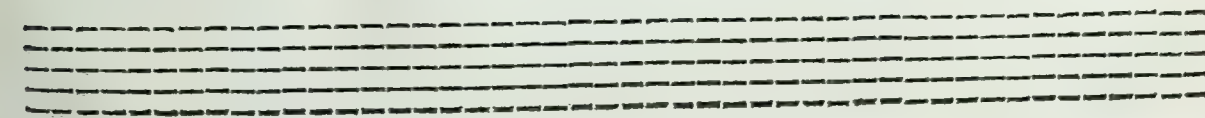
si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a



Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.



Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.





## A Song set by Mr. Ralph Courtivelle.

W H Y fair Co—rin—na shou'd you grieve, why fair Co—rin—na shou'd

you grieve, why, why ah! why, why fair Co—rin—na why shou'd you grieve; whilst

wise—ly we im—plore the hap—piest hours, the Gods can give or mor—tals

can in—joy; let those whose Beauties are de—cay'd, their

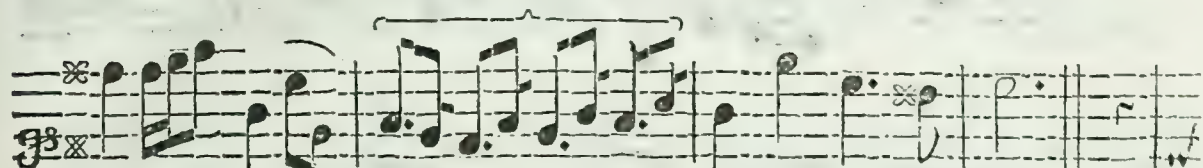
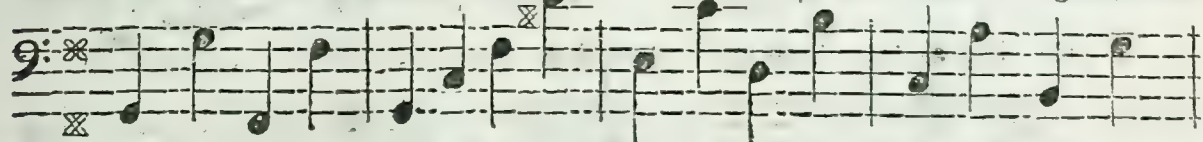
lofs of pow'r, their lofs of pow'r be—moan, be—moan, be—moan, their

lofs of pow'r bemoan; since Men are feldom cap—





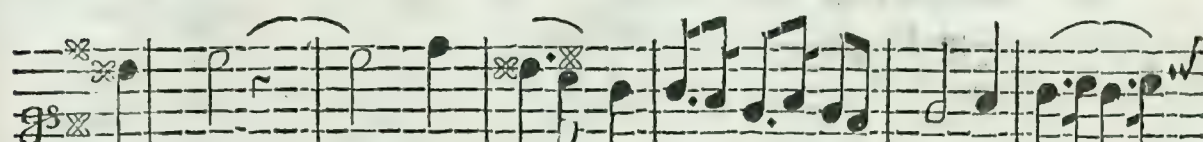
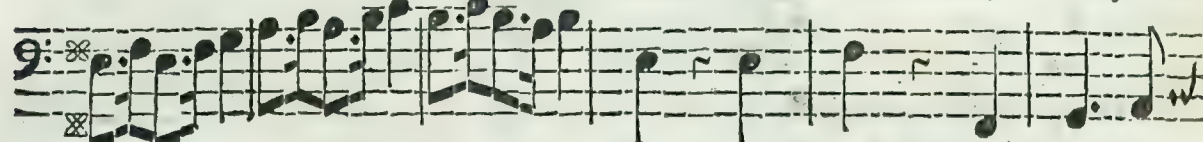
tives, captives made, when that great Charm is gone, when



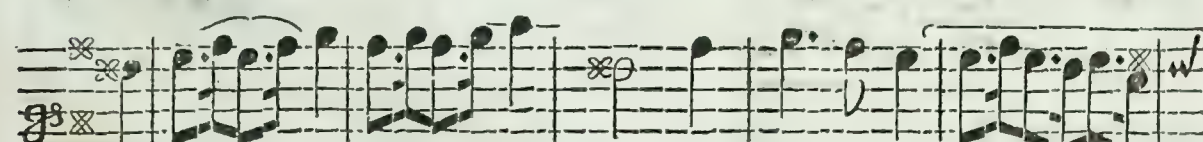
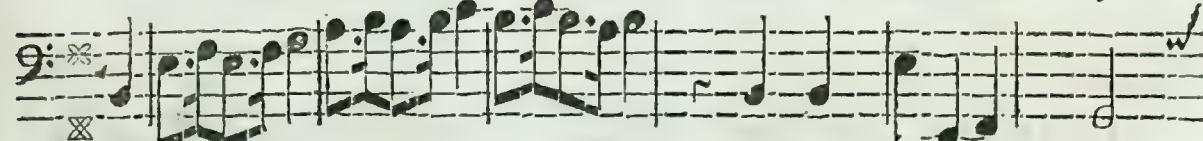
that great, great, great Cha ——— rm, great Charm is gone:



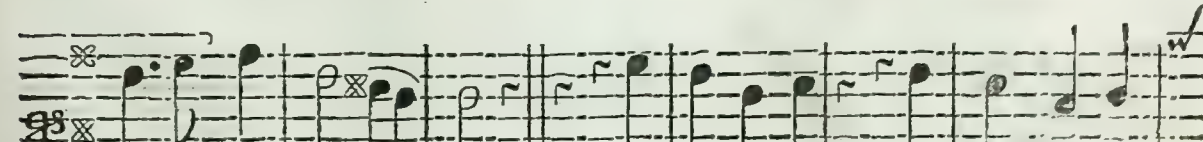
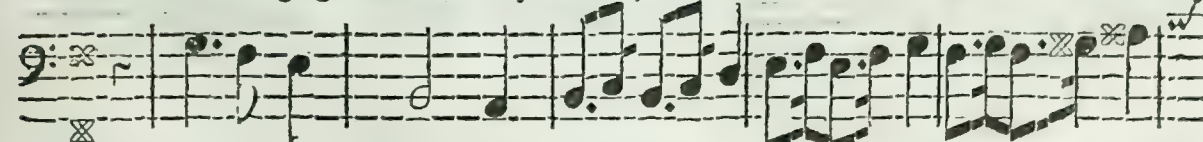
But you who dai — ly may



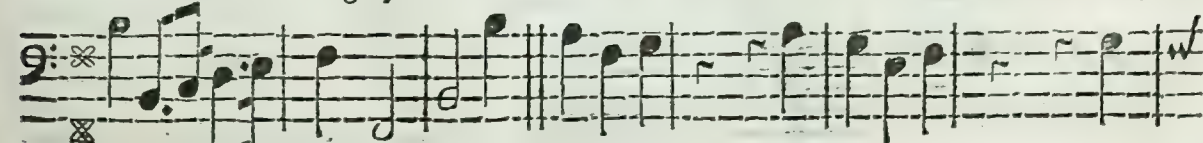
be — hold, whole mil — lions that a — dore, and by



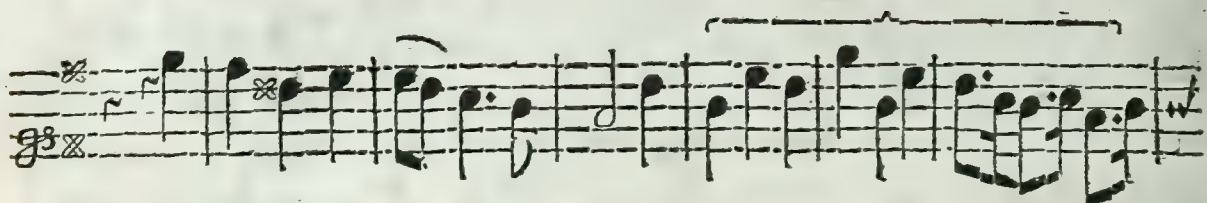
in — dul — ging ev — ry hour, in — crease, increa —



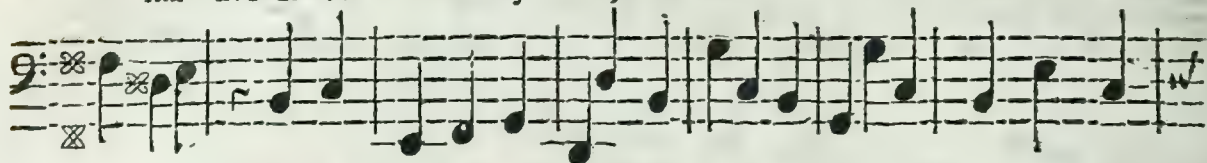
— se the mighty store. Still live as free, still live as free,



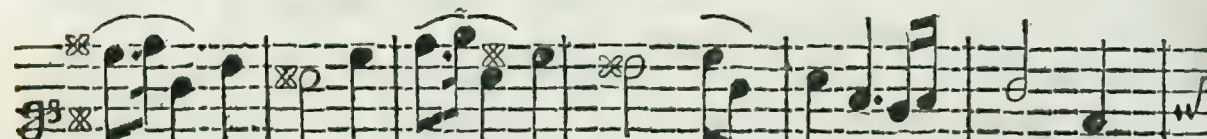
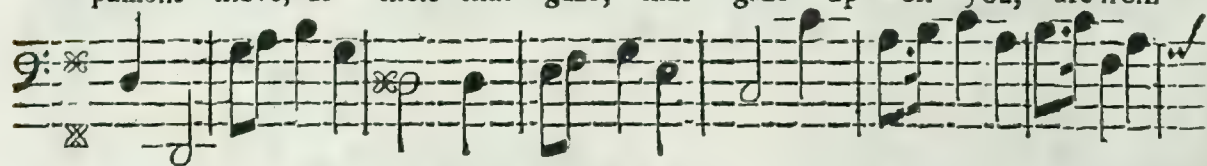




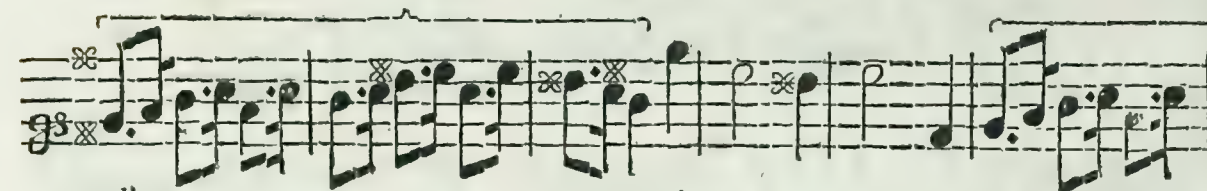
still live as free from ev'ry care, that com—mon



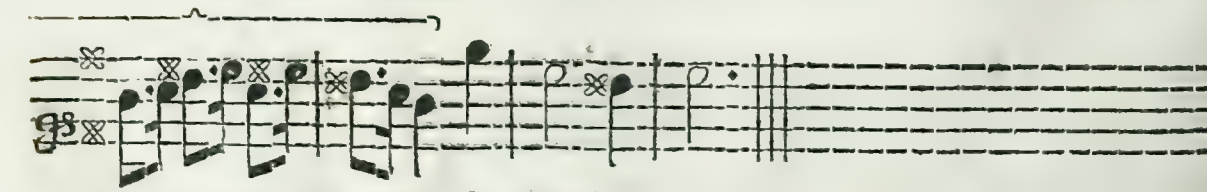
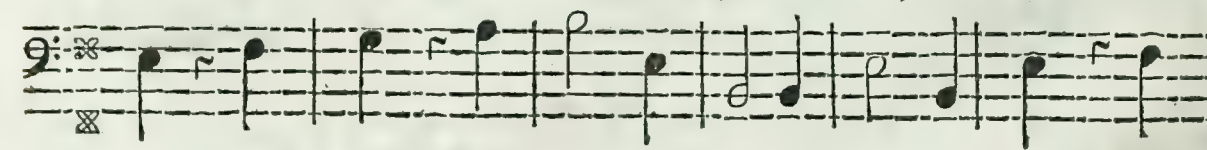
passions move, as those that gaze, that gaze up—on you, are from



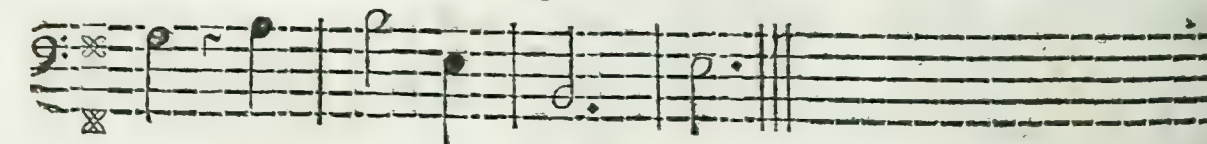
all de—signs, from all de—signs, de—signs but Love; from



all ————— designs but Love, from all —————



de—signs but Love.





A Song on Mrs. Bracegirdle's Singing (*I Burn &c.*) in  
the 2 Part of *Don-Quixote*. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

W whilst I with grief did on you look, whilst I with grief did on you

look, when Love had tur- n'd your Brain, from

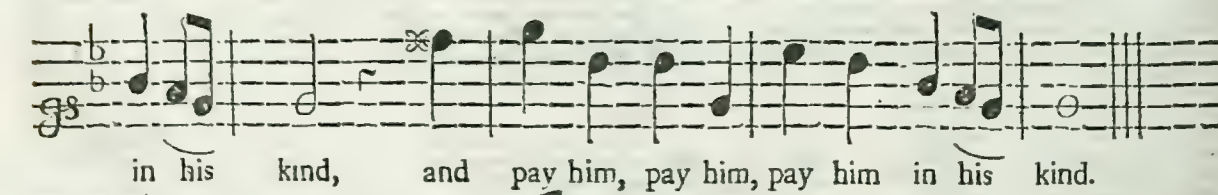
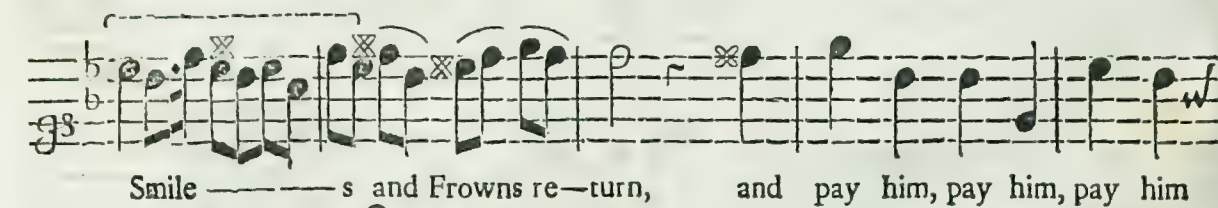
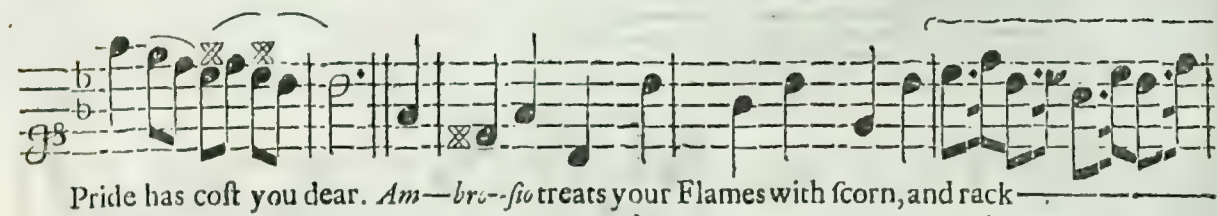
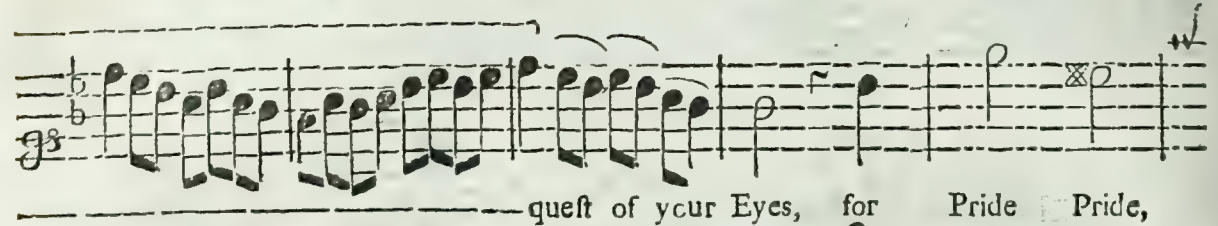
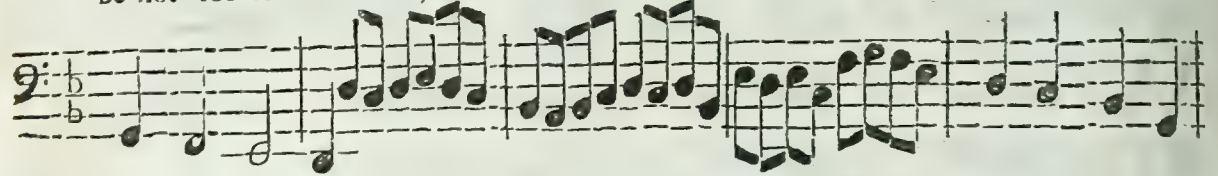
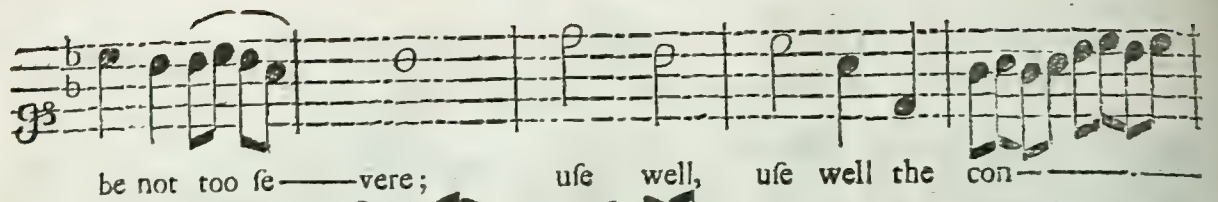
you I, I the con- ta- gion took, from you I, I the con-

ta- gion took, and for you, for you bore

the pain, for you, for you bore the pain:

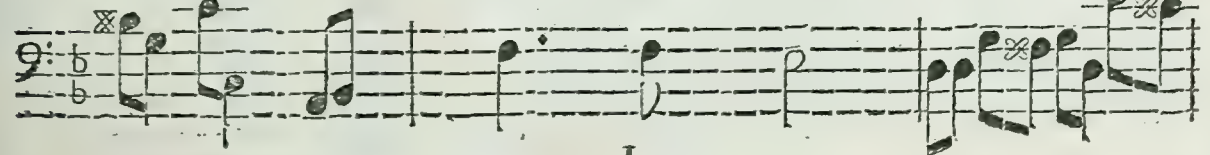
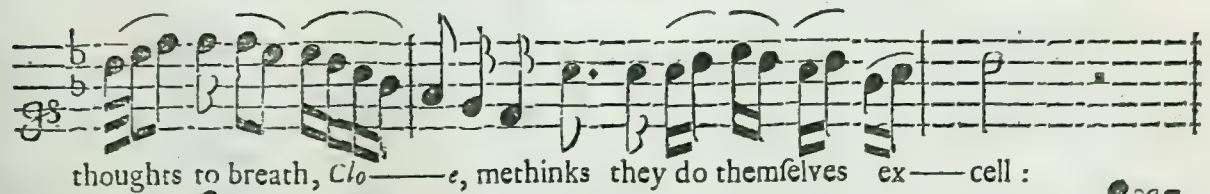
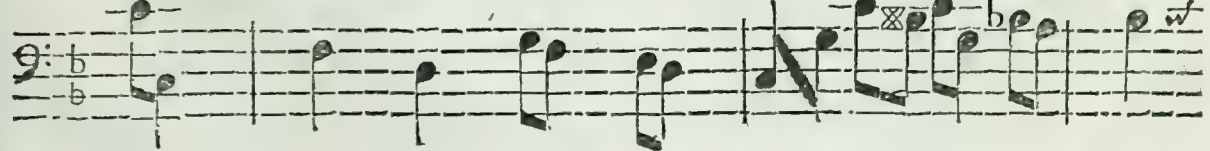
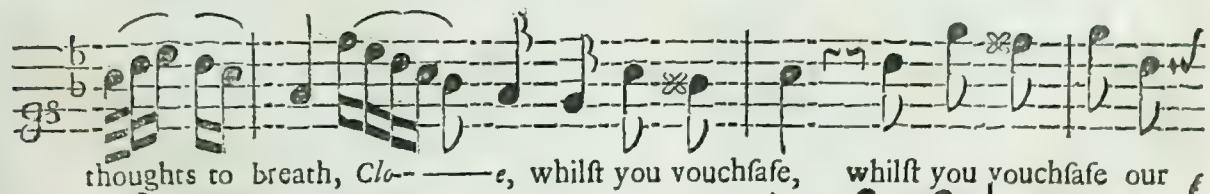
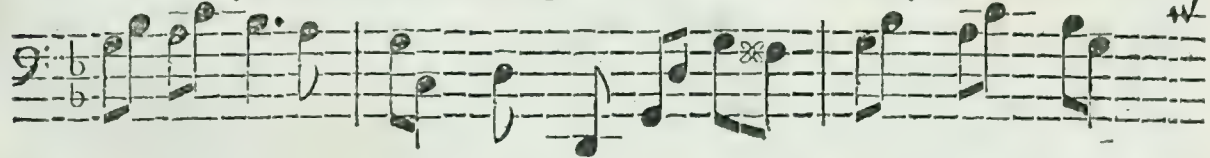
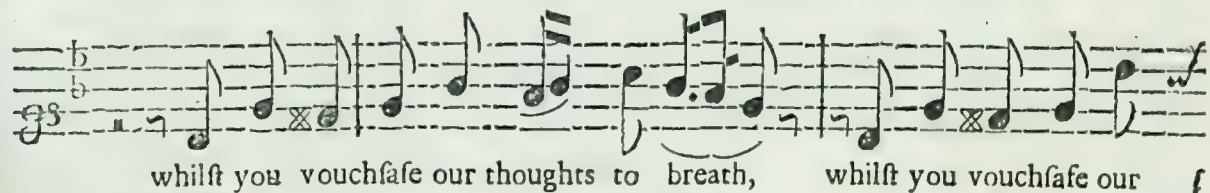
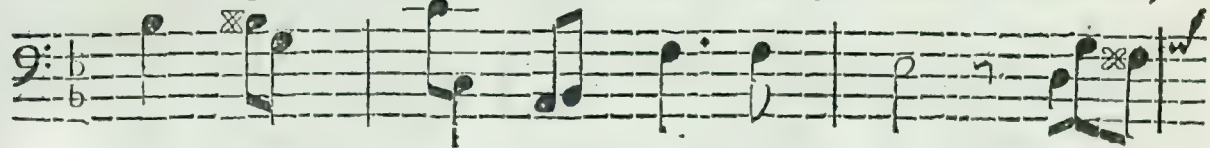
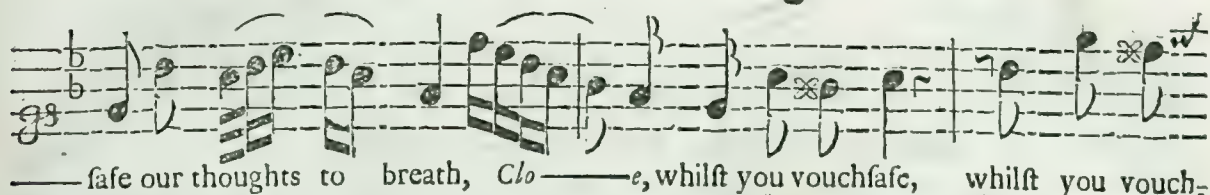
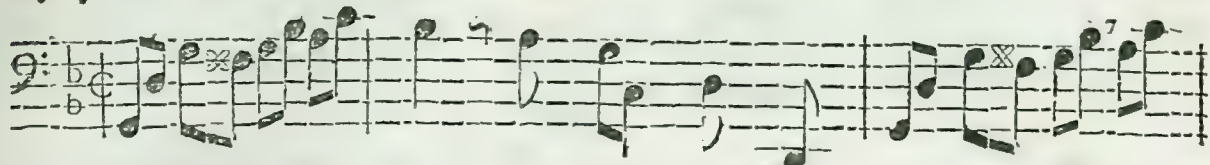
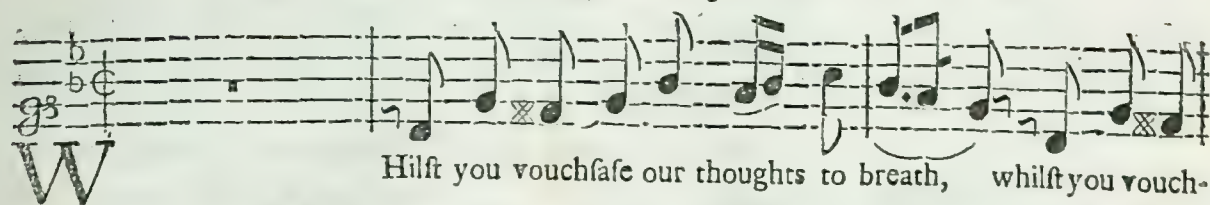
Mar- cella, then your Lo- ver prize, and be not, be not,







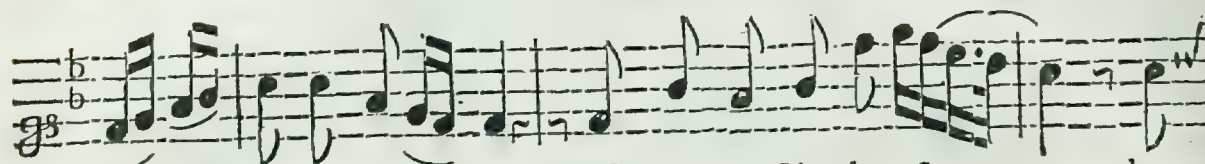
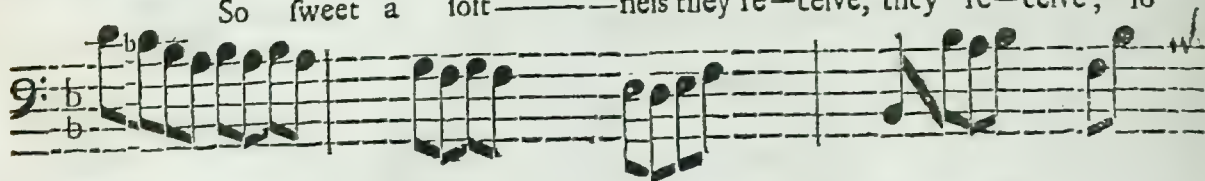
## A New Song set by Dr. Blow.



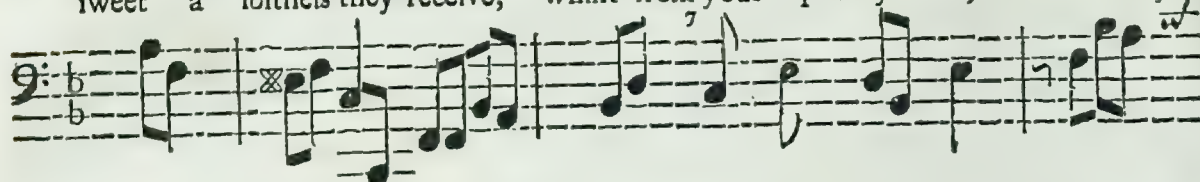




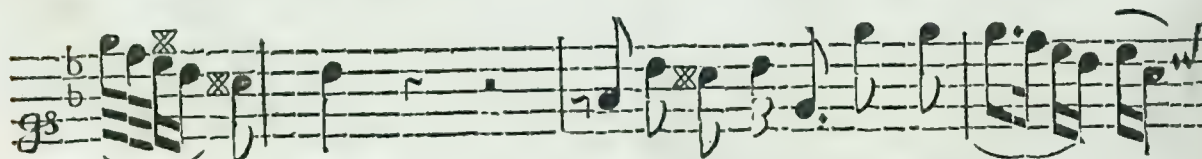
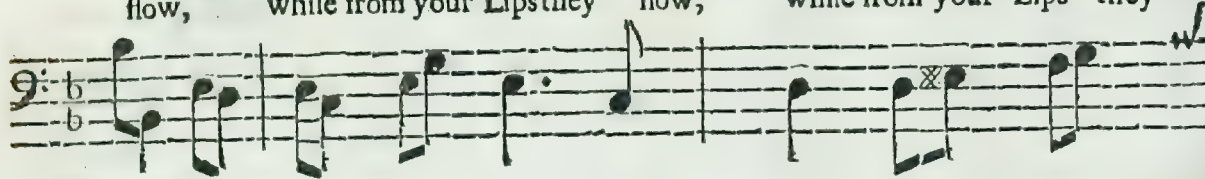
So sweet a softness they receive, they receive; so



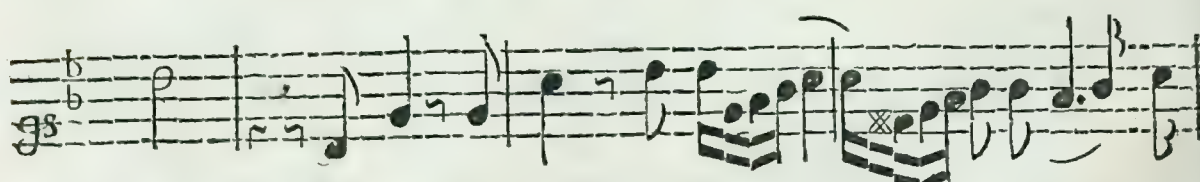
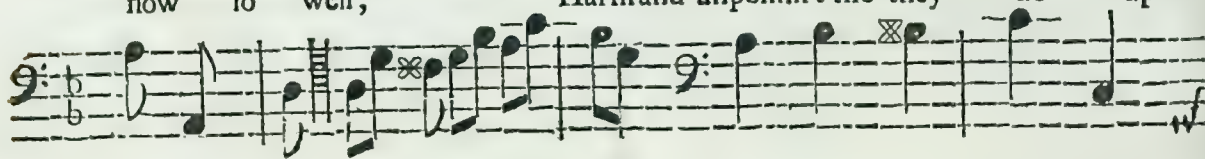
sweet a softness they receive, whilst from your Lips they flow, they



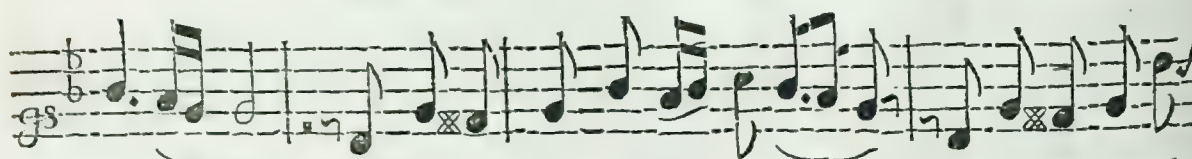
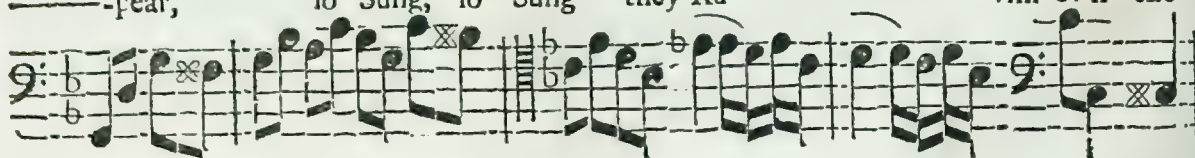
flow, while from your Lips they flow, while from your Lips they



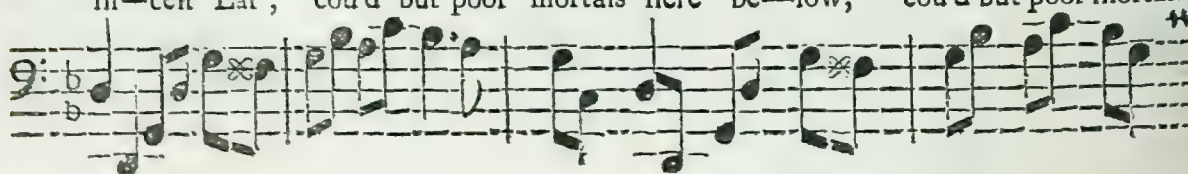
flow so well; Harsh and unpollish'd tho' they do ap-



-pear, so Sung, so Sung they Ravish ev'n the



nicest Ear; could but poor mortals here be-low, could but poor mortals





here be-low, sometimes Sing and always Love; cou'd but poor mortals here be

low, sometimes Sing, and always Love, and always Love; 'Twould some

Ear—nest on us bestow, of what the hap—py, hap—py, happy

do a—bove, of what the happy, hap—py, happy, the hap—py, happy

of what the happy do above, of what the hap—py do a—boue;



To Charm the Age, and to re form it too; This,

Clo—e, this, Clo—e, sure must be reserv'd for you.

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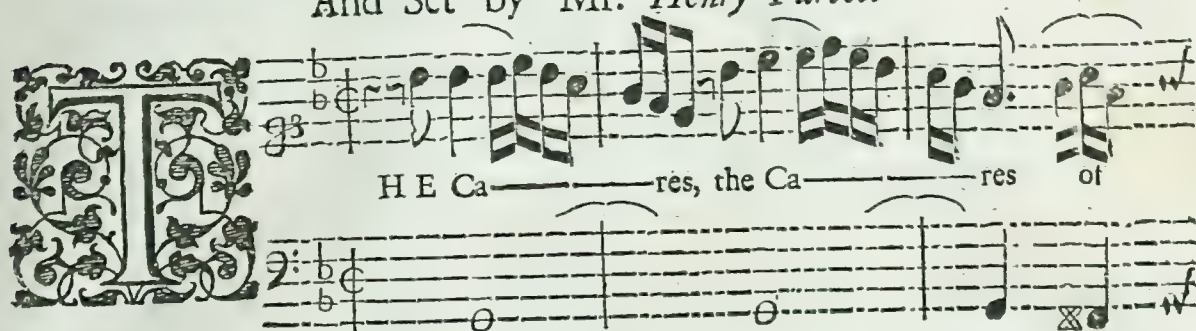
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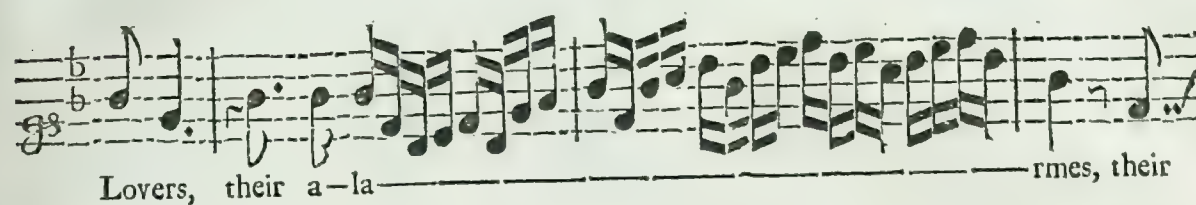
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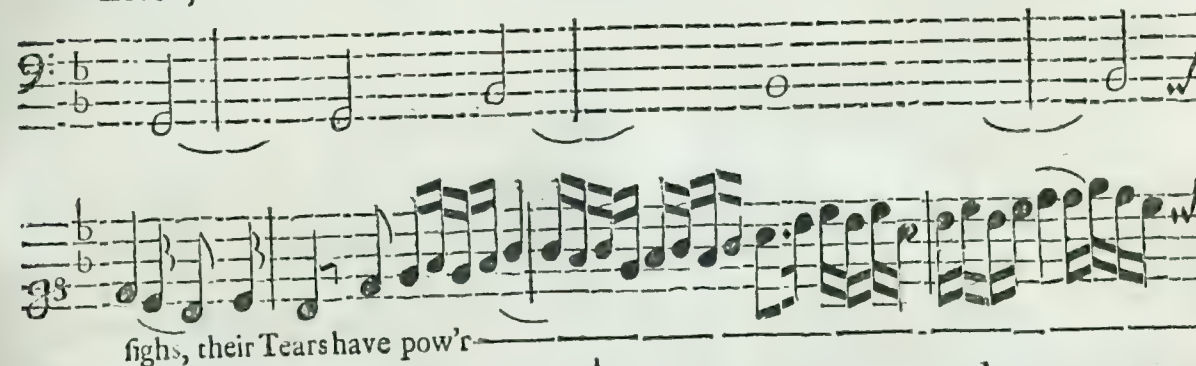
A Song ( in *Timon of Athens* ) Sung by the Boy,  
And Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



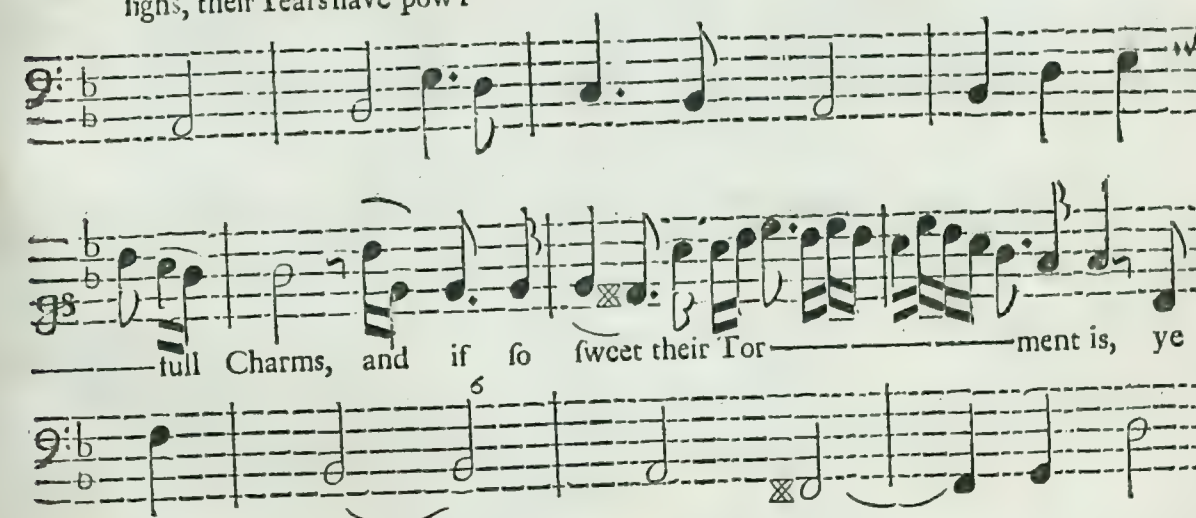
H E Ca—res, the Ca—res of



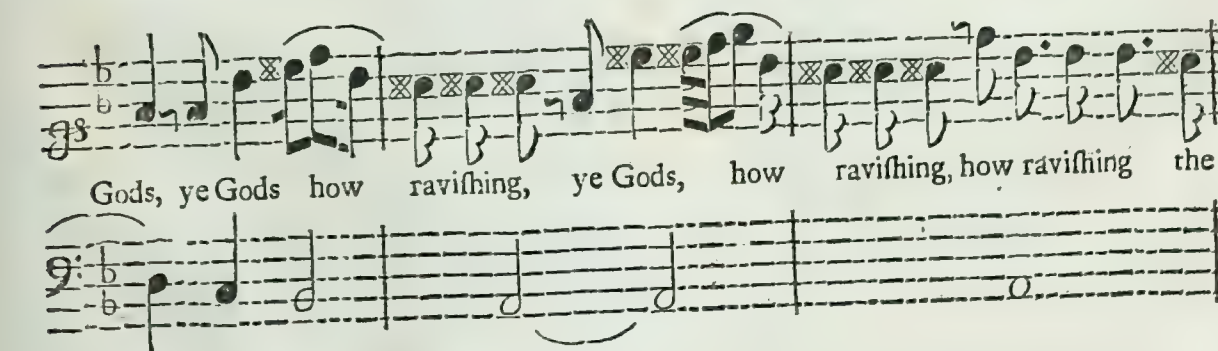
Lovers, their a—la—rmes, their



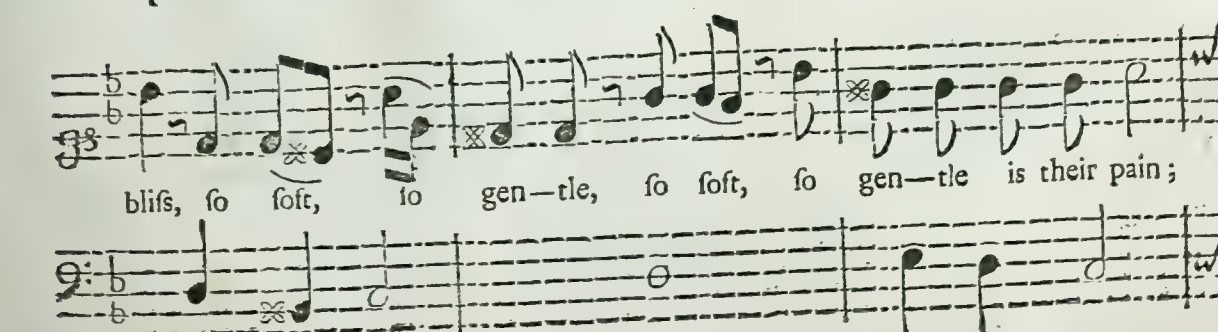
sighs, their Tearshave pow'r—



—tull Charms, and if so sweet their Tor—ment is, ye



Gods, ye Gods how ravishing, ye Gods, how ravishing, how ravishing the

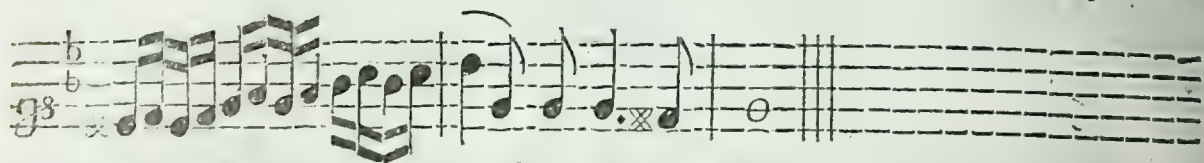
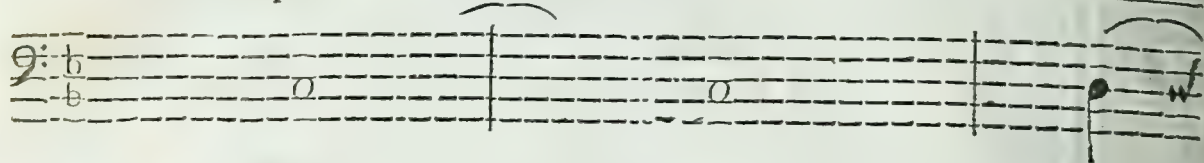


bliss, so soft, so gen—tle, so soft, so gen—tle is their pain;

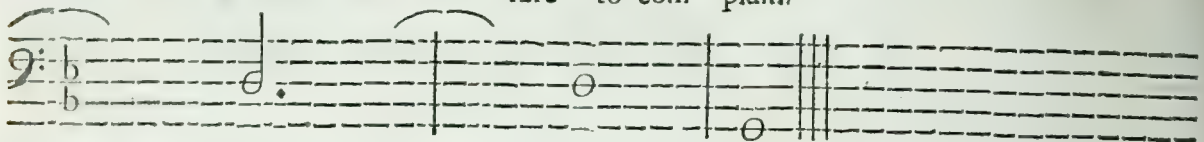




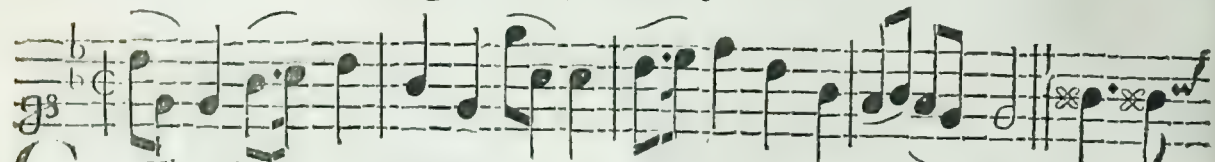
'tis ev'n a plea



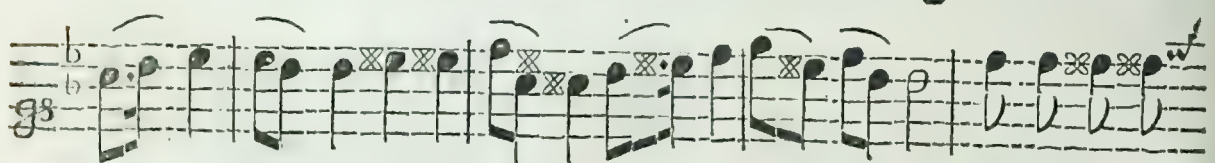
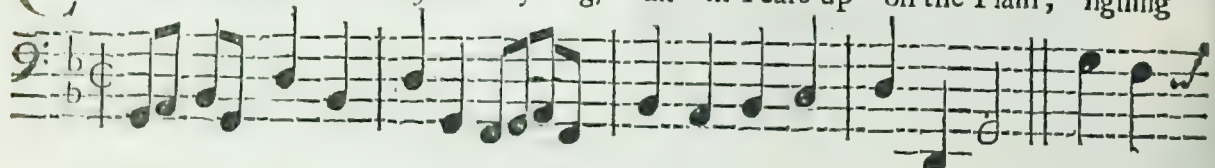
sure to com—plain.



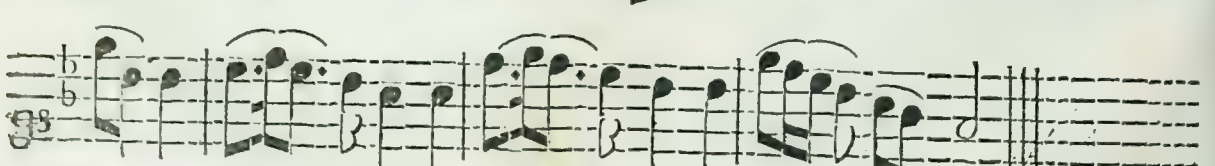
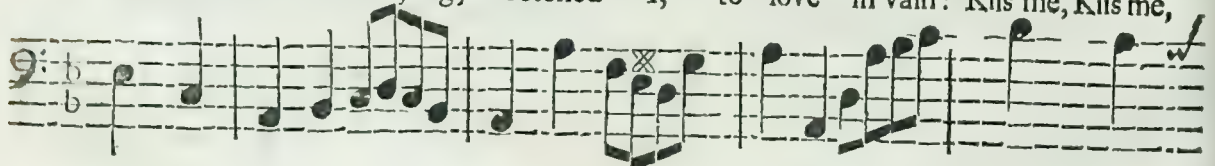
A Song set by Mr. John Gilbert.



Hlo -e found A-myntas ly-ing, all in Tears up—on the Plain; sighing



to him—self and crying, wretched I, to love in vain! Kifs me, Kifs me,



Dear, be—fore my dying; Kifs me once and ease my pain. Rondeau.



II.

Sighing to himself and crying,  
Wretched I, to Love in vain:  
Ever scorning and denying,  
To reward your faithfull Swain;  
Kifs me, Dear, before my dying,  
Kifs me once and ease my pain.

III.

Ever scorning and denying,  
To reward your faithfull Swain:  
Chloe, laughing at his crying,  
Told him that he lov'd in vain;  
Kifs me, Dear, before my dying,  
Kifs me once and ease my pain.

IV.

Chloe laughing at his crying,  
Told him that he lov'd in vain;  
But repenting and complying,  
When He Kis'd, She Kis'd again,  
Kis'd Him up before His dying,  
Kis'd Him up and eas'd His pain.



















A Song set by Mr. Henry Hall, Organist at Hereford.

**A** S Phæbus did with heat pur-sue, the cold but love-ly

As Phæbus did with heat pursue, the cold, the cold but love-ly

Maid, the trem-bling Fair one as she flew, an e-ver last-

Maid, the trem-bling Fair one, as she flew, an e-ver last-

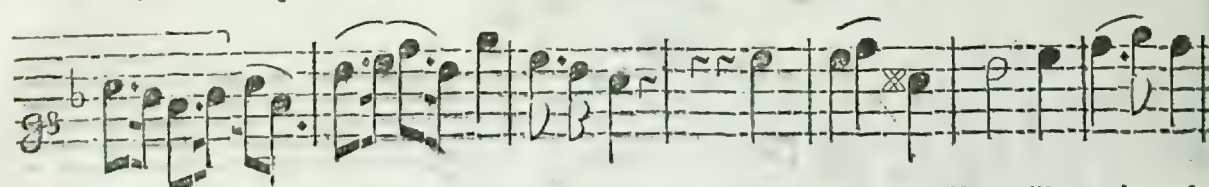
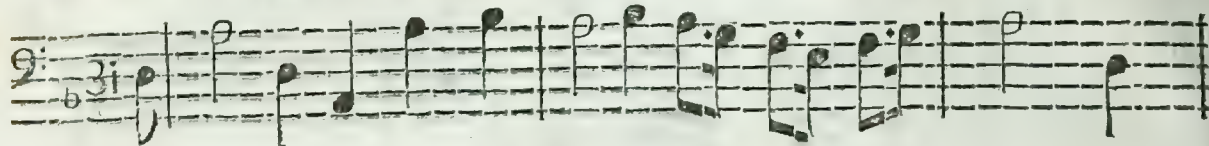
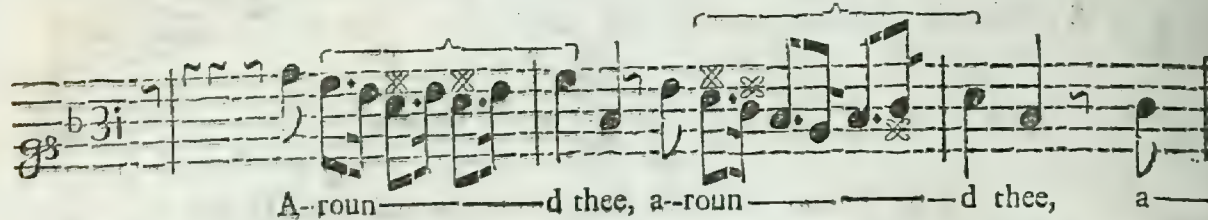
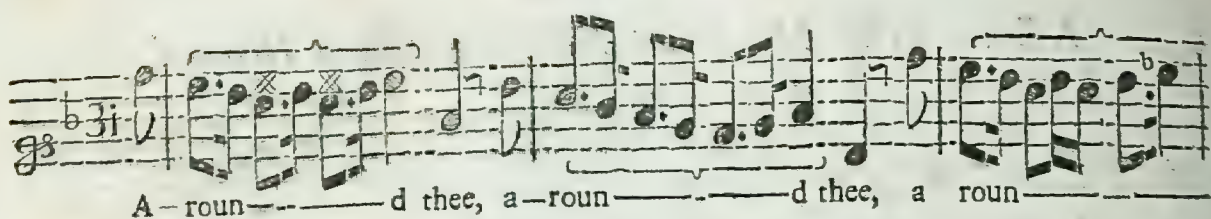
ing Lawrel grew; the God then fighting,

ing Lawrel grew; the

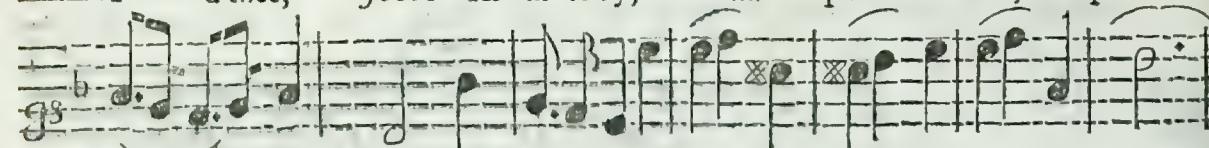
figh-ing said, the God then fighting, figh-ing said, figh-ing said:

God then fighting, fighting said, figh-ing said, figh-ing said:

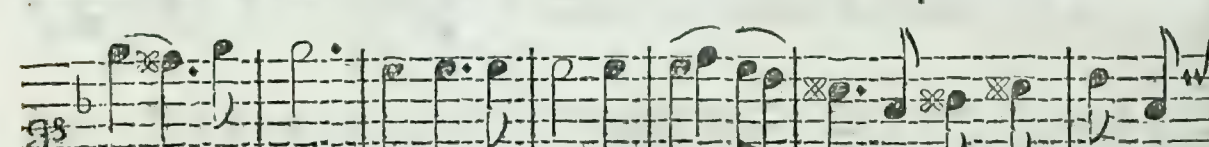




—d thee, *Jove's* Ar-til-le-ry, like painted Fires, like paint-ed



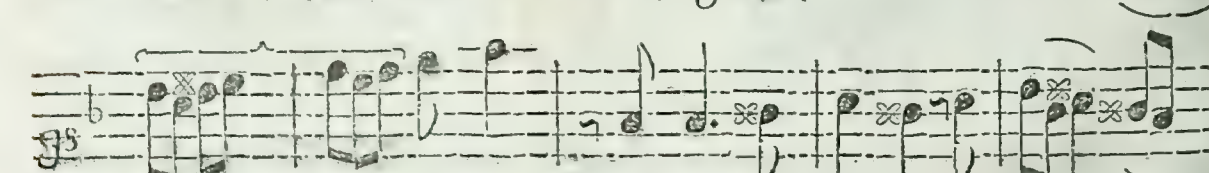
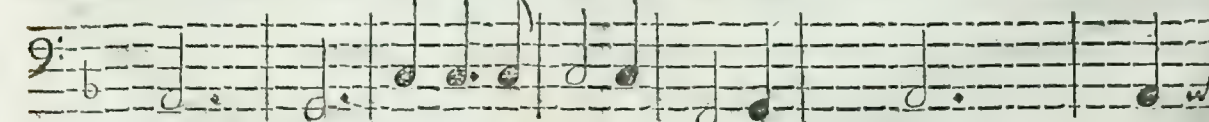
—roun—d thee, *Jove's* Ar—til-lery, like painted Fires, like painted Fire—



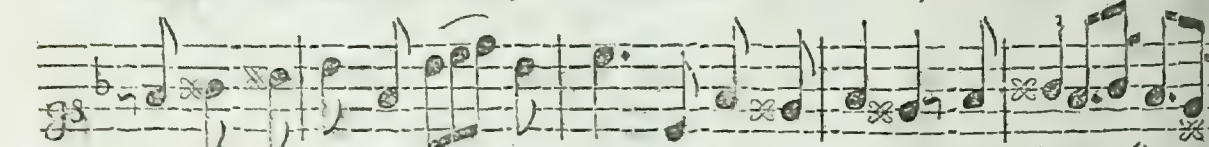
fires shall shine; for 'tis but just, oh! sa—cred Tree, you shou'd from o-ther



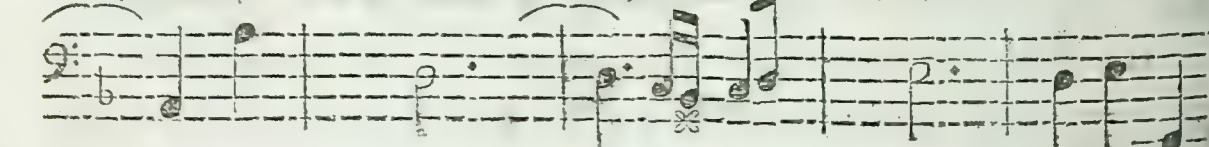
—s shall shine; for 'tis but just, oh! sa—cred Tree,



flame—s be free, who have re—sist—ed, re—sist—ed



you shou'd from other flames be free, who have re—sist—ed re—sist—ed





mine, you shou'd from other flame—s be free, who have re—

mine, you shou'd from other flames be free, who have re—

—fist—ed, re—fist—ed mine.

A Song set by Mr. *Henry Hall*, the Words by Mr. *Peter Senhouse*.

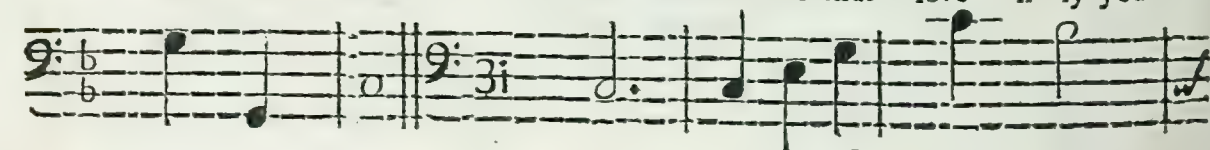
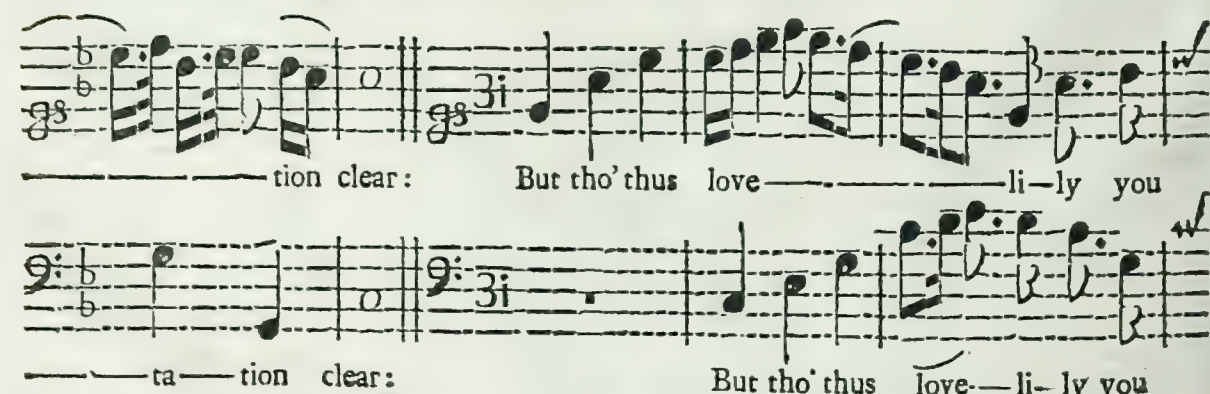
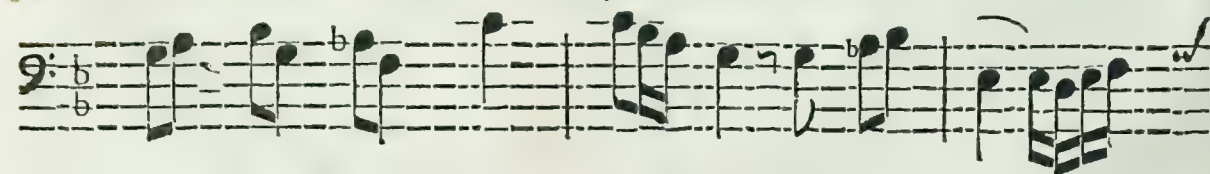
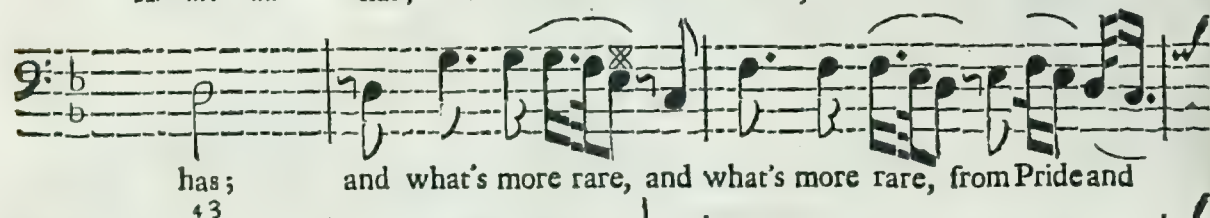
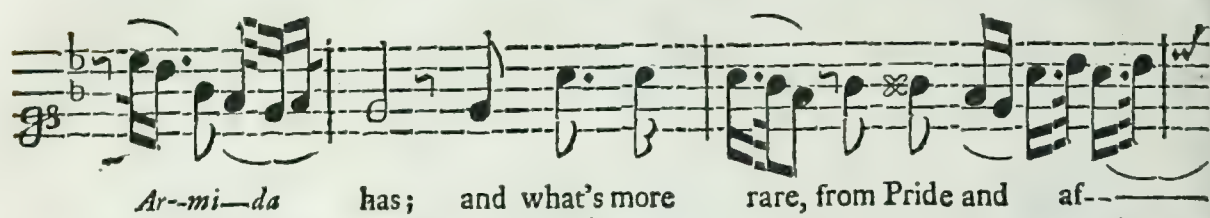
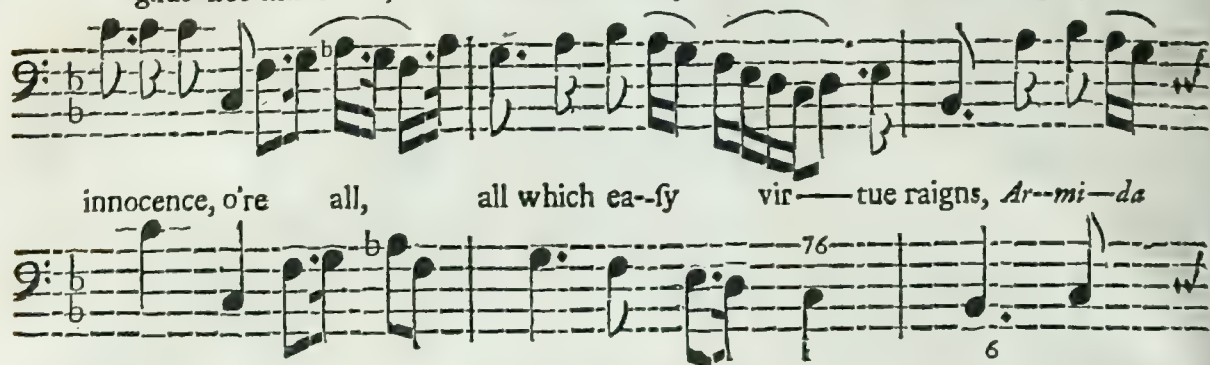
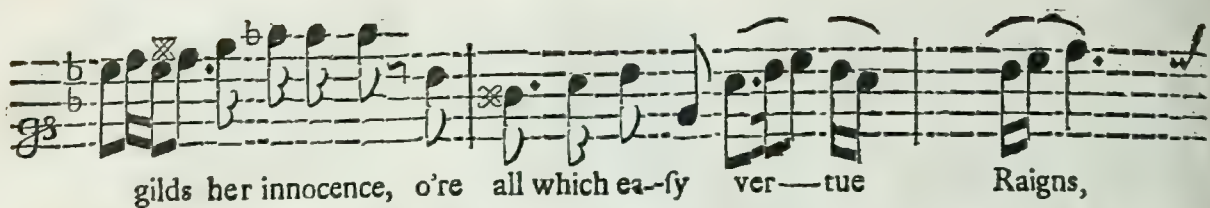
**B**EAUTY the pain—full Mothers Pray'r, the Lovers Theam,

Beauty the pain—full Mo—thers Pray'r, the

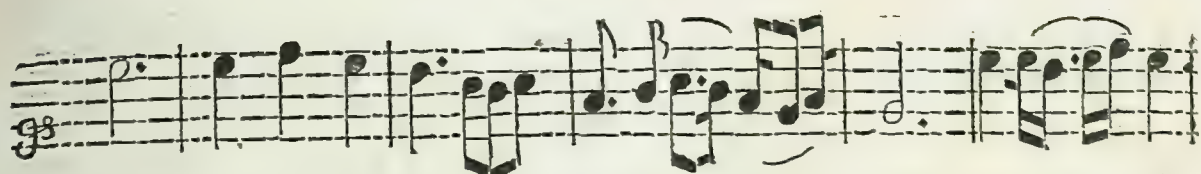
the Vir—gins care; and Wit that

Lovers Theam, the Lovers Theam, the Virginscare; and Wit that gilds her





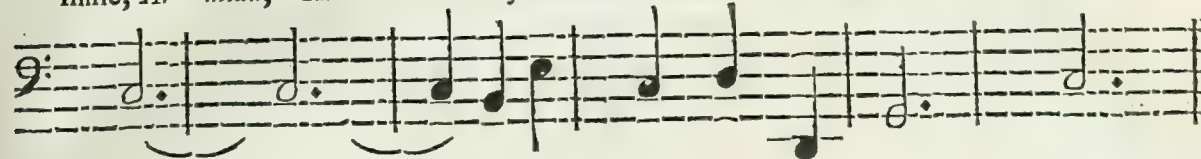




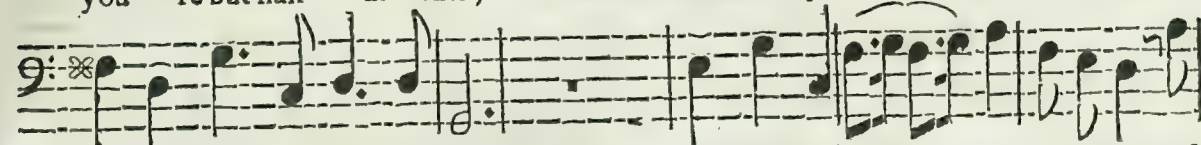
shine, Ar-mi-da you're but half di-vine: Ar-mi-da



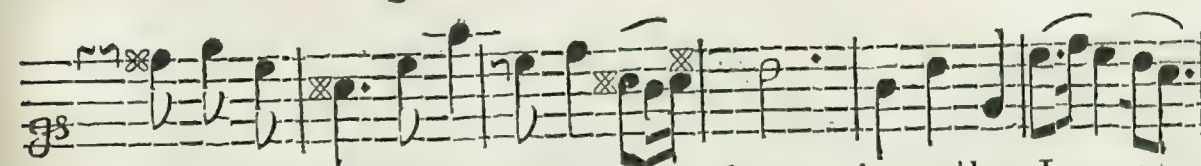
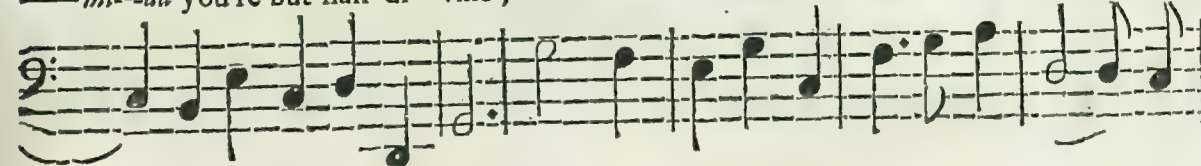
shine, Ar-mida, Ar-mi-da you're but half di-vine: Ar-mi-da, Ar-



you're but half di-vine; for Feinds can Beau-ty i-mi-tate, and yet,



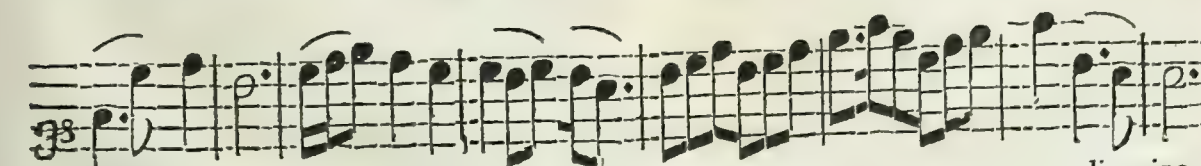
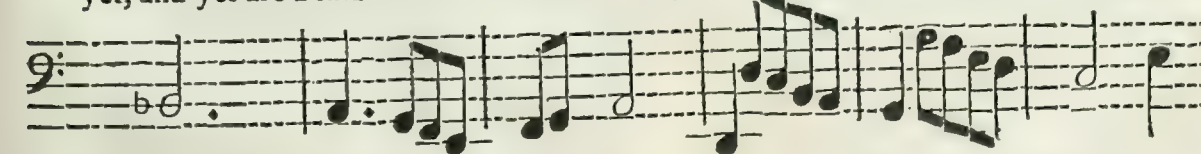
—mi-da you're but half di-vine; for Feinds can Beau-ty, i-mitate, and



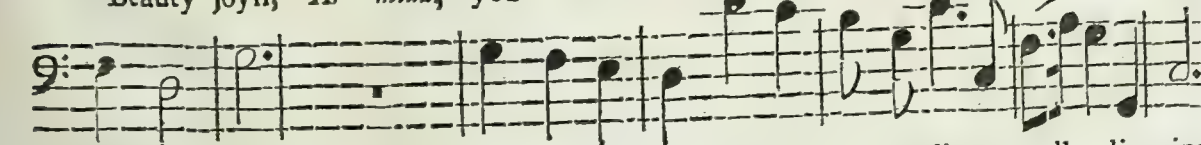
and yet are Feinds, because, because they hate; but wou'd you Love to



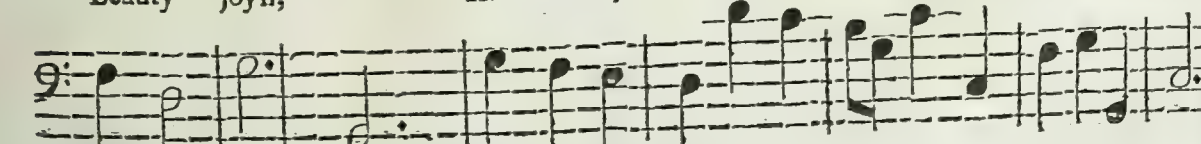
yet, and yet are Feinds be-cause they hate; but wou'd you Love to



Beauty joyn, Ar-mida, you are all di-vine,



Beauty joyn, Ar-mi-da, Ar-mi-da you are all, are all di-vine,





Soft.

Ar—mi—da, Ar—mi—da you are all

Ar—mi—da you're di—vine, Ar—mi—da, Ar—mi—da,

di—vine.

you were all, all, all di—vine.

A Two Part Song, set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

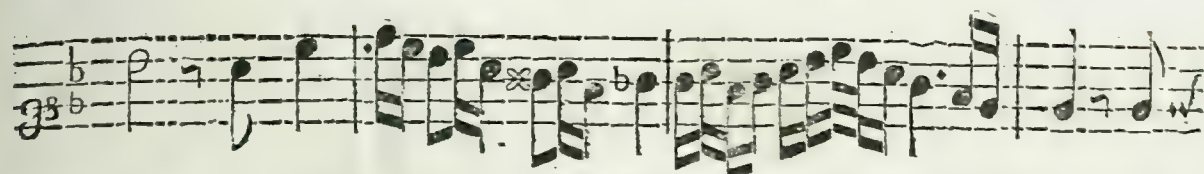
W Hen Myra Sing—s, when Myra Sing—

When My-ra Sing—s, when My-ra Sing—

s we seek th'in—chant—ing

s we seek th'in—chant—ing found,

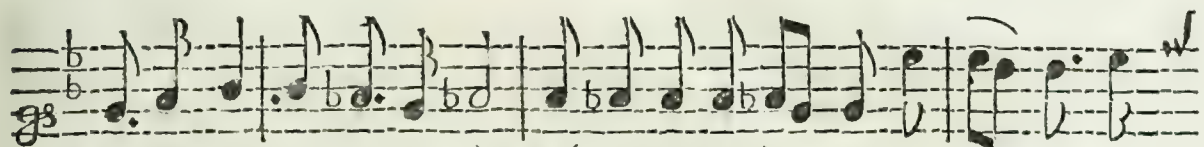
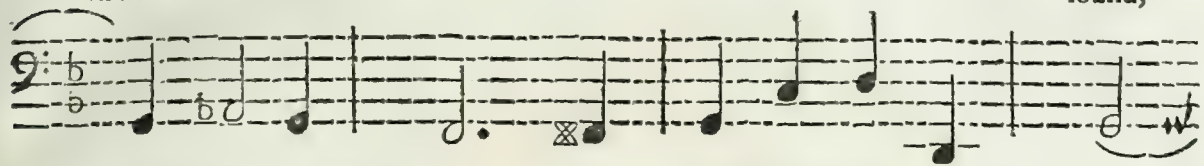




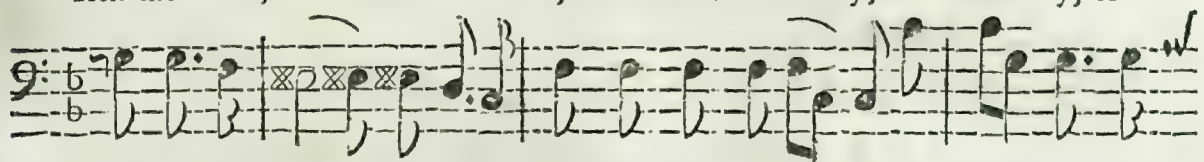
found, th'in—chant ————— ing found, and



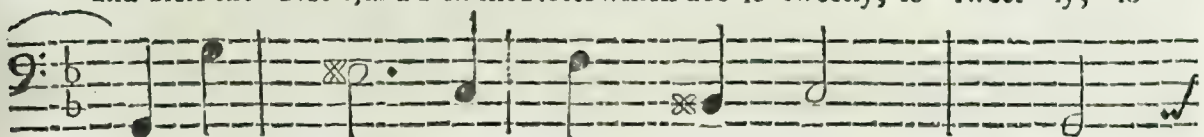
th'in—chant ————— found,



blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes, which doe fo sweet—ly, fo sweet—ly, fo



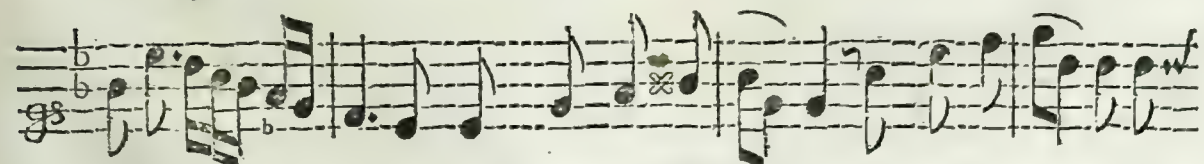
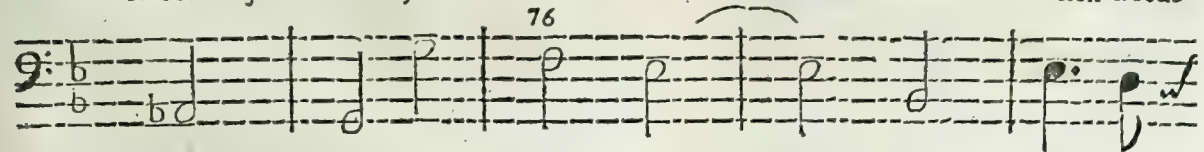
and blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes which doe fo sweetly, fo sweet—ly, fo



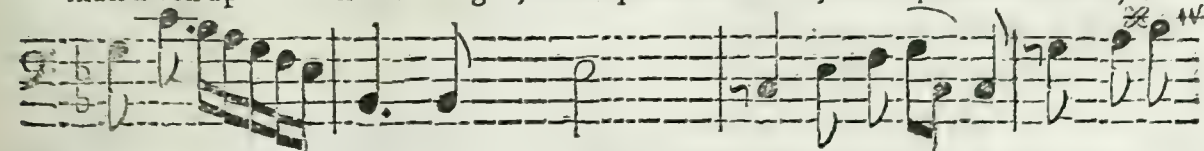
sweet—Iy wound; what Mu ———— sick, what Mu ———— sick needs



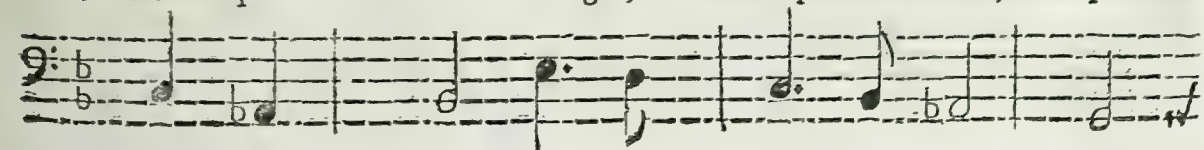
sweet—ly wound; 76 what Mu ———— sick needs



muft dwell up ——— on that Tongue, whose speech is tunefull, whose speech is tunefull, is



muft dwell up ——— on that Tongue, whose speech is tunefull, whose speech is





tune ————— full as a — no — ther Song :

tune ————— full as a — no — ther Song :

Such Harmony, fuch Wit, fuch Harmony, fuch Wit, fuch

Such Harmony, fuch Wit, fuch Harmony, fuch

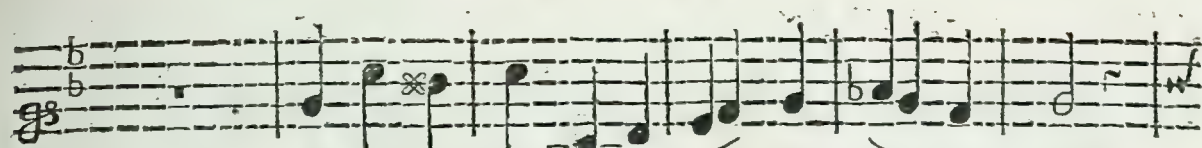
Wit, a Face so fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows who, who can

Wit, a Face so fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows who, who can

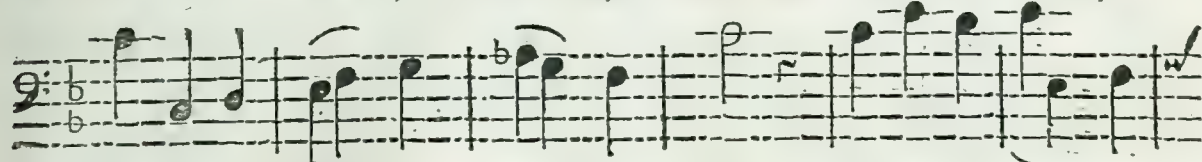
bear? the slave that from her Wit, or Beau--ty flies,

bear? the slave that from her Wit, or Beau--ty flies, if she but

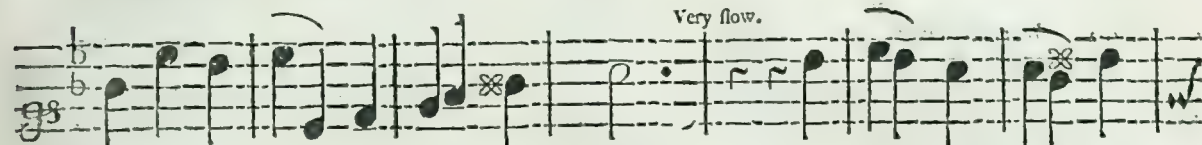




if she, but reach him, but reach him with her Voice,



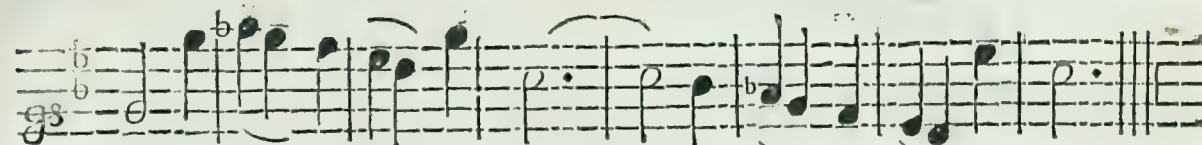
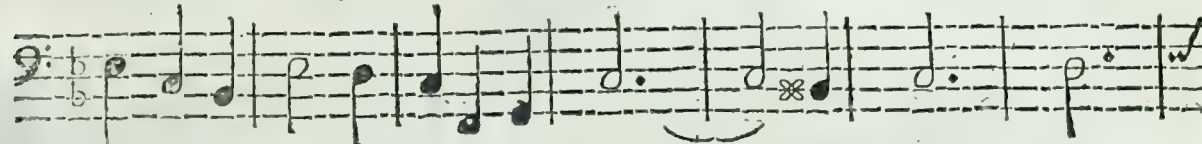
reach him, but reach him with her Voice, if she but reach him



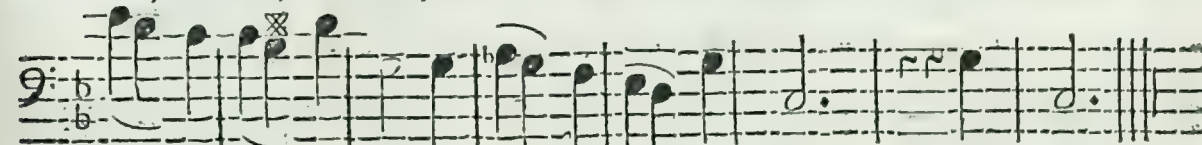
if she but reach him with her Voice; he dies, he dies, he



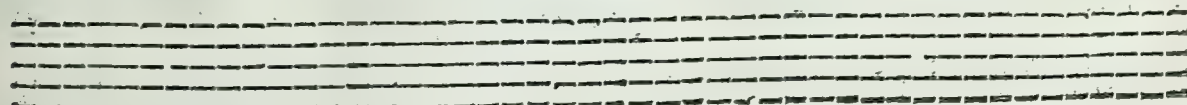
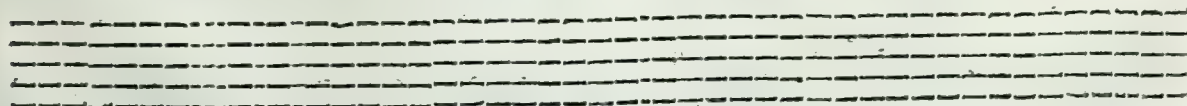
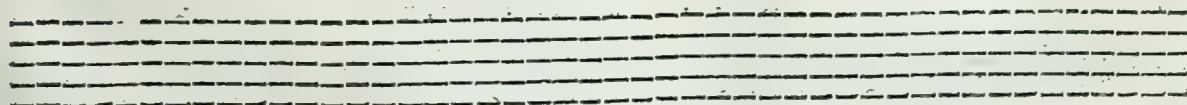
with her Voice; he dies, he dies, he dies, he



dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.



dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.





## A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

The musical score is written for a single voice and a lute or keyboard accompaniment. It consists of ten systems of music, each with a vocal line and a lute line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words appearing on multiple lines of music.

I F Musick, if Musick be the foo ——— d of Love, fingon, sing

on, sing on, sing on, sing, si ——— ng

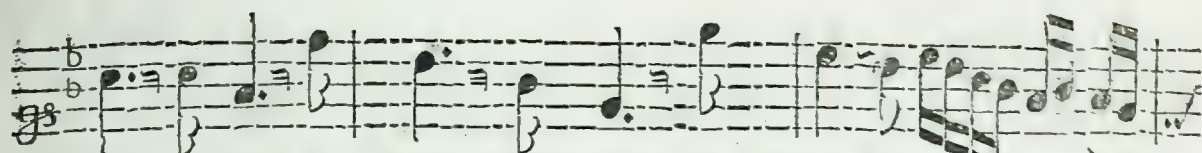
on, till I am fill'd with jo ———

——y, till I am fill'd with joy ; for then my listning Soul you mo ———

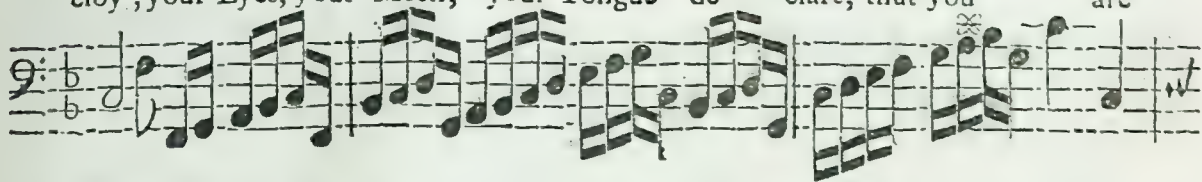
——ve, for then my listning Soul you mo ———

——ve, you move, to plea ——— fures that can never, never

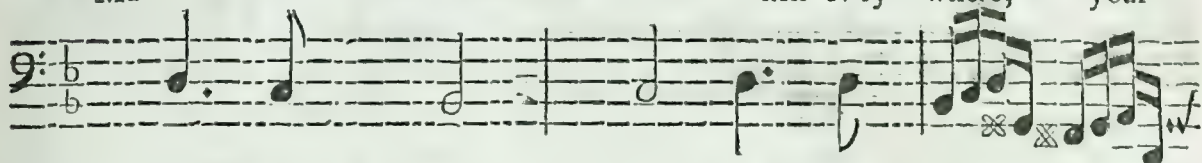




cloy ; your Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de—clare, that you are



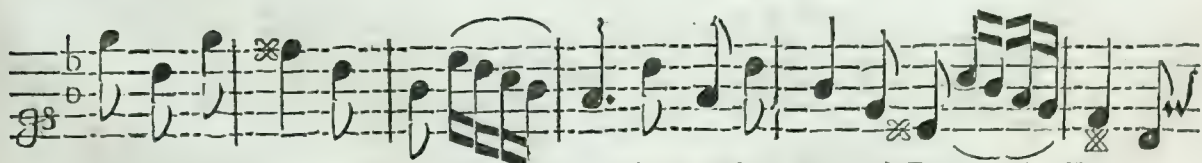
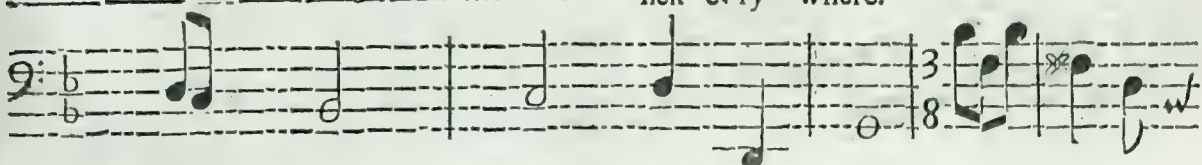
Mu—sick ev'ry where, your



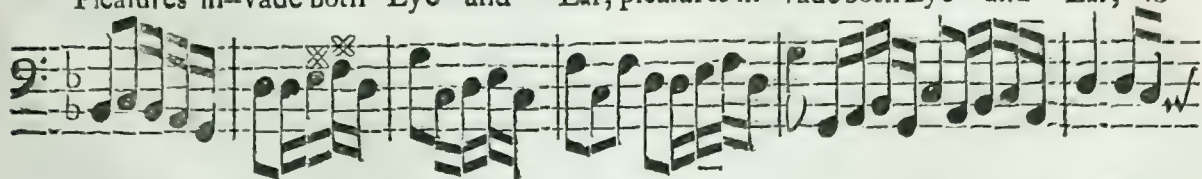
Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de—clare, that you are Mu—



sick ev'ry where.



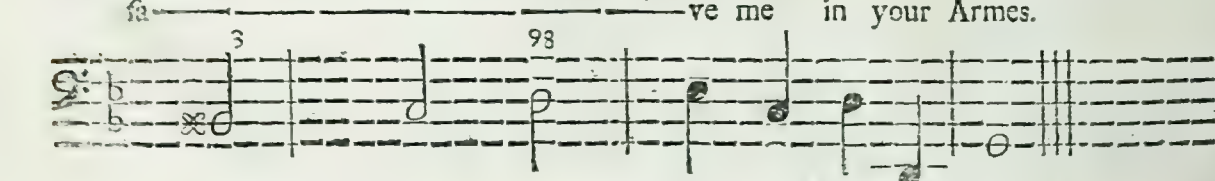
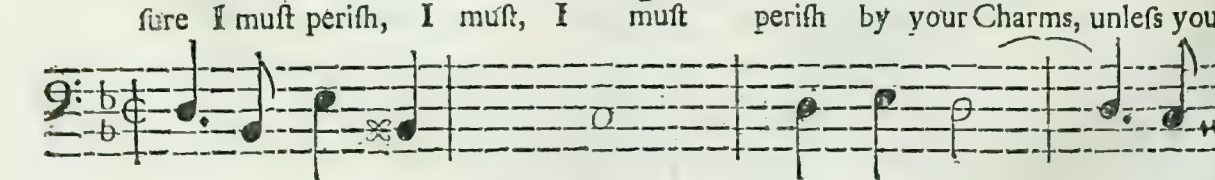
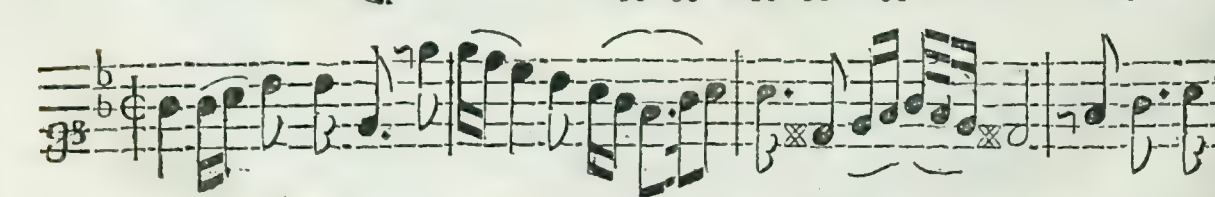
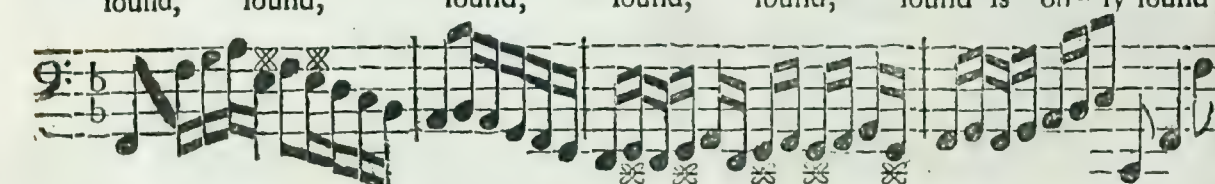
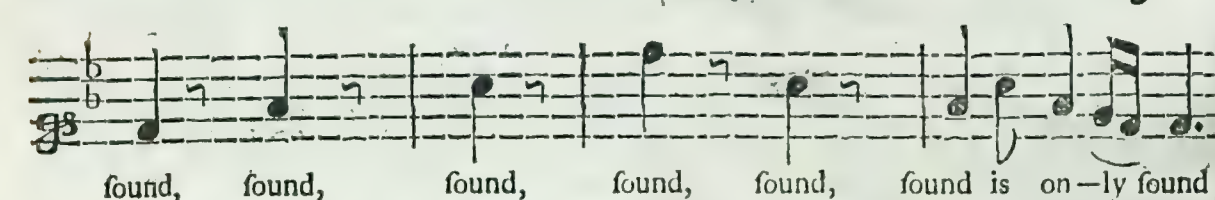
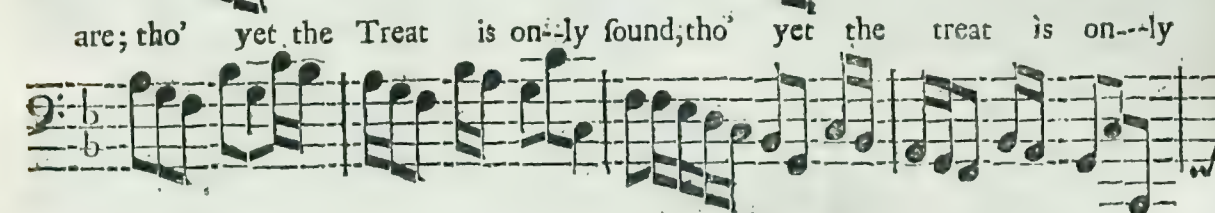
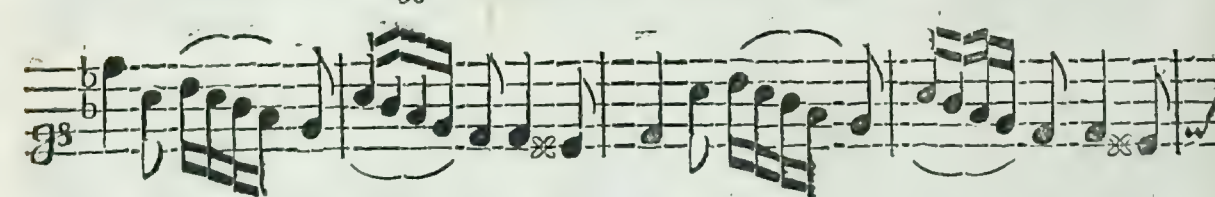
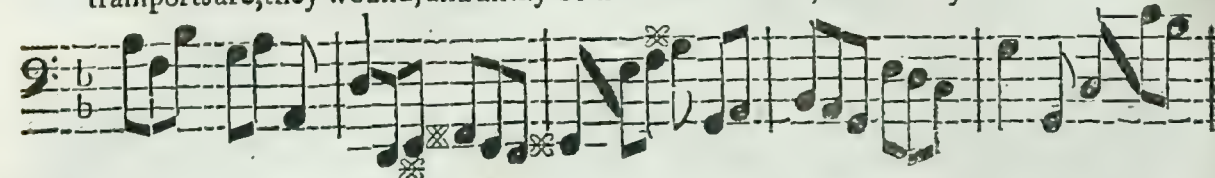
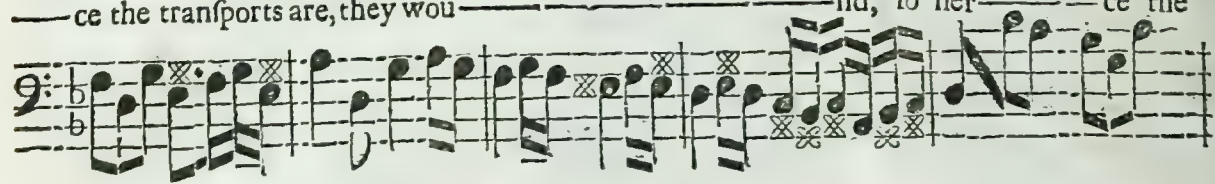
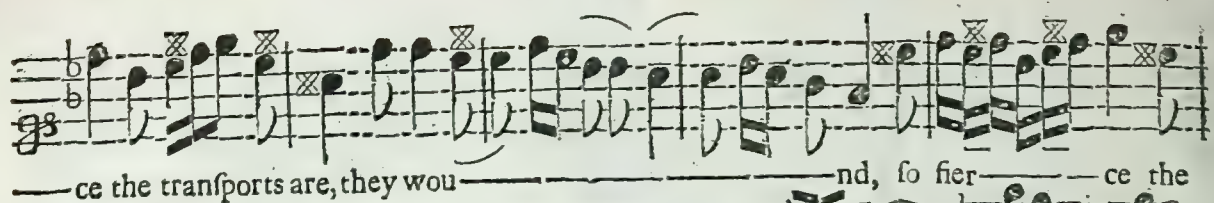
Pleasures in—vade both Eye and Ear, pleasures in—vade both Eye and Ear, fo



fier—ce, fo fier



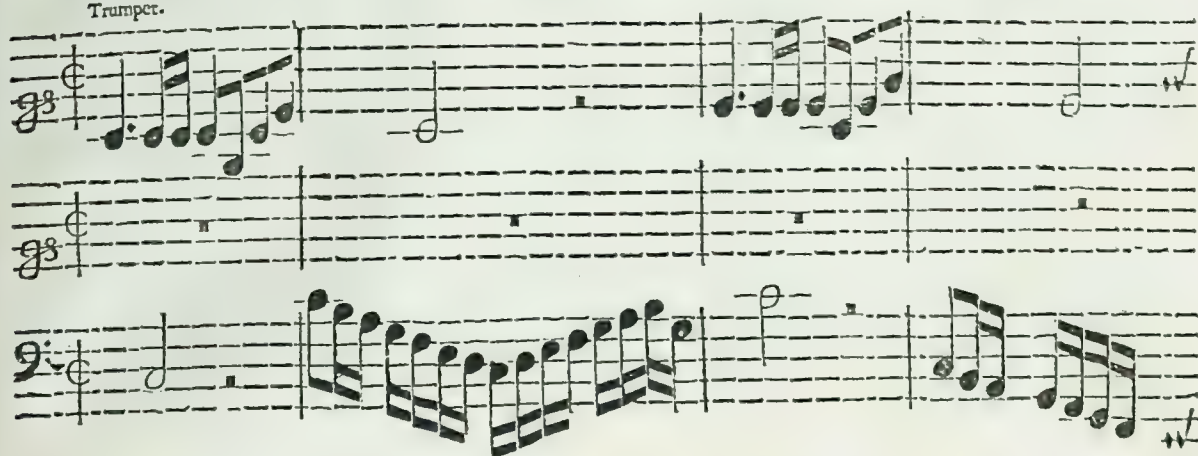




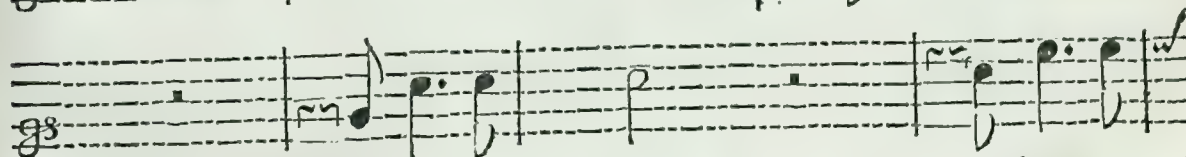
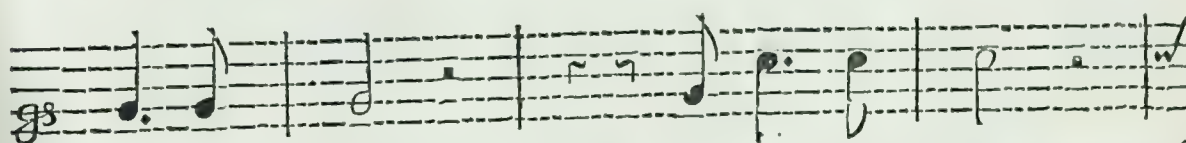


The Trumpet Song, Sung by the Boy, in the (*Libertine destroy'd.*)  
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

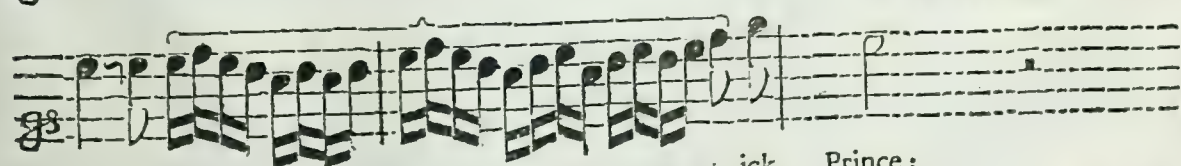
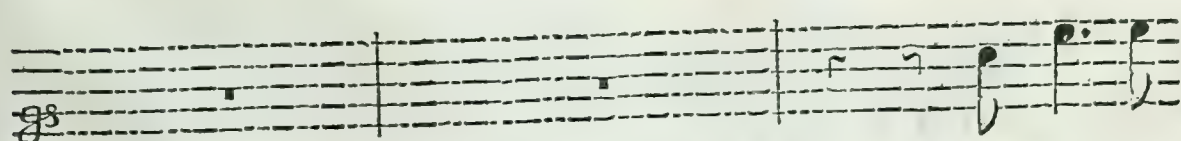
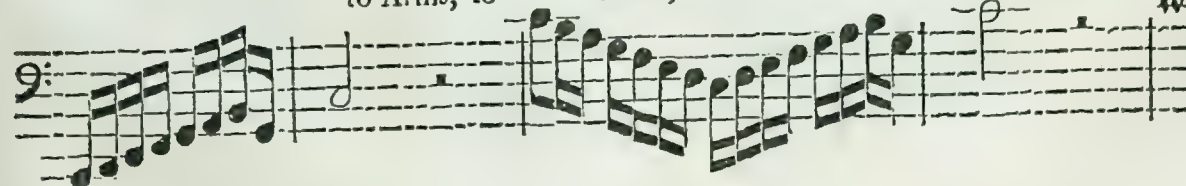
Trumpet.



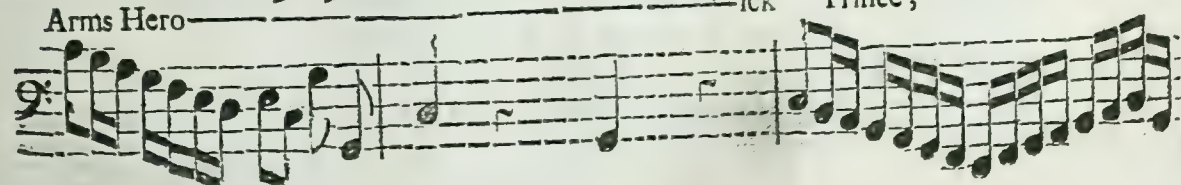
TO Arms, to Arms,



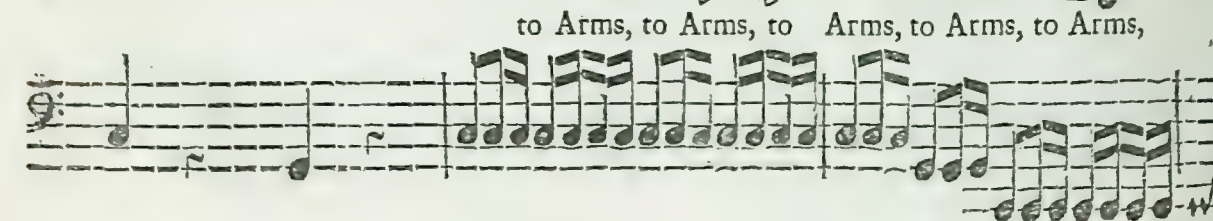
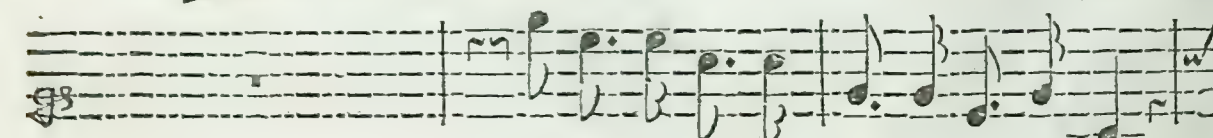
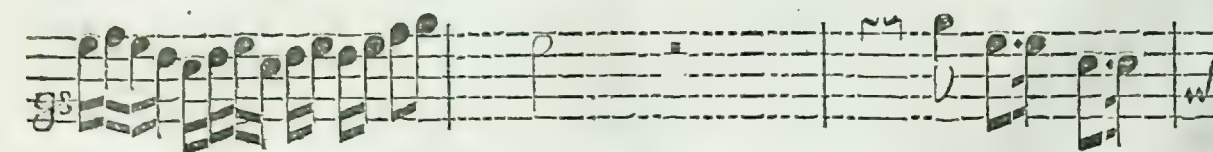
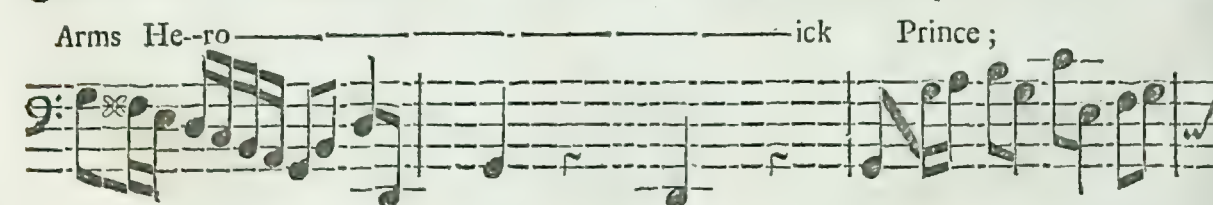
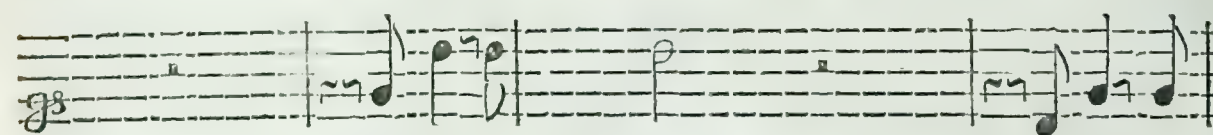
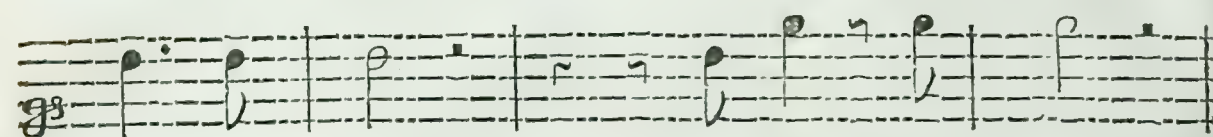
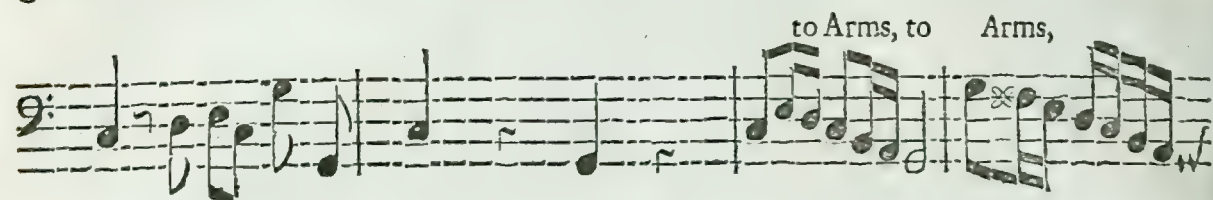
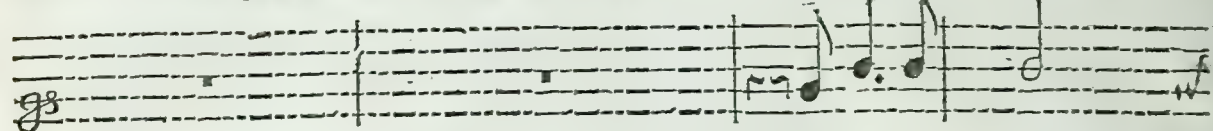
to Arms, to      Arms,      to Arms, to



Arms Hero \_\_\_\_\_ ick Prince;









Handwritten musical score for "Gloria" in G major, 2/4 time. The score is written on three staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics "Glo-ry, like Love, has" are written under the second staff. The music is handwritten and appears to be a student exercise or a draft.

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes, suggesting a fast, lively tune. The middle staff is also a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. It contains a melody with beamed eighth and sixteenth notes, followed by a rest. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. It contains a melody with quarter and half notes. The lyrics are written below the middle staff: "pow'r" (under a group of six notes), "full" (under a group of seven notes), "Charms," (under a group of seven notes), and "Glo" (under a group of seven notes). The lyrics are written in a stylized, handwritten font.

ry, like Love, has pow'r full

[illegible]



ry now thy Soul in-grofs, and re-com-pence its Ri

vals lofs : Bid Trum-pets

found, bid Trum-pets found, sou-nd, and

nothing, nothing name but Battles, but Battles, but Bat



tles, Con

quests, Tri umphs;

Tri

umphs Fame,



Handwritten musical score for "Triumphs" by J. S. Bach, BWV 1066. The score is written on ten staves, alternating between treble and bass clefs. It features complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and rests. The title "Triumphs" is written at the bottom right.

F I N I S.















10060154452  
rem. 922  
Dh. 12



This Dialogue between Mrs. *Willis* and Mr. *Wiltshire*, and  
The Two following SONGS in the Musical Interlude for the Peace,  
Performed at the Theatre in *Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields*. Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.

She.

Ome Girles we'll be merry the War's at an end, we all shall get Husbands for now the Times

mend; there's I, and our *Mary*, Black *Susan* and *Sarah*, we're woundily weary with living

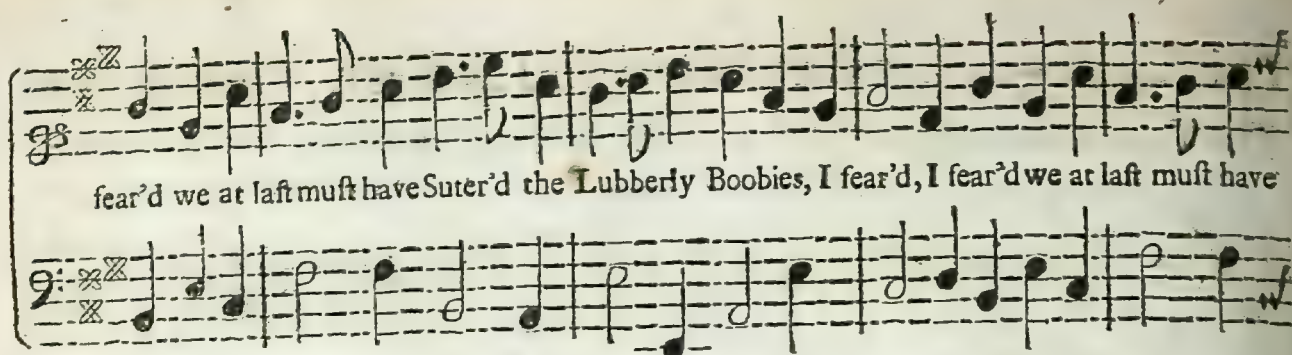
unwoo'd, in a woofull quandary, how weshou'd do to tarry, none ask't us to Marry, none

ask't us to Marry, or part with our Maidenhead, none ask't us to Marry, or part with our

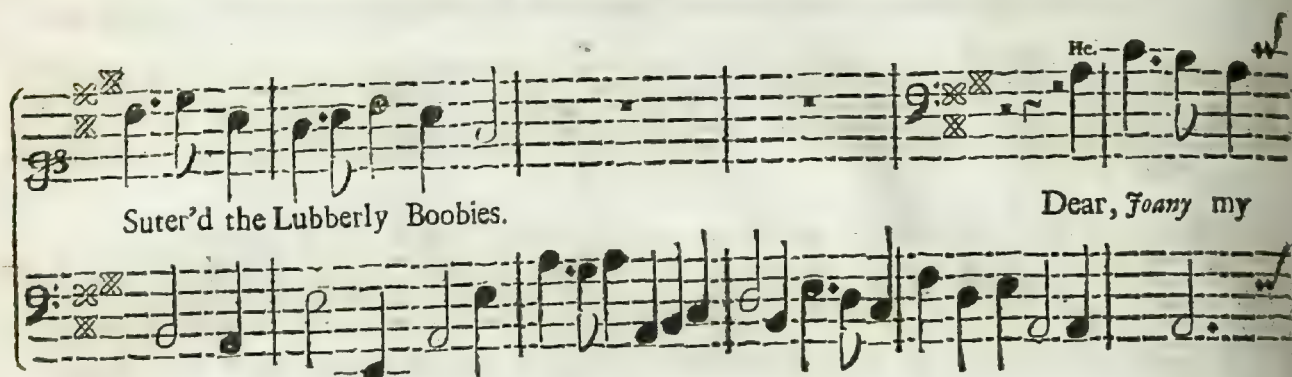
Maidenhead; Our best Lads to the Wars went so fast, and the rest were most of 'em such

Loobies, E Cod I fear'd we at last must have Suter'd the Lub-ber-ly Boobies, E Cod I

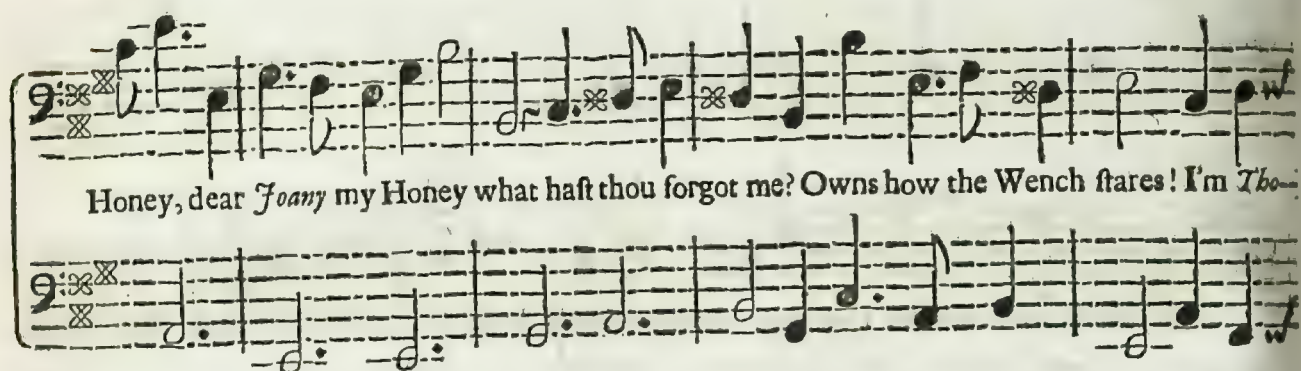




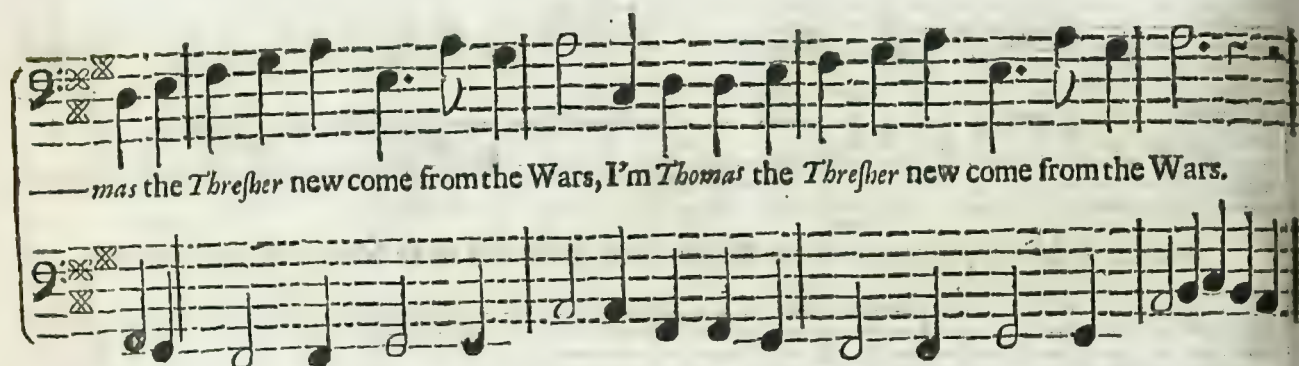
feared we at last must have Suter'd the Lubberly Boobies, I feared, I feared we at last must have



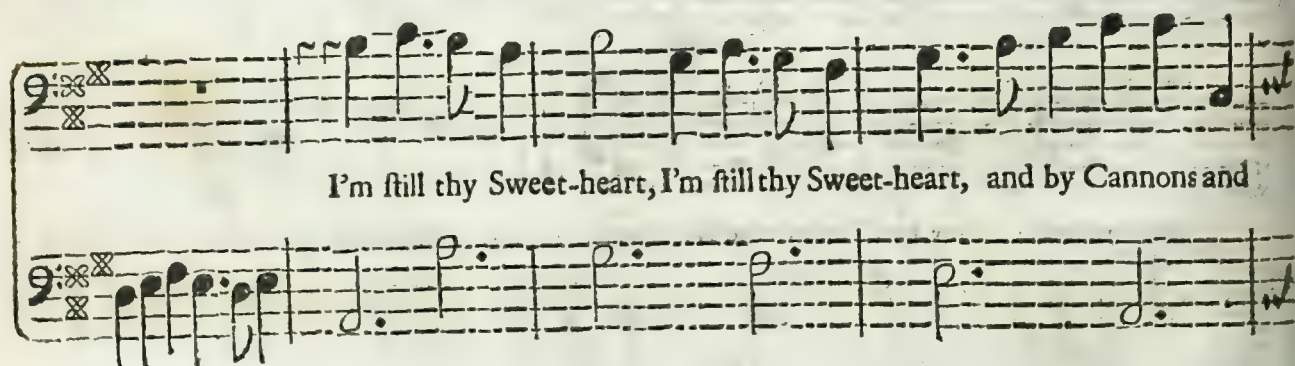
Suter'd the Lubberly Boobies. Dear, Joany my



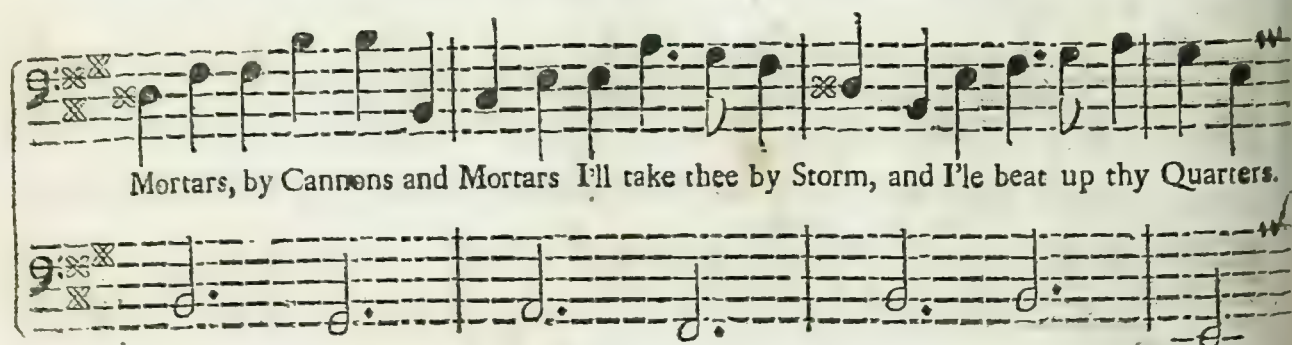
Honey, dear Joany my Honey what hast thou forgot me? Owns how the Wench stares! I'm Tho-



—mas the Thresher new come from the Wars, I'm Thomas the Thresher new come from the Wars.

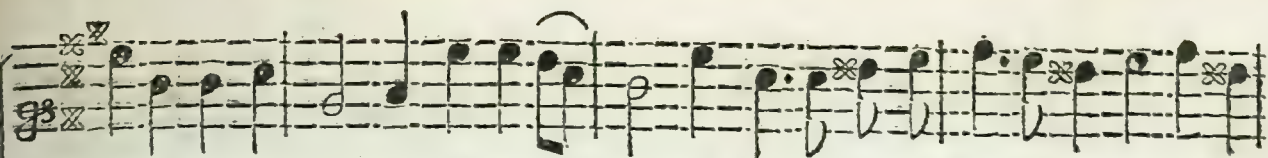


I'm still thy Sweet-heart, I'm still thy Sweet-heart, and by Cannons and

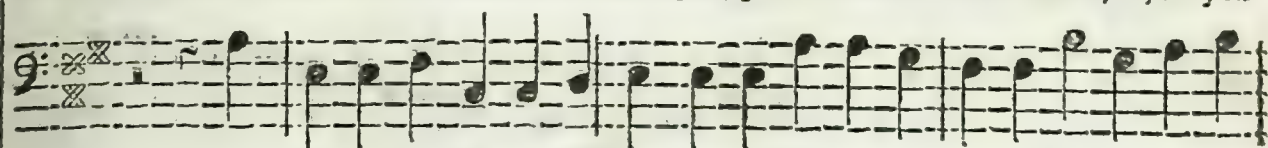


Mortars, by Cannons and Mortars I'll take thee by Storm, and I'll beat up thy Quarters.

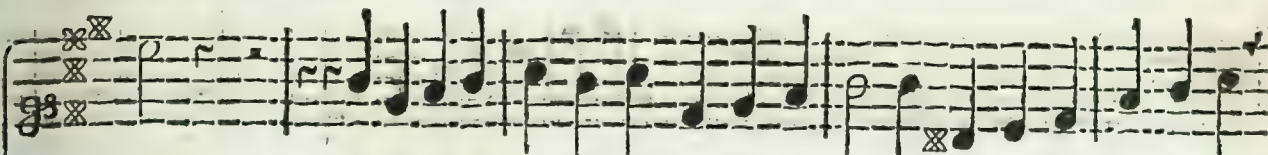
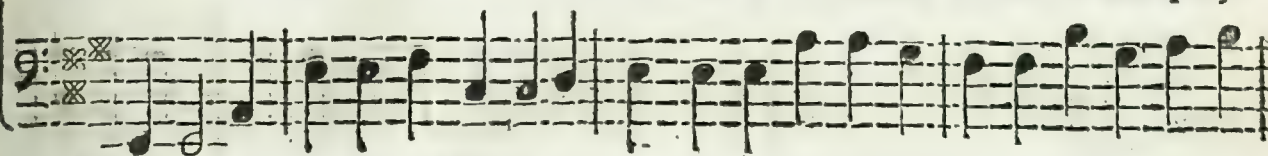




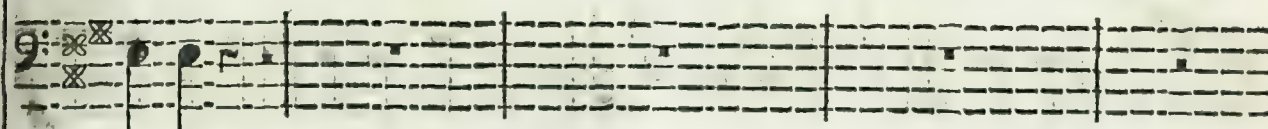
No *Thomas* you mayn't, no *Thomas* you shan't, pish, pish the Mans a Fool I think; no, no you



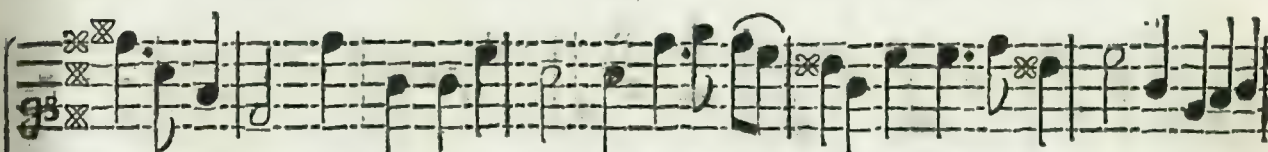
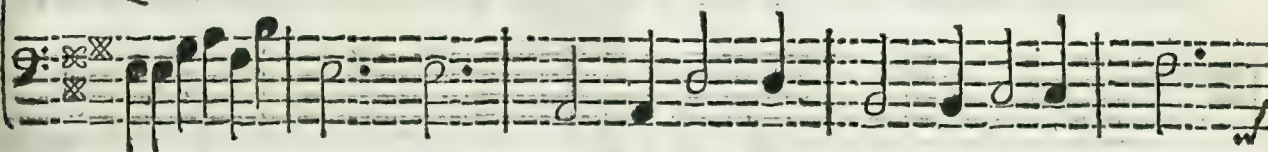
By Cannons and Mortars, by Cannons, by Cannons and Mortars I'll beat up thy



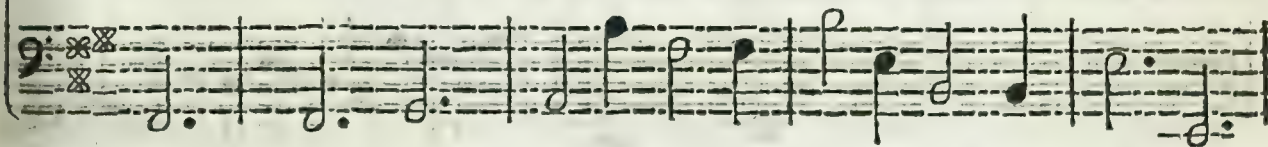
shan't, go, go, go I hate you, I hate you I vow, you look, and you talk like a



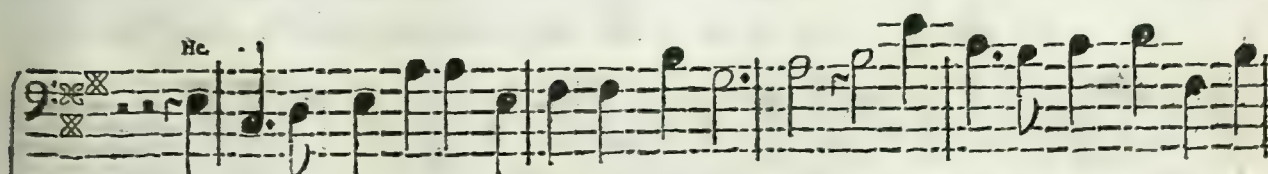
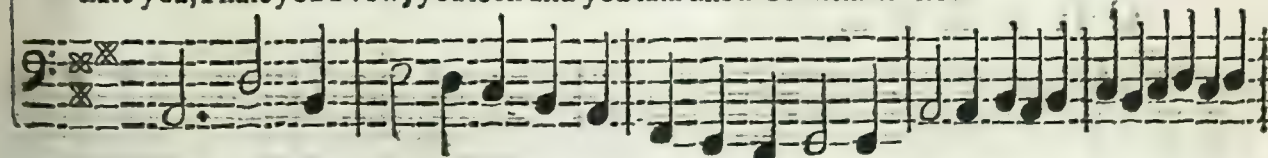
Quarters.



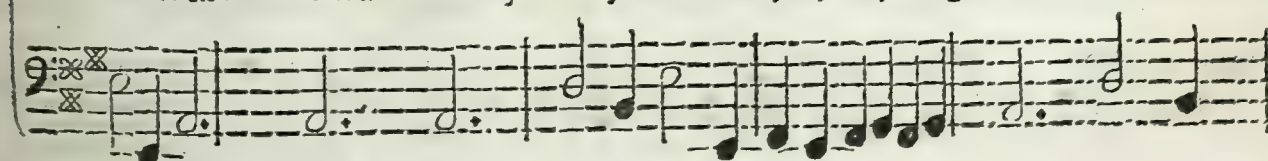
Gentleman now; come off with this Geer and don the Re-*parel* that once you did wear; go, go, go I




hate you, I hate you I vow, you look and you talk like a Gentleman now.



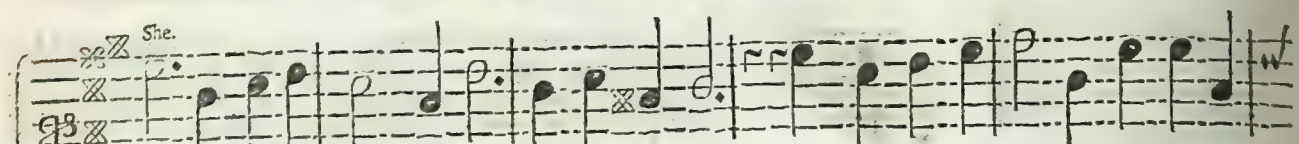
Well now the Wars over my Brav'ry shall down, off, off, off goes the brave Soldier and



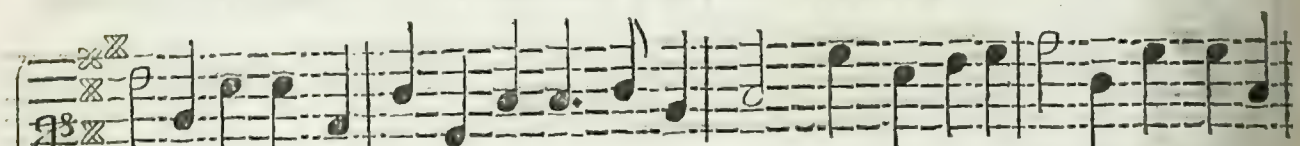




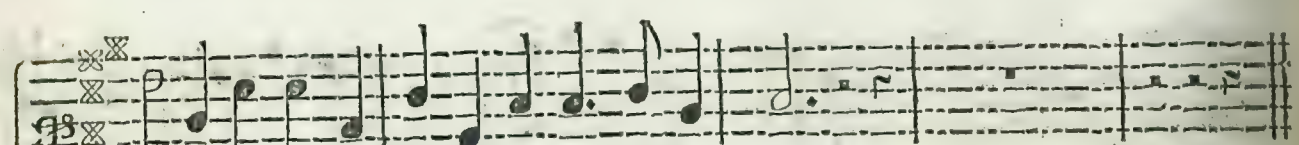
see, see, see, see here's the plain Clown.



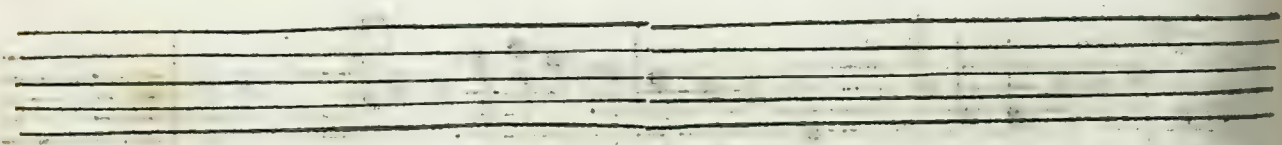
Oh now how I like thee, oh now I'm thy own, thou'rt handsomer now, and Finer I



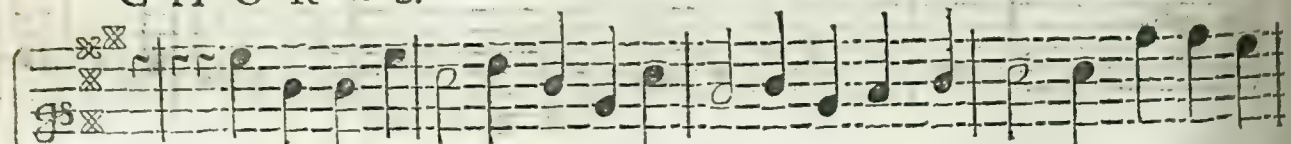
vow, than all the spruce Gentry, or Boars in our Town; thou'rt handsomer now, and Braver I



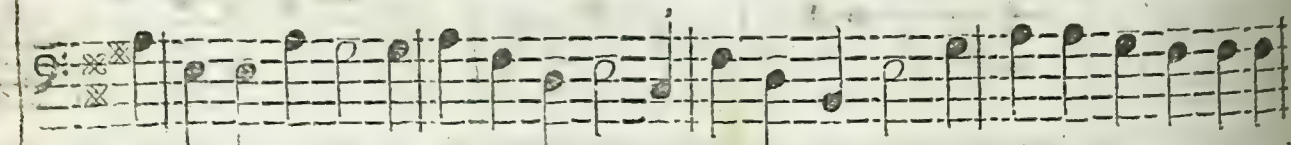
vow, than all the spruce Gentry, or Boars in our Town.



CHORUS.



Thus now we a--gree, let all do like thee, to keep their necks free, leave thrashing of



Thus now we a--gree, let all do like me, to keep their Necks free, leave thrashing of Jackets and

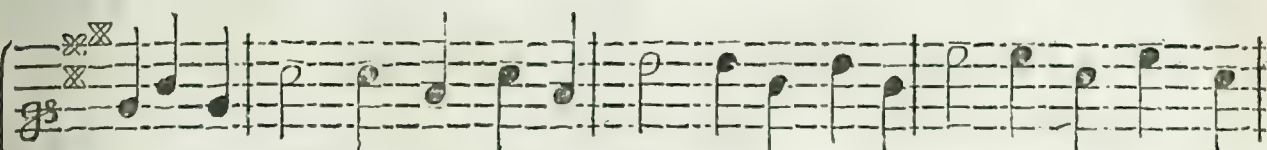




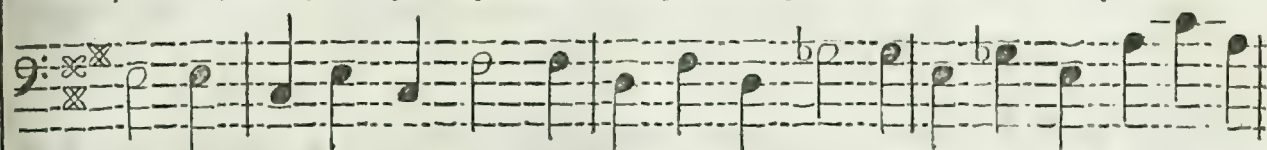
*Jackets and get 'em all Wives, then thrash in their Barns, with a thump, a thump, thump, thump,*



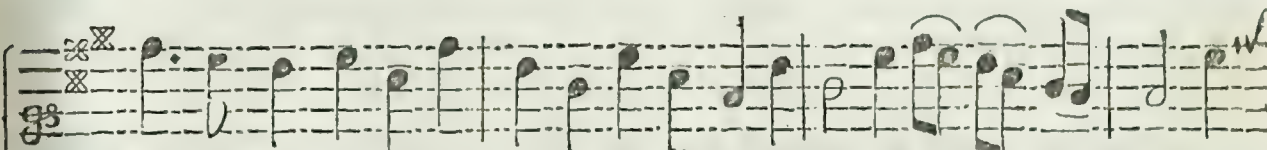
*get 'em, and get 'em all Wives, then thrash in their Barns with a thump, a thump,*



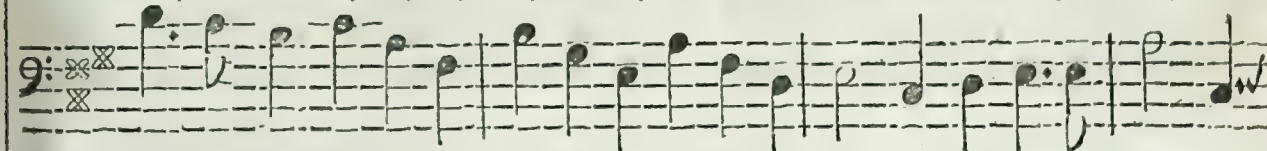
*thump, a thump, thump, thump, thump, a thump, thump, then thrash in their Barns, then thrash in their*



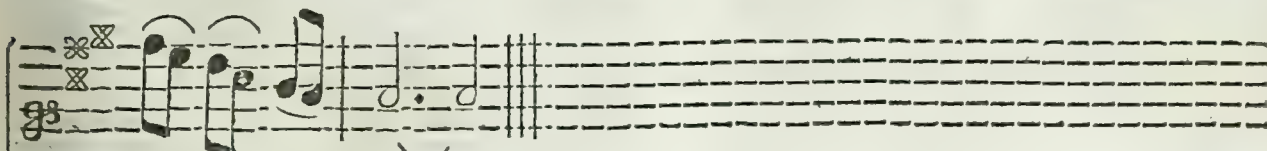
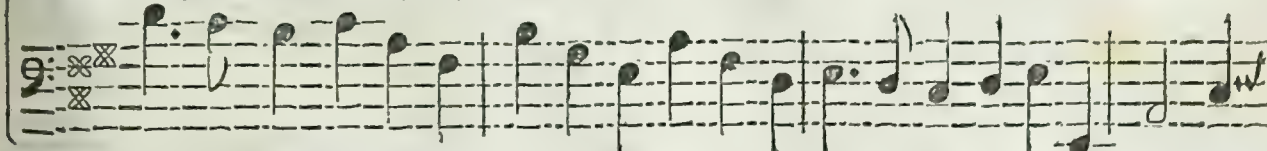
*thump, thump, thump a thump, thump, thump, thump a thump, thump, then thrash in their Barns, in their*



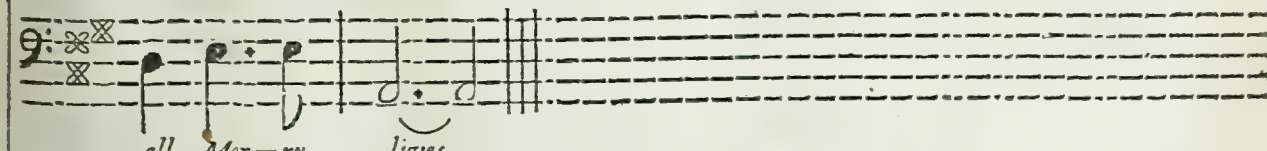
*Barns, and lead all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, lead all Mer—ry Lives, lead*



*Barns, and lead all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, lead all Merry Lives, lead*



*all Mer—ry lives.*



*all Mer—ry lives.*





The Raree Show, by Jemy Laroche. ( Numb. 6 )

*3i*  
Raree Show, O brave Show, O pretty Show, who see my fine a Show? O Raree Show,

O Brave Show, who see my pretty Show? *Quand la Cigala Canta fa pasboun trauaillar,*

*1 2*  
Fa boun est'a 'lombretta a 'lombretta fa boun est'a 'lombretta Calig-nar.

*1 2*

Here's de English and French to each oder most civil, shake hands and be Friends and hugg like de

*Faster.*

Devil: O Raree Show, O Bravee Show, O pretty Gal-lant a Show.

( 2. )  
Here be de Savoyards a trudging thro' France,  
To sweep a de Shimney, to Sing and to Dance.  
O Raree Show, &c.

( 3. )  
Here be de great Turk, and de Great King of no Land;  
A Galloping bravely from Hung'ry and Poland.  
O Raree Show, &c.



( 4 )  
 Here's de brave *English Beau*, for de Packet Bot tairies,  
 To go make his Campaign, vid his Tayler at *Paris*,  
 O *Raree Show*, &c.

( 5. )  
 Here be de honest Captain a cursing de Peace,  
 Here's anoder disbanding his Coach and his Miss.  
 O *Raree Show*, &c.

( 6. )  
 Here be de *English Ships* bring Plenty and Riches,  
 And dere de *French Caper* a mending his Breeches.  
 O *Raree Show*, &c.

( 7. )  
 Here be de Jacks set out Lights and dissemble,  
 And here be de Mob make 'um squitter and tremble.  
 O *Raree Show*, &c.

( 8. )  
 Here be de Sea Captain a reeling ashore,  
 Here's one spend all his Pay, and boarding a Whore.  
 O *Raree Show*, &c.

( 9. )  
 Here be de brave Trainbands a drinking Carouses,  
 And here be de Soldiers a storming deir Spoufes.  
 O *Raree Show*, bravee Show, who see my fine Show?

The *Irish SONG*, Sung by Mr. Lee.

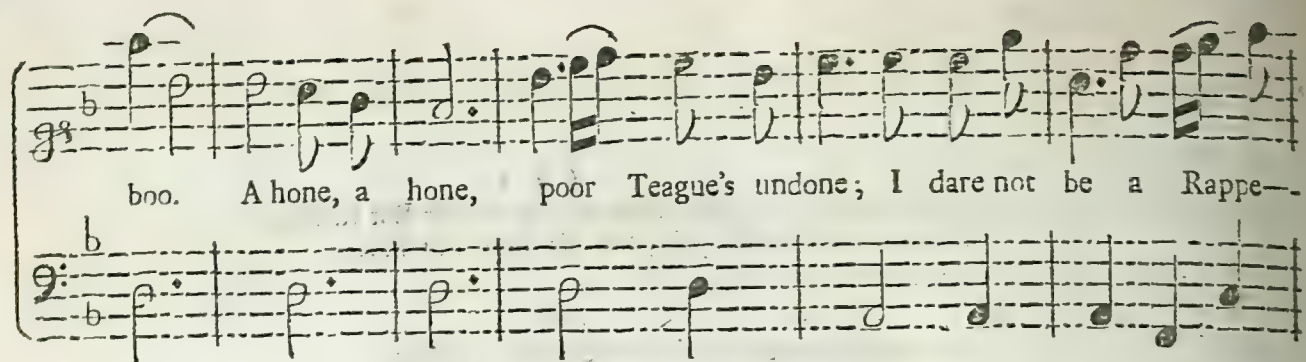
( Numb. 7 )

Hub, ub, ub,

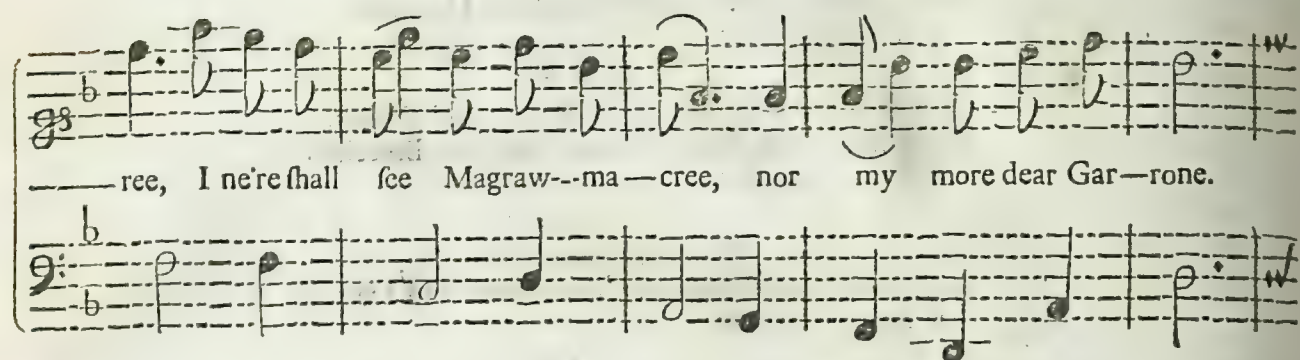
boo; Hub ub, ub, boo; dish can't be true, de War does cease, but der's no Peash. I know and

find, 'tis Sheald and Sign'd, but won't believe 'tis true; Hub ub, ub, boo, Hub, ub, ub,

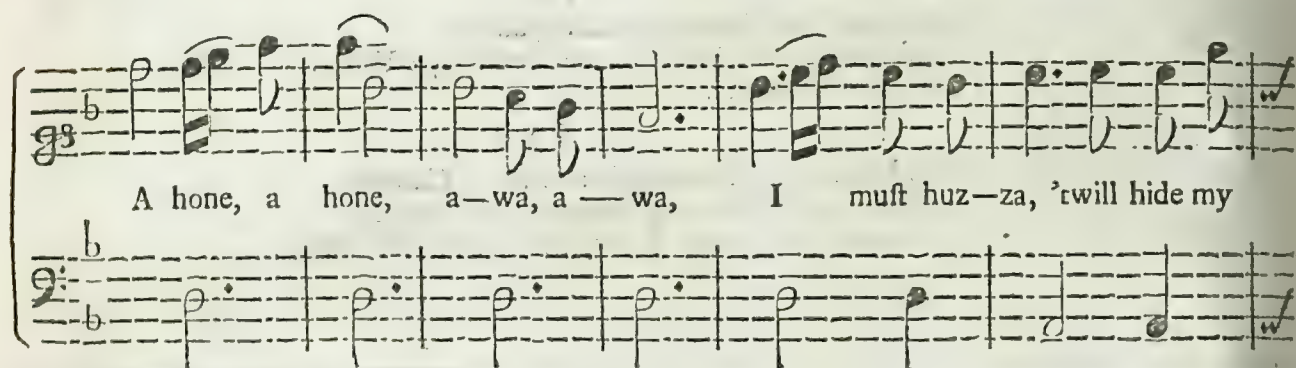




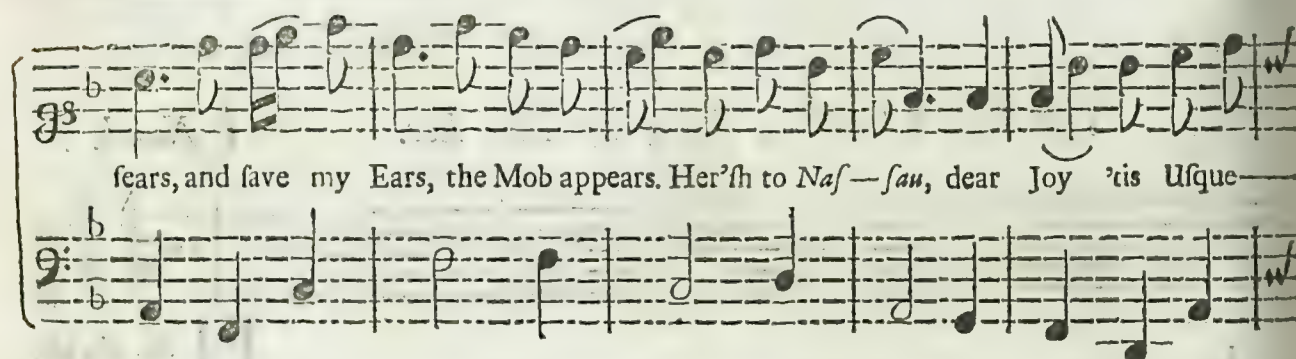
boo. A hone, a hone, poor Teague's undone; I dare not be a Rappe—



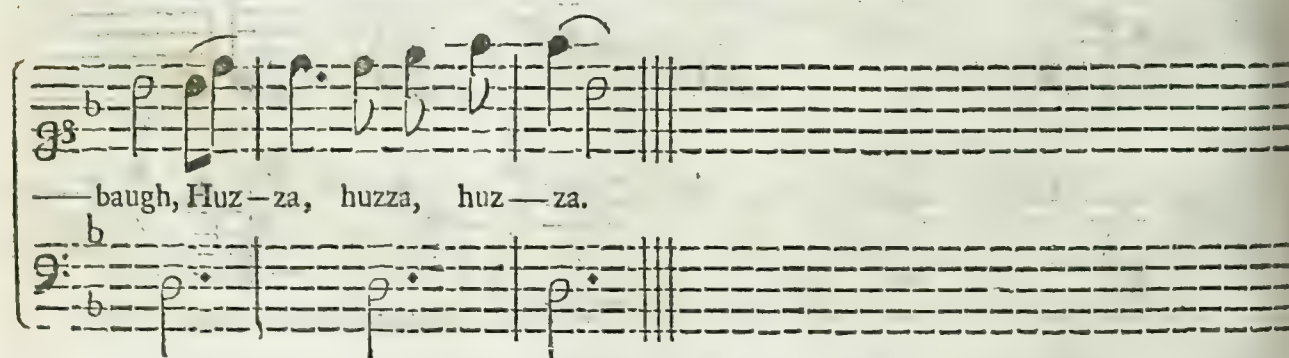
—ree, I ne're shall see Magraw--ma—cree, nor my more dear Gar—rone.



A hone, a hone, a—wa, a—wa, I must huz—za, 'twill hide my



fears, and save my Ears, the Mob appears. Her'sh to Nas—sau, dear Joy 'tis Usque—



—baugh, Huz—za, huzza, huz—za.

F I N I S.

London Printed for Henry Playford at his Shop in the Temple-Change, where the other Numbers may be had; with a General Catalogue of the Musick-Books Sold by him.



A New S O N G, the Words by Mr. Congreve. Set to Mr. J. Eccles.

F Air A — mo — ret is go —

ne, is gone a — stray ; pur — sue, pur — sue and seek her, pursue, pursue and seek her, ev'ry Lover,

ev'ry Lover, ev'ry, ev'ry, ev'ry Lover ; pur — sue, pur — sue and seek her, pur —

sue, pur — sue and seek her, ev — 'ry Lo — ver, ev — 'ry Lo — ver, ev — 'ry, ev — 'ry,

ev — 'ry Lover: I'll tell the Signes, the Signes by which you may the wan —

dring Shepher — de's dis — co — ver ; I'll tell the Signes by which you

A



may the wan — dring Shepherdess dis-co-ver, the wan

— dring Shepherdess dis—cover; Co

—quet and Coy, Co-quet and Coy, Co-quet and Coy at once her Air:

Both studd'ed, both studd'ed, though both

seem neg-lected; careless, careless, careless She is with Art

— full care af-fect-ing to seem un--af--fect-ed;



with Skill her Eyes dart ev—ry glance, yet change so soon you'd

ne're sus—pect 'em, for she'd perswade they wound by chance, though

cer—tain Aime, tho' cer—tain Aime, tho' cer—tain Aime and Art di—

—rect 'em; though certain Aime, though certain Aime, though cer—tain

Aime and Art di—rect 'em. She likes her

self, yet o—thers hate, for that which in her self she prizes, and while she



lau — ghs at them, for — gets, she, she, she's the thing, the thing that

she de — spi — ses; and while she lau — ghs, she

laughs at them, for — gets she is the thing, she's the thing, she, she's the

thing, the thing that she de — spi — ses; she is the thing, she's the thing,

she, she's the thing, the thing that she de — spi — ses.



Index

7

A-D

(5)























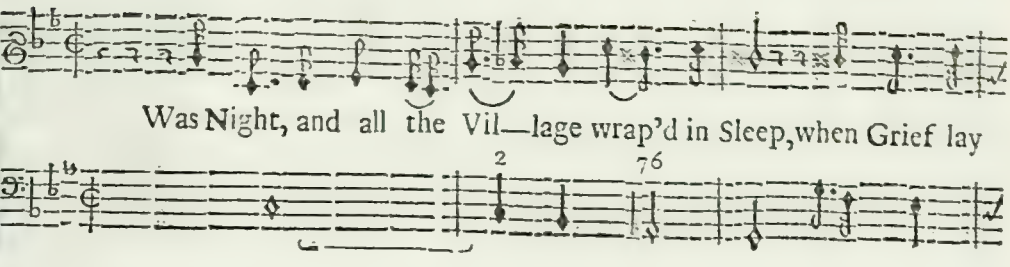




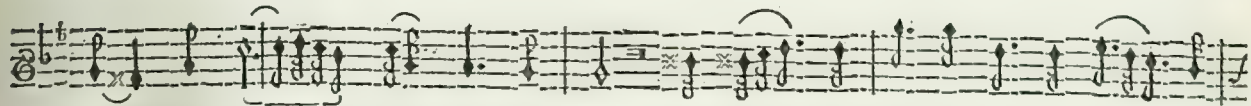
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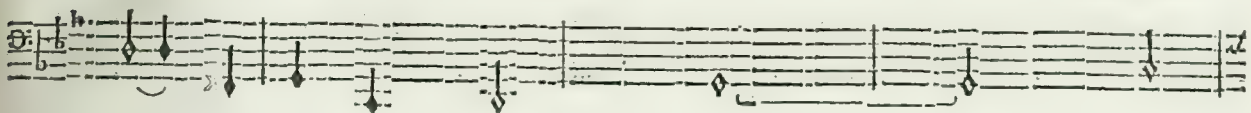




Was Night, and all the Vil—lage wrap'd in Sleep, when Grief lay



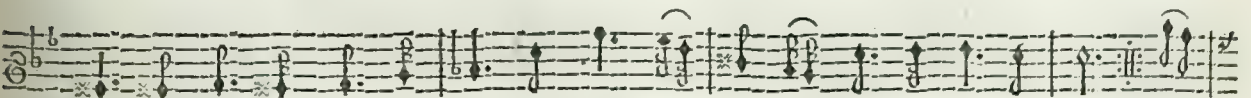
hush'd, and Sor—row could not weep; ev'n proud Am—bi—tion too in qui—et



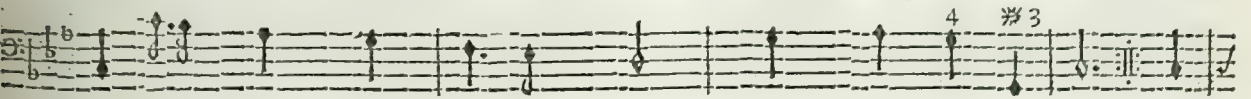
lay, and peaceful Rest did all the World survey: On—ly young *Phi—le—mon*, whose



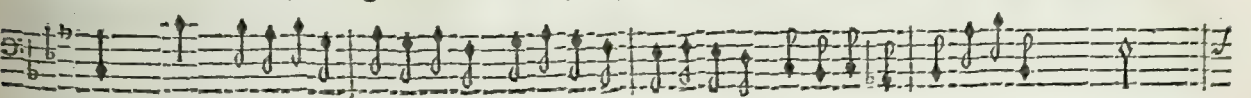
fad Despair kept him a—wake, and tor—tur'd him with Care; as he up—



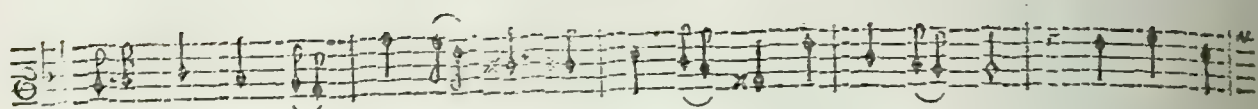
on a River's Bank was laid, and thus the me—lan—cho—ly Shepherd said: Break,



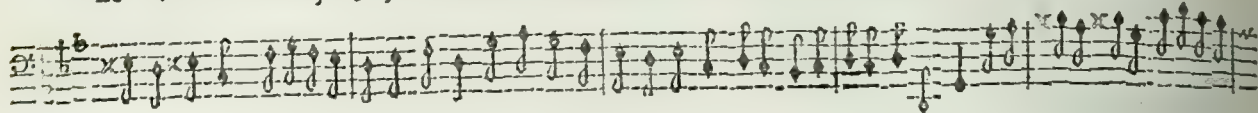
foo—lish Heart, and grieve no more, thy Sorrows, Sorrows, are in vain; they



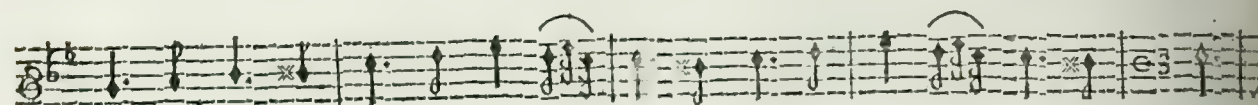




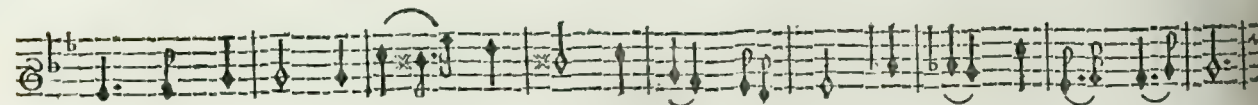
ne—ver can thy Joys restore, but serve to feed, to feed, thy Pain: Those Friends, who



when thy Fortune shone, were al—ways cour—ting thee, now thou art poor, do



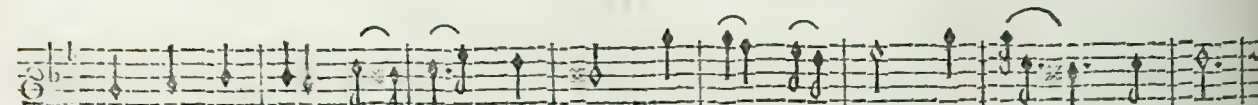
thee dīdown, and scorn, and scorn, thy Com—pa—ny, and scorn thy Com.—pa—ny.



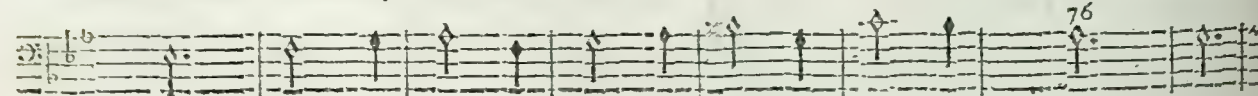
Friendship is now be—come a Trade, by Fortune bought, by Fortune bought, and sold;



a mere Self—in—te—rest is made, mo—no—po—liz'd, mo—no—po—liz'd by Gold:

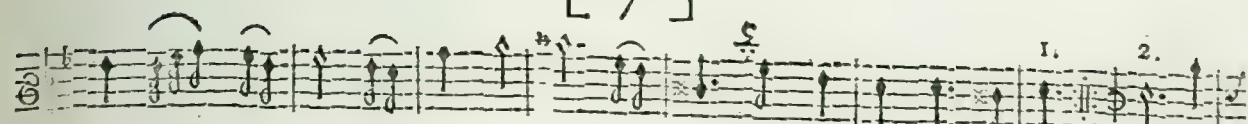


Death is the on—ly cer—tain Friend, for all the World, the World's a Cheat;






[ 7 ]



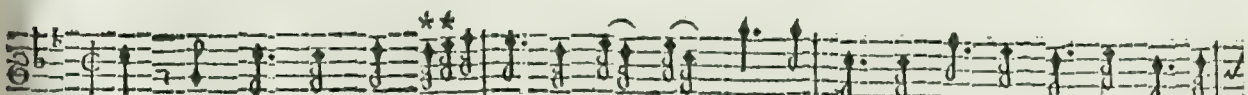
and he thy Mi—fe—ries will end, tho' they, tho' they be ne're so great. Then



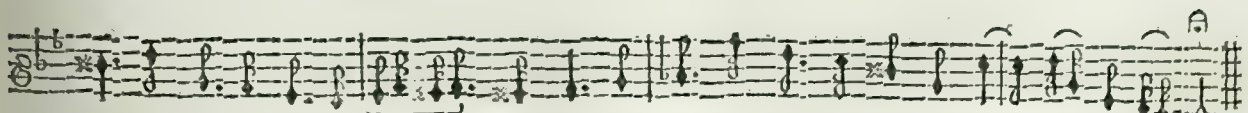
farewel World, and worldly Joys, false Hope, false Hope, and vain Desires; which



Reason blinds, and Sense de—stroys, and on—ly Pride, and on—ly Pride, in—

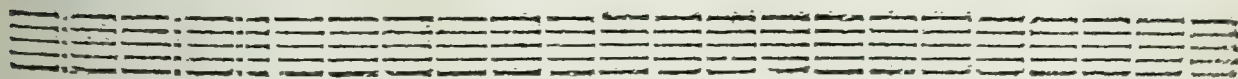
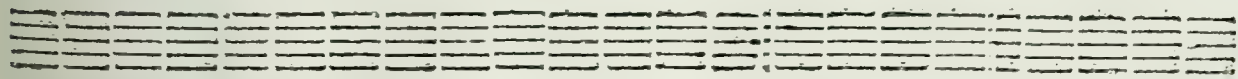


spires. Since Virtue, Truth, and Ho—ne—sty, are flown, and none but Fortune's Fools are in re—



quest; no more I will my wret—ched Fate bemoan, but on this Bank con—ten—ted e—ver rest.

Mr. Daniel Purcell.

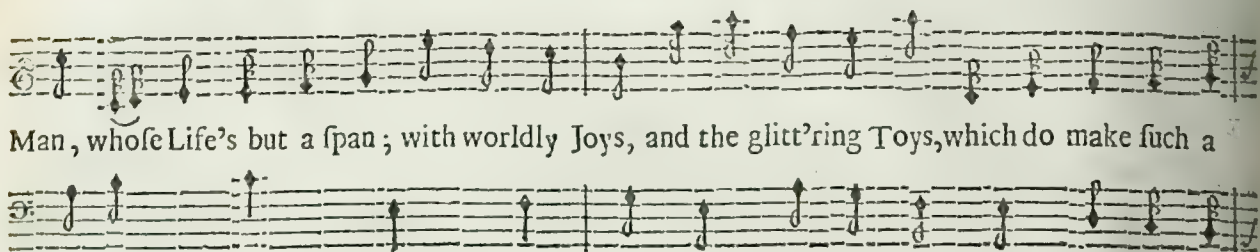




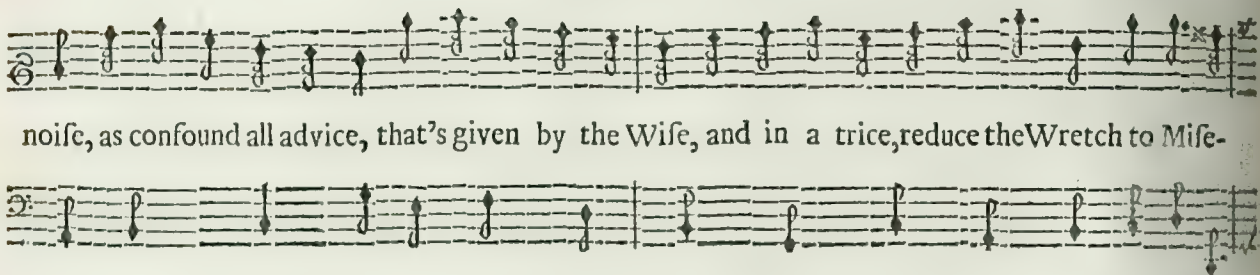
## A SONG to a Lyra Tune.



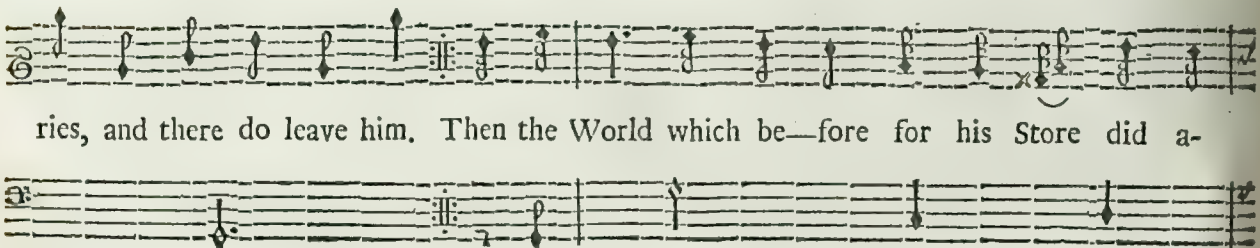
Hen Mony has done what e're it can, and round about run to pleasure a



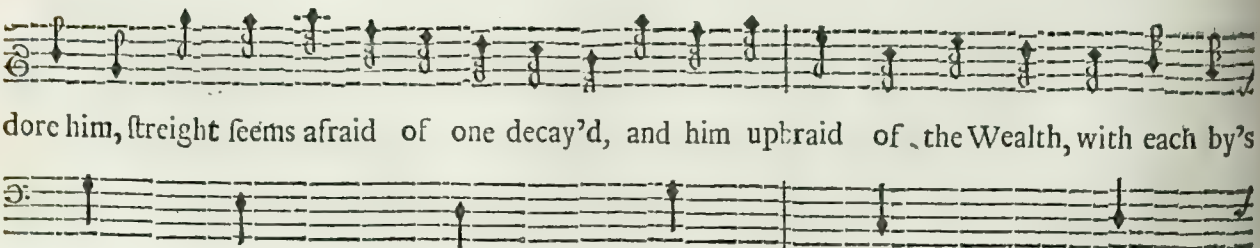
Man, whose Life's but a span; with worldly Joys, and the glitt'ring Toys, which do make such a



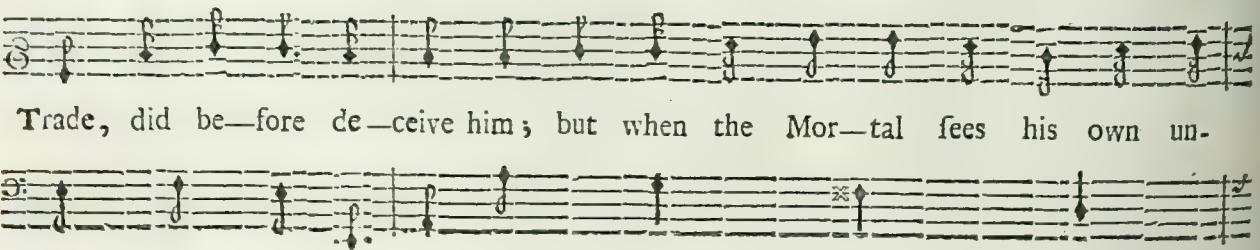
noise, as confound all advice, that's given by the Wise, and in a trice, reduce the Wretch to Mife-



ries, and there do leave him. Then the World which be—fore for his Store did a—

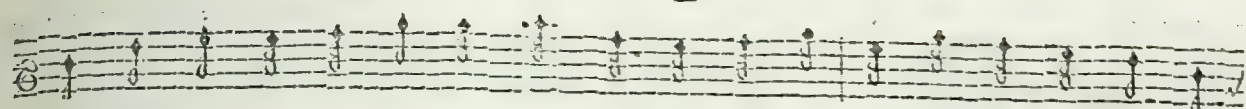


dore him, streight seems afraid of one decay'd, and him upbraid of the Wealth, with each by's

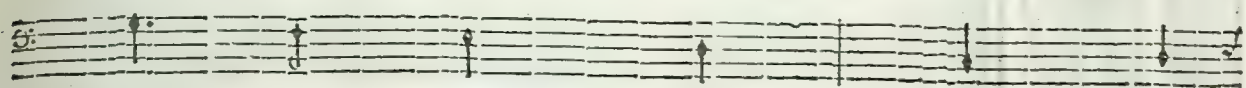


Trade, did be—fore de—ceive him; but when the Mor—tal fees his own un—

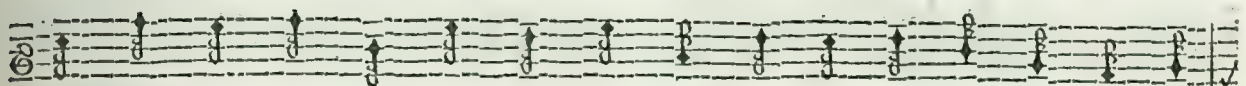
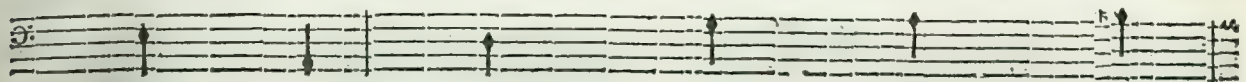




do-ing, finds his Acquaintance and Friends are all a go-ing, then he sighs and



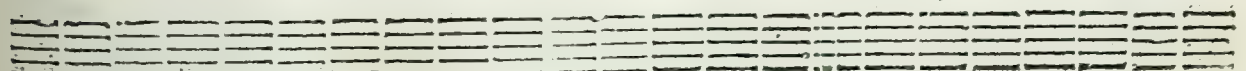
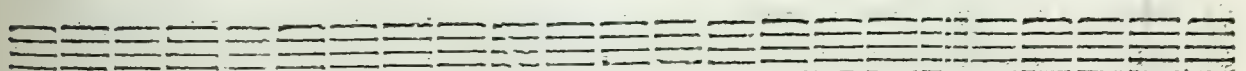
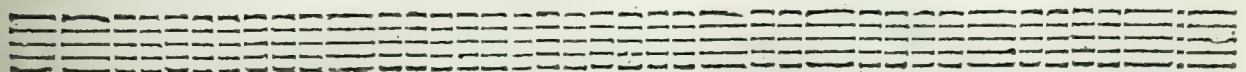
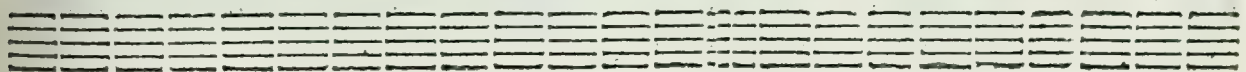
moans, and then he pines and groans; at last he craves, his Friends deny, at which he raves, and swears, he'll



dye, and thus he cries, He ne'er was wise, un-til in 'Mi-se-ry he



dyes; and thus the wretched Spendthrift lyes, fare him well for evermore, Amen.





A. 2. Voc.

The Words by Mr. Cowley.



Ere, here's to thee *Dick*, this whi—ning Love de-

Ere, here's to thee *Dick*, here, here's to thee

spife; here, here's to thee *Dick*, this whining, whining Love despise;

*Dick*, this whi—ning Love despise, this whining, whi—ning Love despise;

pledge me, pledge me, my Friend, here, here's to thee *Dick*, pledge me, and drink, drink, till thou be'st

pledge me, here's to thee *Dick*, pledge me, my Friend, pledge me, and drink, drink, till thou be'st

wife: It sparkles brigh--ter far than she, 'tis pure, 'tis pure, and right, without de-

wife: It sparkles brigh--ter far than she, 'tis pure, 'tis pure, and right, without de-

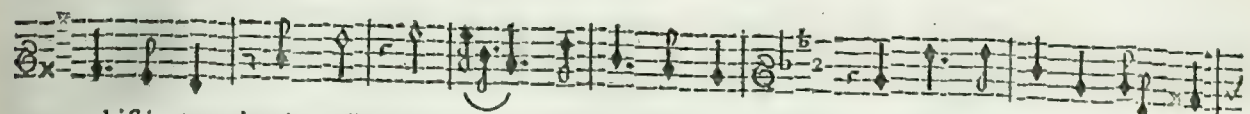
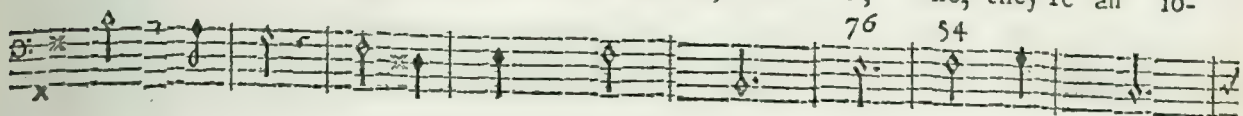




ceit, and such, such, no Woman e're will be, no, no, no, they're all fo-



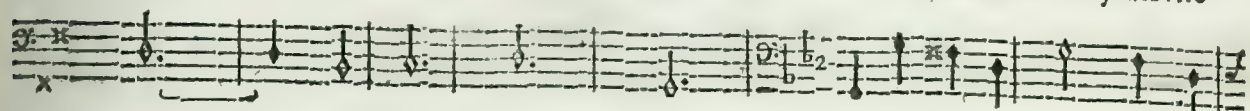
ceit; and such, such, no Woman e're will be, no, no, they're all fo-



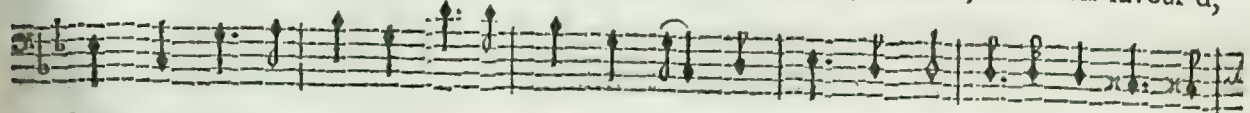
phistificate, they're all, all, all, so-phi-sti-cate. With all thy servile pains, what



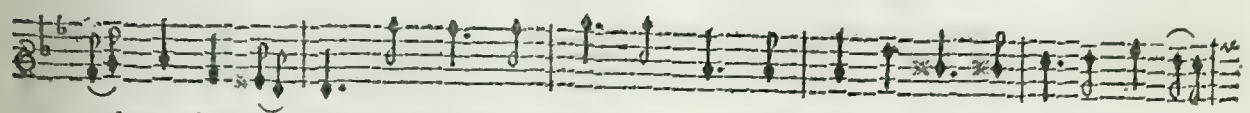
phistificate, they're all, all, all, so-phi-sti-cate. With all thy servile



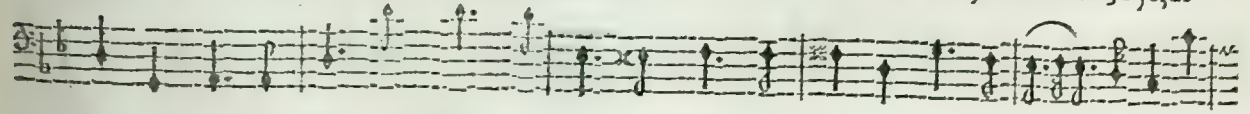
can't thou win, with all thy servile pains, what can't, what can't, thou win, but an ill favour'd,



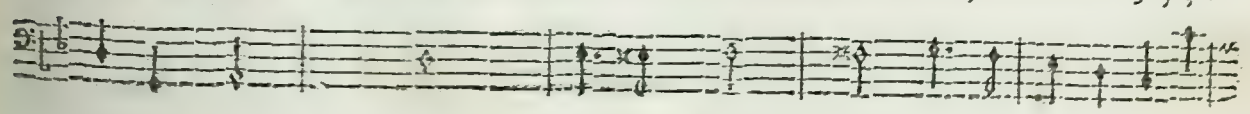
pains, what can't thou win, with all thy servile pains, what can't thou win, but an ill favour'd,



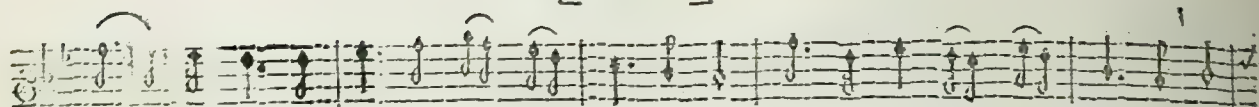
and un-clean-ly Sin? A thing, a thing, so vile, and so short-liv'd, that *Venus* Joys, as



and un-clean-ly Sin? A thing so vile, so vile, and so short-liv'd, that *Ve-nus* Joys, as



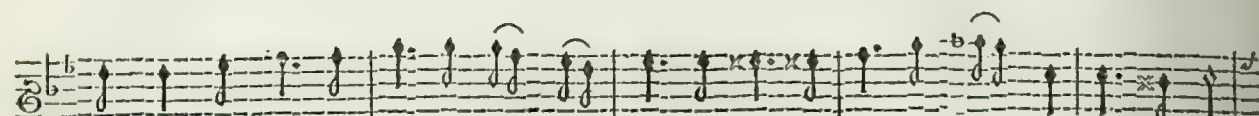
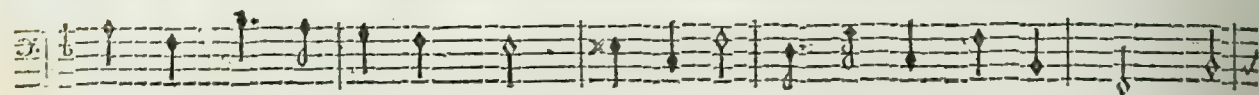




well as she, with reason may be said to be, from the neg—le—cted Foam deriv'd.



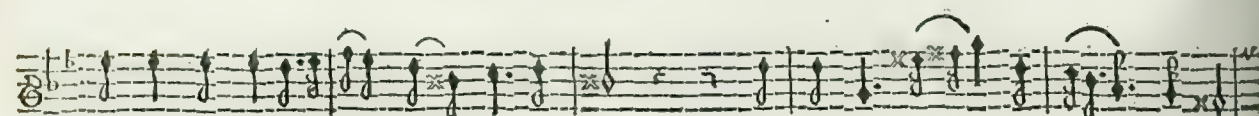
well as she, with reason may be said to be, from the neg—le—cted Foam deriv'd.



Follies they have, so numberless, in store, that on—ly he who loves them can have more;



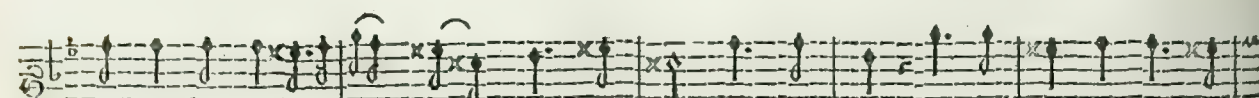
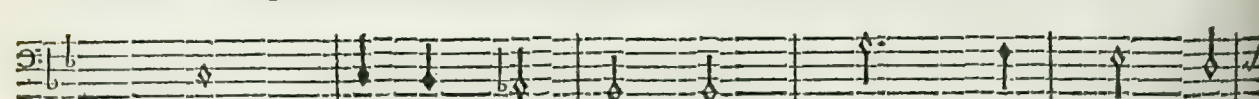
Follies they have, so num—ber—less, in store, that on—ly he who loves them can have more;



neither their Sigh—s, nor Tears, are true, those id—ly blow, these id—ly fall;



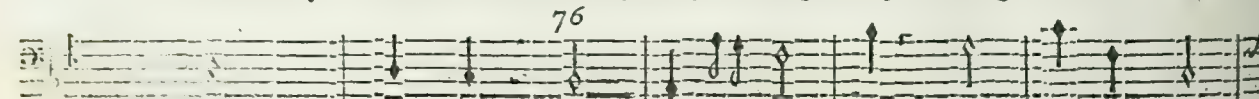
neither their Sigh—s, nor Tears, are true, neither their Sigh—s, nor Tears, are true,



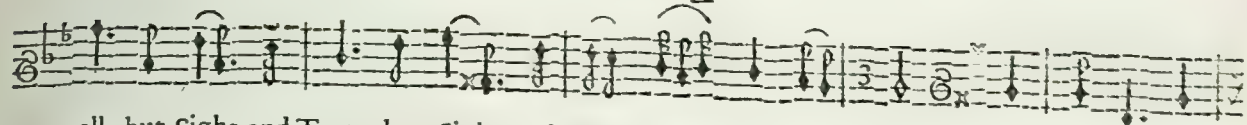
neither their Sigh—s, nor Tears, are true, nothing like, nothing like to ours at



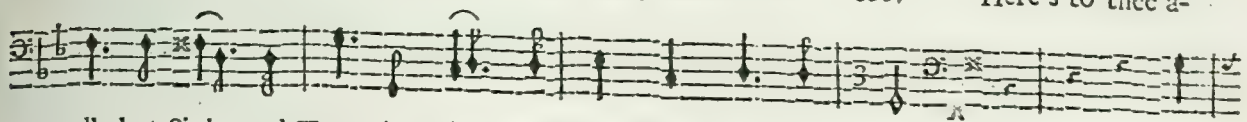
those id—ly blow, these id—ly fall; nothing like, nothing like to ours at



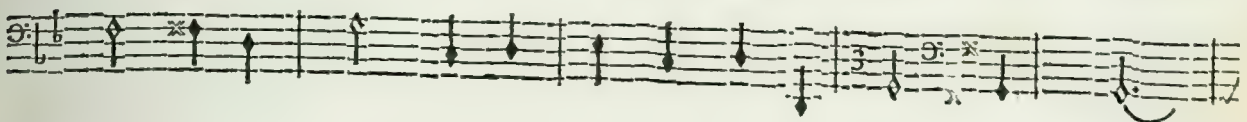




all, but Sighs and Tears, but Sighs and Tears, have Sex-es too. Here's to thee a-



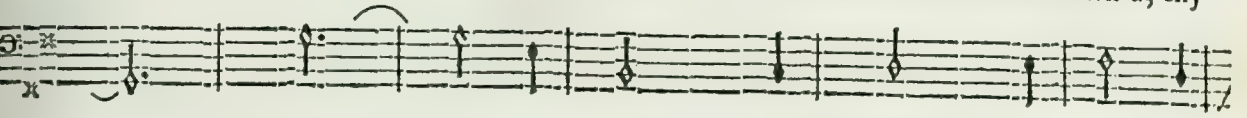
all, but Sighs and Tears, but Sighs and Tears, have Sex-es too. Here's



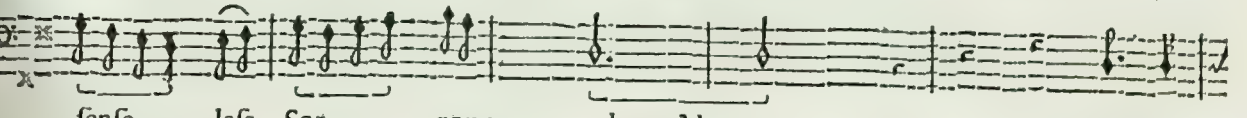
gain, here's to thee a—gain, thy senseless Sor-rows drown'd; here's to thee, thy



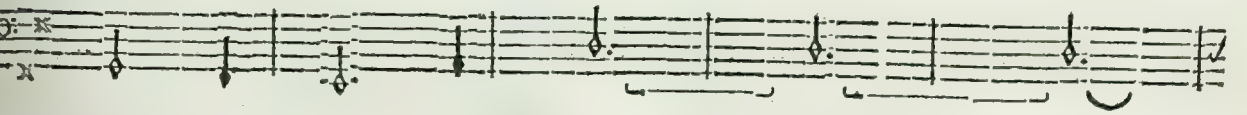
to thee a—gain, here's to thee a—gain, thy senseless Sorrows drown'd, thy



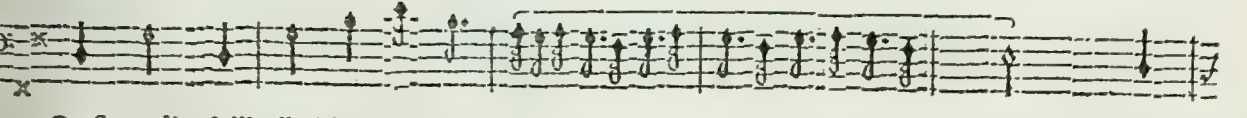
sense—less Sor—rows drown'd, let the Glass walk, 'till all things too go



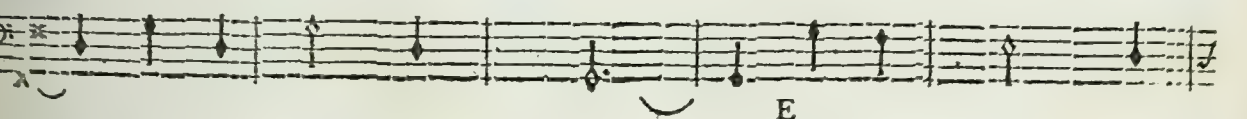
sense—less Sor—rows drown'd, let the



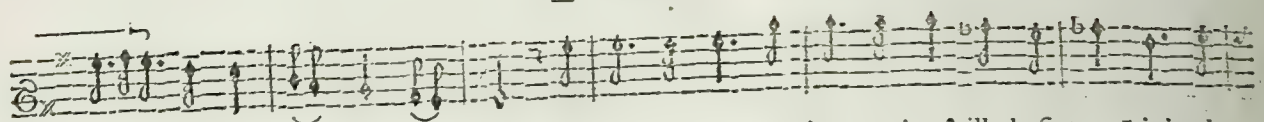
rou—nd, 'till all things too go rou—nd, 'till



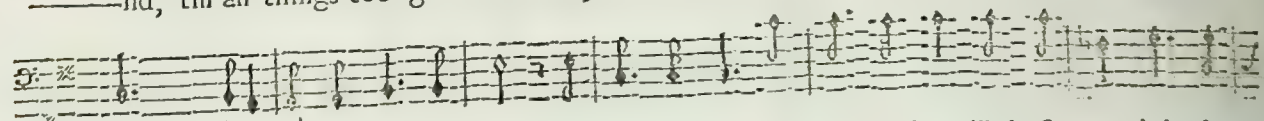
Glass walk, 'till all things too go rou—nd, 'till



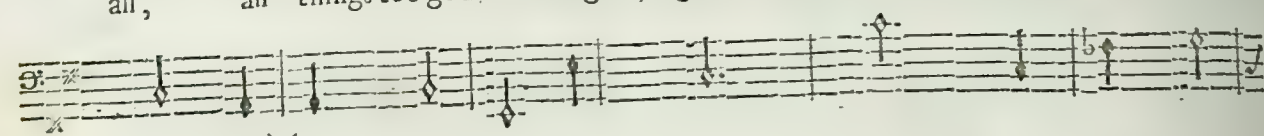




—nd, 'till all things too go round: Again, again, again, again, 'till these two Lights be



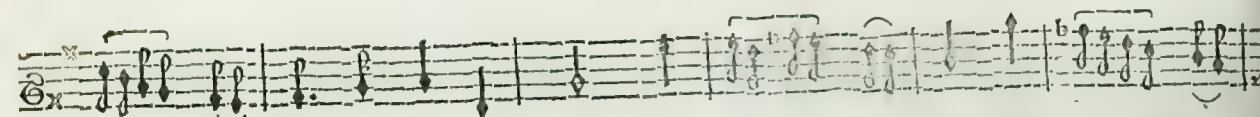
all, all things too go round: Again, again, again, again, 'till these two Lights be



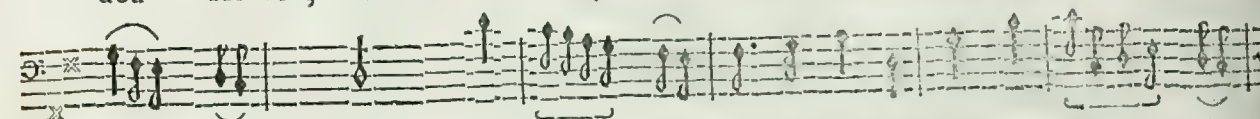
four, no Er—ror here can dan-ge-rous prove; thy Passion Man deceiv'd thee more, none



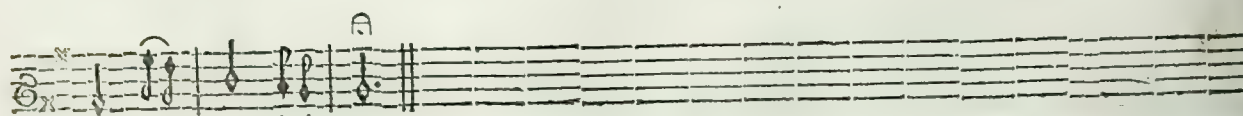
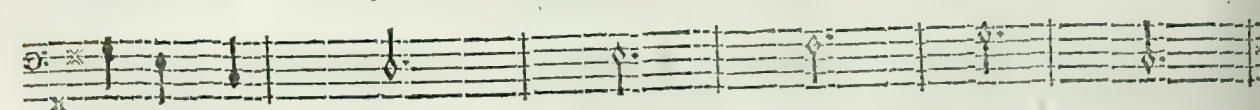
four, no Er—ror here can dan-ge-rous prove; thy Passion Man deceiv'd thee more, none



dou—ble fee, like Men in love; none dou—ble fee, none dou—ble

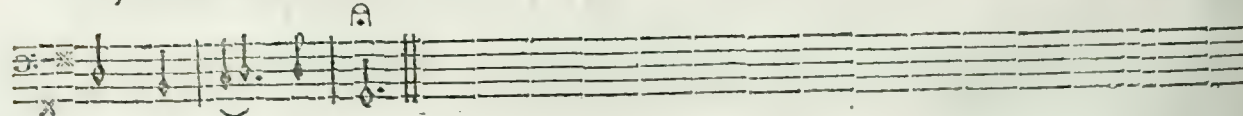


dou—ble fee, none dou—ble fee, like Men in love; none dou—ble

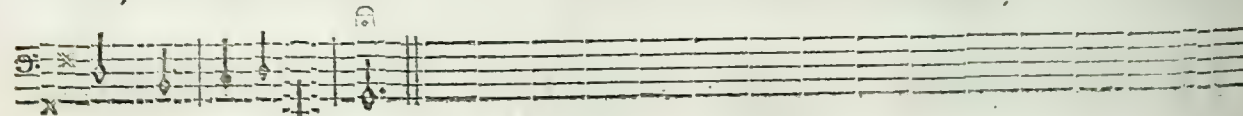


fee, like Men in love.

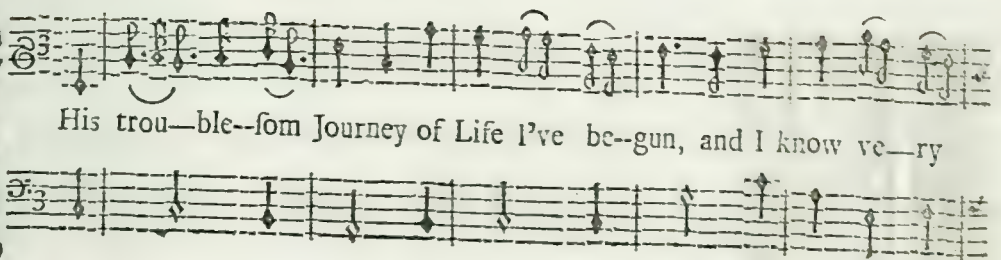
Mr. Henry Purcell.



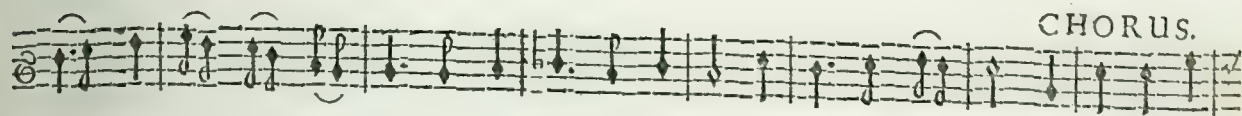
fee, like Men in love.







His trou—ble—som Journey of Life I've be—gun, and I know ve—ry

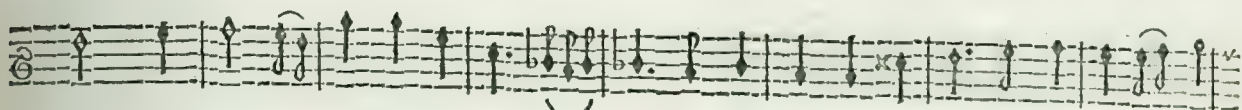


CHORUS.

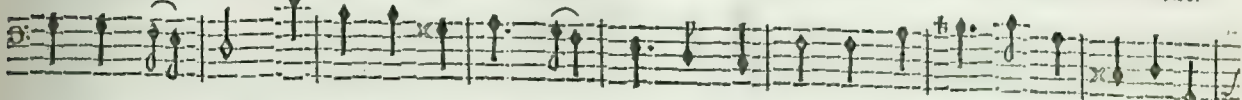
well how far I have run, but a—las! cannot tell how soon 'twill be done. *Then farewell to*



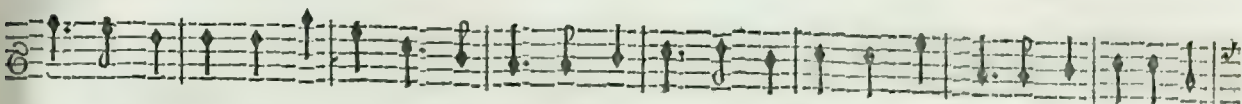
*Then*



Care, to Care, then farewell to Care, Fear, Sorrow, and Trouble, and Love that makes all o—ther



farewell to Care, then farewell to Care, Fear, Sorrow, and Trouble, and Love that makes all other



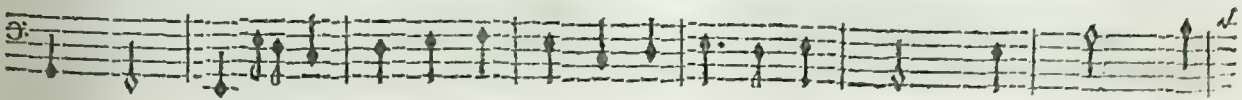
Mi—se—ries double, for Ple make the best and the most of this Bubble. Give me but in quiet a



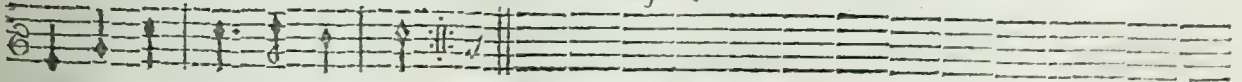
Mi—se—ries double, for Ple make the best and the most of this Bubble.



competent Wealth, and sometimes in private an a—mo—rous Stealth, with a Friend and a



CHORUS as before.

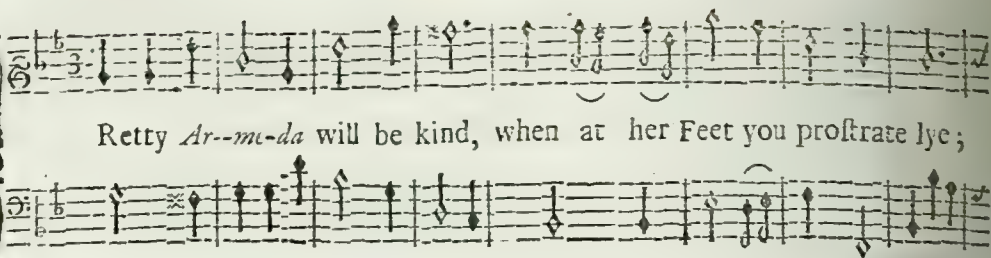


Bottle to drink the King's Health.

Mr. John Roffey.



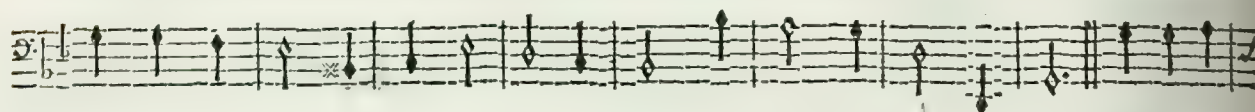




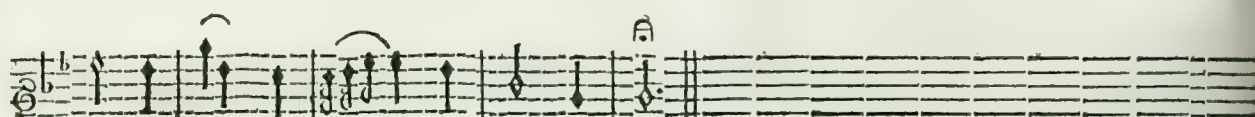
Retty *Ar-m-da* will be kind, when at her Feet you prostrate lye;



no cru—el Looks was e're design'd, to dwell with—in her charming Eye : Gaze on her

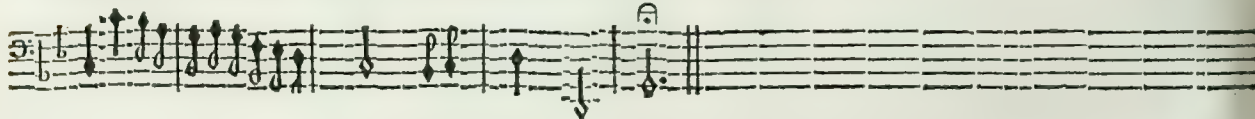


Face, and ev'ry Part, that is ex—po—sed to your view; you'l presently conclude her



Heart to be so soft, 'twill yield to you.

Mr. Snow.



## II.

But first 'tis fit you try your Skill,  
You may not think that without pain;  
And some Attendance on her Will,  
So rich a Prize you shall obtain:  
Wooing's like Angling-Men, must wait  
Woman's time, and give them play,  
'Till she has swallow'd well the Bait,  
Before she will become his Prey.

## III.

What tho' *Armeda's* Looks be kind,  
And you read Yielding in her Eyes;  
Yet you, alas! may quickly find,  
Those Charms do nought but tantalize:  
Her Heart may not so easie be  
As you imagin, but may prove  
As hard as Adamant to thee,  
And proof against thy Darts of Love.

## IV.

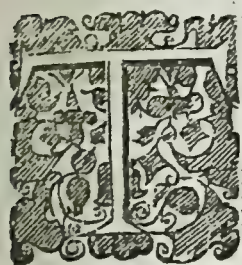
Your Skill, and all the Art you have,  
Make Tryal of Sir, if you please;  
Tell her, you are her Captive Slave,  
And beg of her Relief and Ease:  
But she'l not hear you, for she spies  
That underneath your gilded Bate;  
A crafty Hook inclosed lyes,  
So from your Angle she'l retreat.



# ANACREON'S Defeat.

[ 17 ]

[The Notes with this Mark \* over them, are to be sung Demetrius.]



His Poet si—ngs the Tro-jan Wars, a-no-ther of the Theban

jars, in rat—ling Numbers, in rat—

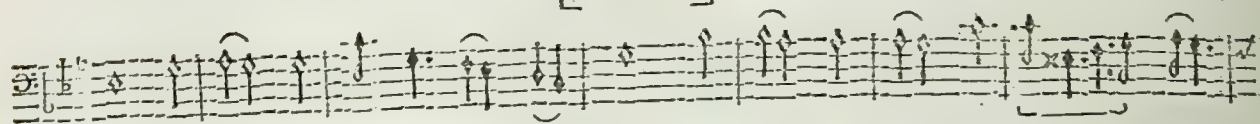
ling Numbers, Verse that da—res; this Poet

si—ngs the Tro-jan Wars, a-no-ther of the The-ban jars, in

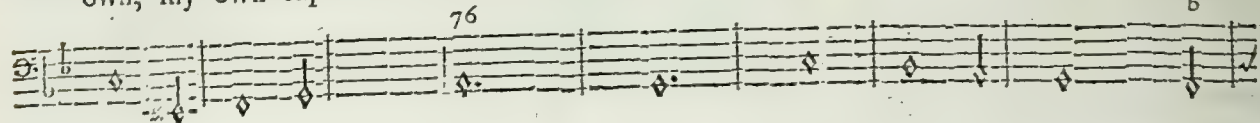
rat—ling Numbers, in rat—ling

Numbers, Verse that dares. Whil'ft I in soft and hum—ble Verse, my





own, my own cap - ti - vi - ties rehearse; whilst I in fo - ft, in fo - ft, and



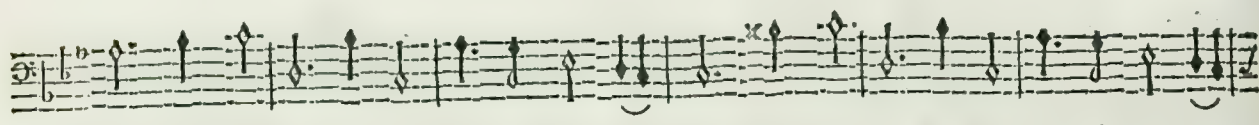
hum - ble Verse, my ow - n Cap - ti - vi - ties rehearse; I



sing my own Defeats, which are not the Events of Common War; I sing my own De-



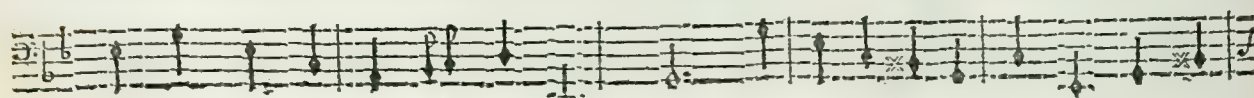
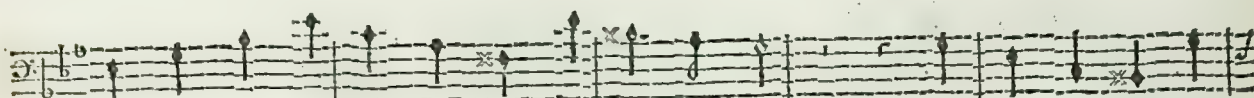
feats, which are not the Events of Common War, which are not the Events of Common



War: Not Fleets at Sea have vanquish'd me, nor Brigadeers, nor Cavalry, nor



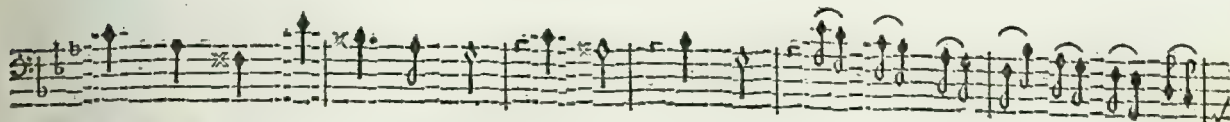
Ranks and Files, nor Ranks and Files, of In - fan - try; not Fleets at Sea have



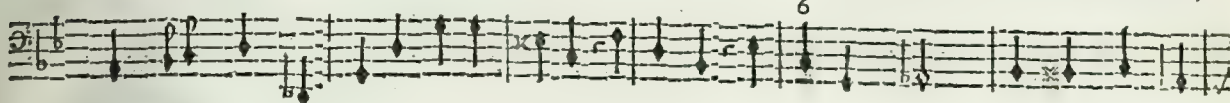




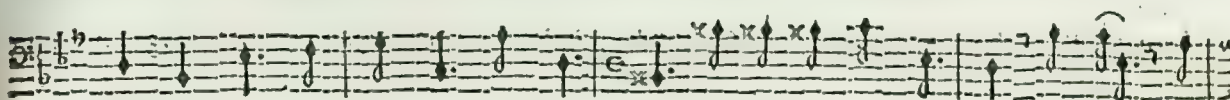
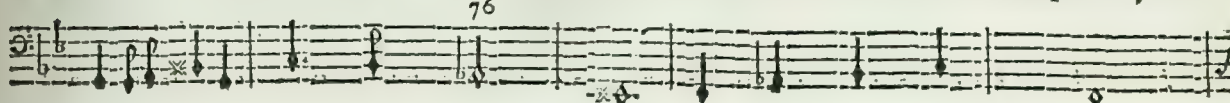
vanquish'd me, nor Bri—ga—deers, nor Ca—val—ry, nor Ranks and Files, nor



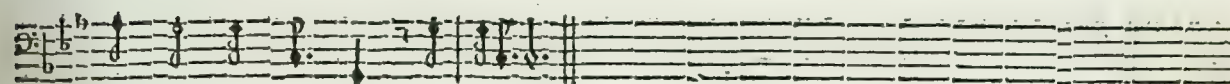
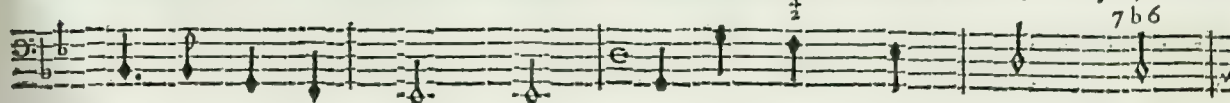
Ranks and Files, of In—fan—try: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, A—na—cre—on still de—fies, all, all, your Ar—til—le—ry Companies; save

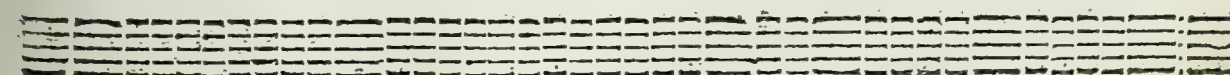
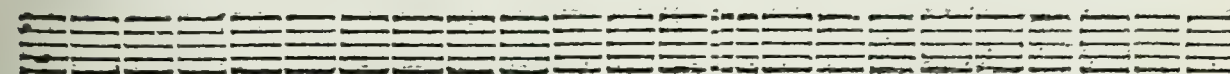


those encamp'd in kil—ling, kil—ling Eyes, each Dart his Mistress shoots, he dyes, each



Dart his Mistress shoots, he dyes.

Mr. Henry Purcell.





A. 3. Voc. (A Catch.)

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Um up all the Delights, sum up all, all, sum up all the Delights the  
 World does produce, the darling Allurements now chiefly in use; you'll find, when compar'd, there's  
 none can contend, with the so—lid Enjoyment of Bot—tle and Friend: For Honour, or  
 Wealth, or Beauty, may waste, those Joys often fade, but rarely do last; they're so hard to at—  
 tain, and so ca—si—ly lost, that the Pleasure ne're an—swers the Trouble and Cost.  
 None like Wine, none like Wine, and true Friendship, are lasting and sure, from Jealousie  
 free, and from En—vy secure; then fill up the Glasses until they run o're, a Friend and good  
 Wine are the Charms we a—dore.

A. 3. Voc. (A Catch.)

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Ow, now we are met, and Humours agree, call, call for Wine, and lose no  
 Time, but let's merry be; fill, fill it about to me, let it come, fill the Glas to the  
 top, I'll drink ev'ry drop, Su—per—na—cu—lum: A Health to the King, round, round, let it  
 pass, fill it up, and then drink it off like Men, never baulk your Glas.









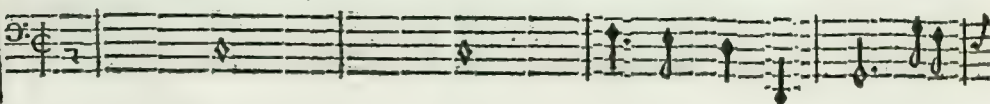


His Empire's all compos'd of Charms,  
With joy we truckle to his Arms;  
For those he kills, he still composes  
Beds of Honour, and of Roses:  
Thus they unfortunate become,  
Enamour'd of their Martyrdom.

✚ Rigorous Torments he makes easie,  
And despairs himself to please ye.  
Ev'ry Sigh a Pleasure moves,  
Like the Groans of kissing Doves;  
✚ Ev'ry Sigh a Pleasure moves,  
Like the Groans of kissing Doves.



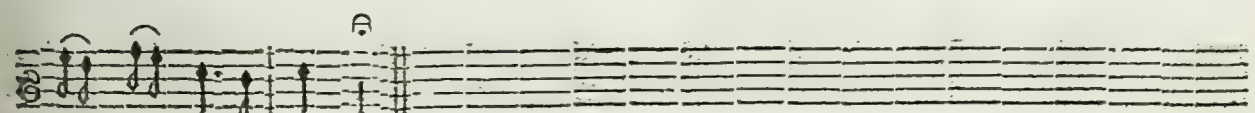
E Gods, you gave to me a Wife, out of your wonted favour, to



be the Com—fort of my Life, and I was glad to have her: But if your Provi-

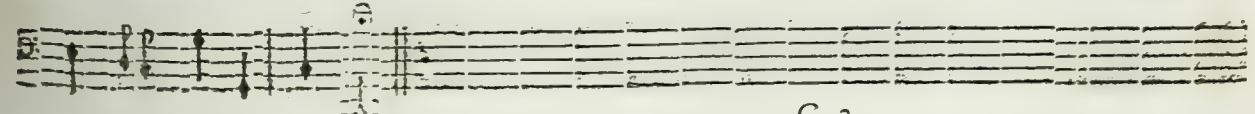


dence divine, for something else de—sign her; t'obey your Will at a—ny time, I'm



rea—dy to resign her.

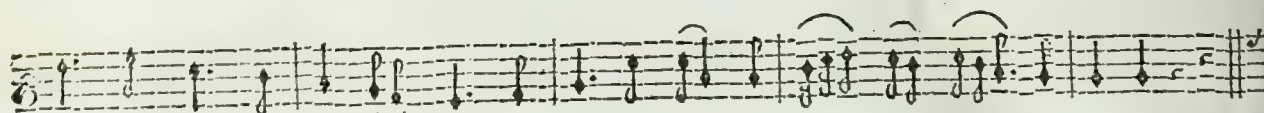
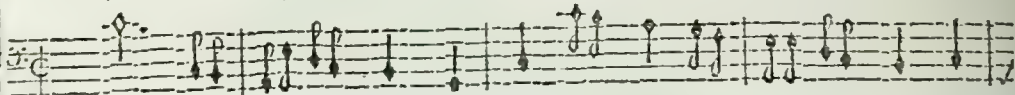
Mr. Snow.



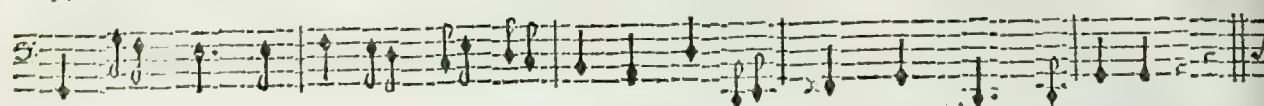




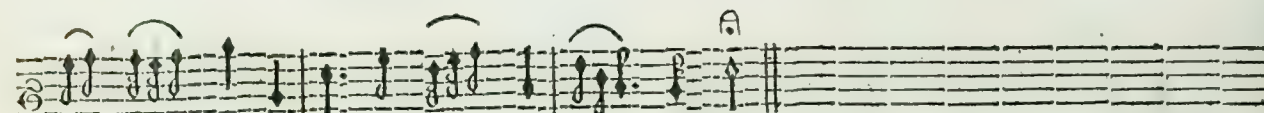
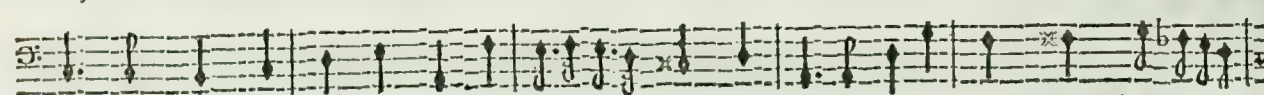
Ell, tell me, why your Face dis-clo-ses flaming Blushes, when I



say, Thour't young as *A-pril*, fresh as *May*, and sweet as *June's* first budding *Roses*?



Why when I but name my Passion, should the Lil—lies dis-ap-pear? Why takes the Blood such



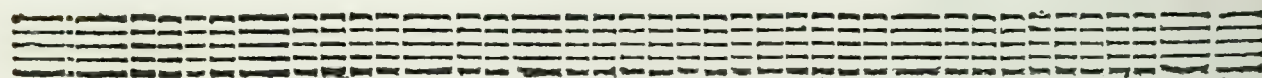
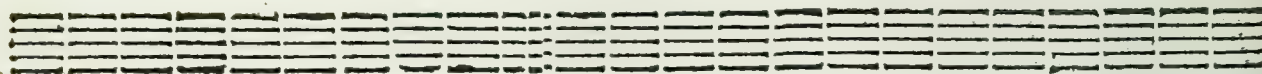
quick pos-ses-sion, planting bright Car-na-tions there?

Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.

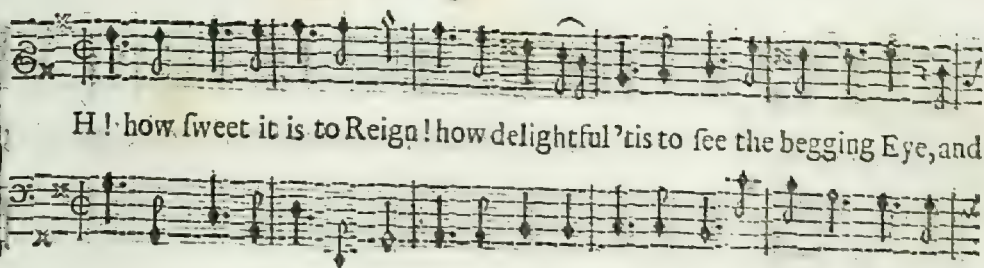


## II.

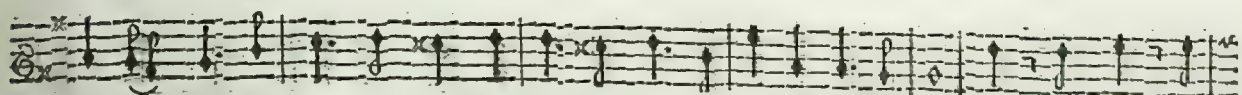
Say why thy Cheeks are thus unfolding  
 These new Charms, whilst humbly I  
 The old in Rapture am beholding,  
 With wonder gaze, and gazing dye:  
 If budding Charms are so surprizing,  
 What must full-blown Roses do?  
 Like Morning Sun in Crimson rising,  
 Painting the Hemisphere anew.



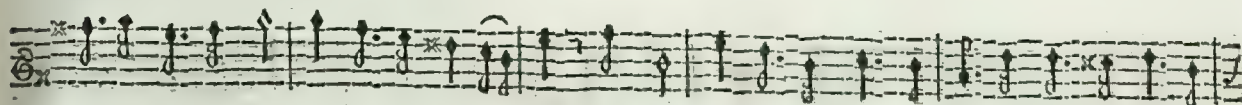




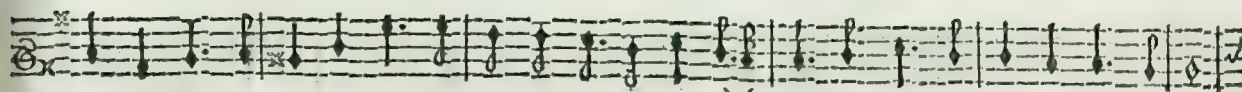
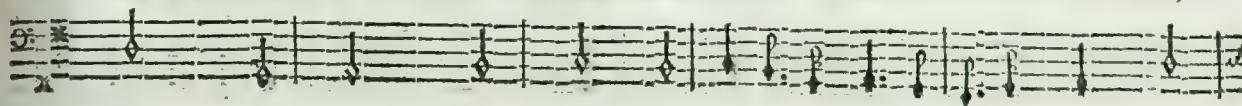
H! how sweet it is to Reign! how delightful 'tis to see the begging Eye, and



bended Knee! to hear the Gilded Palace ring, with Praises of the King! Kings are Gods, and



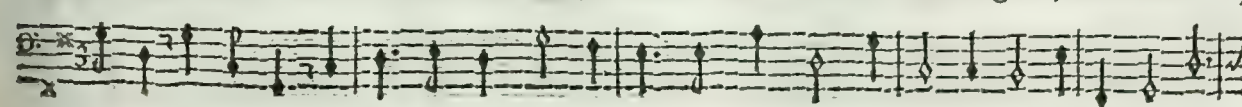
from the lofty Throne, on all the rest of Men look down, all bow to them, but they submit to none; with



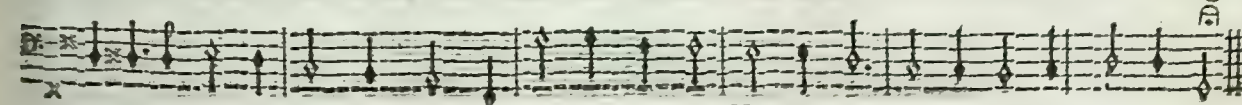
Frowns they kill, and with a Smile more ravishing Delights they move, than all the fading Sweets of Love.



Pleasure, and Treasure, and Beauty, are theirs, to sweeten their Cares; all Nature gives, or Art can find,



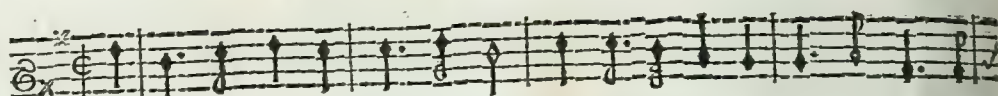
to please the Sense, and ease the Mind; the Gods for Monarchs did ordain, ah, how sweet it is to Reign!



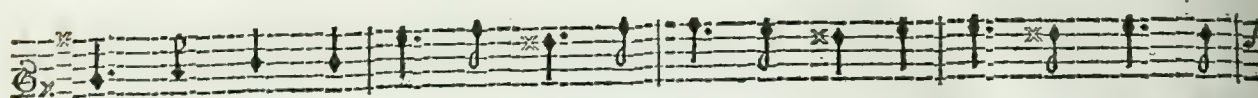
H

Mr. John Banister

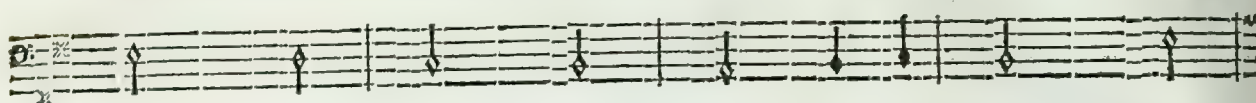




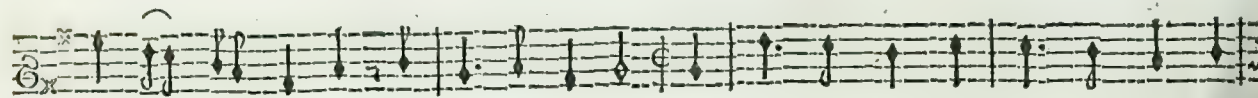
Hen Beauty, arm'd with smiling Eyes, and in betraying Features drest; for



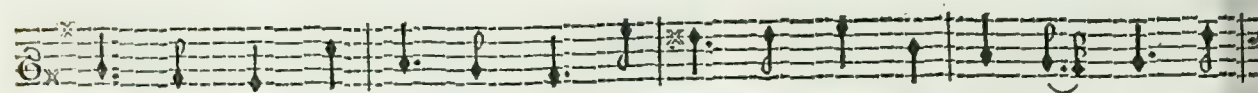
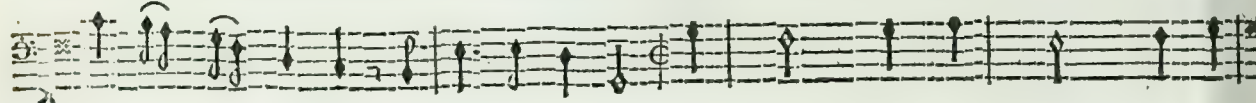
wand'ring Hearts in Am—bush lyes, she beats the Valiant, cheats the Wife, and



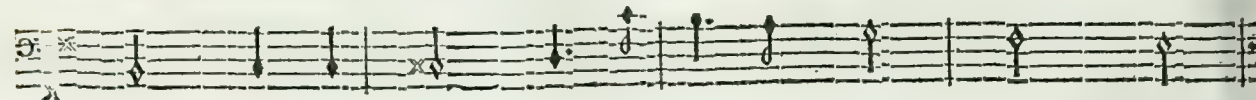
gains a Throne in ev'—ry Breast: To so ma—ny bright forms she al—ters her shape, no



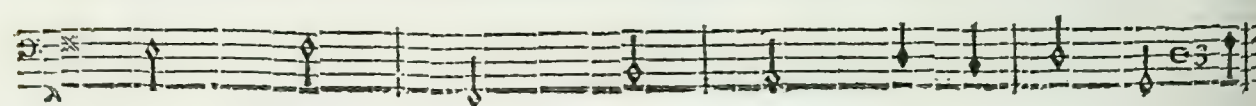
God, nor no He—ro, can e—ver escape. Who pleasing Looks, and Mirth, disdain, she



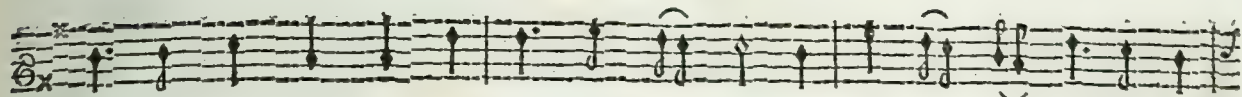
wounds with more Ma—je—stic Art; and where the haughty Men prove vain, such



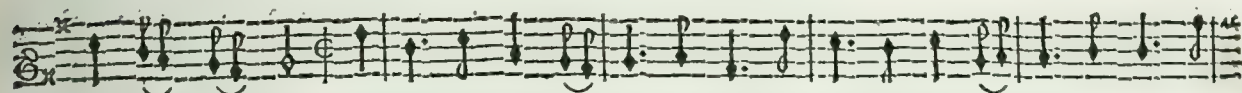
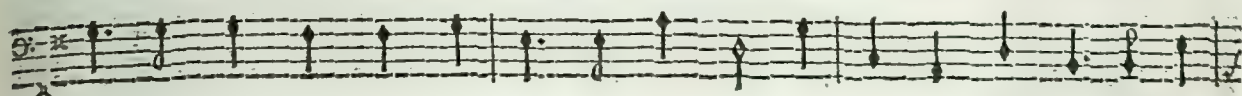
Pear—ly show'rs of Tears she'l rain, as can dis—solve the hardest Heart: So



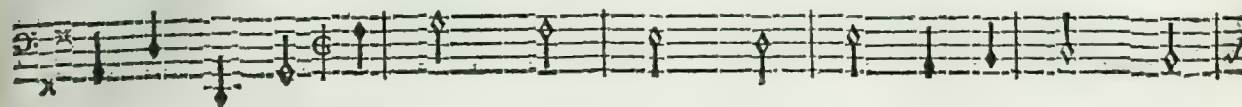




deep is her Cunning, so sweet is her Stroke, that all must be subject to



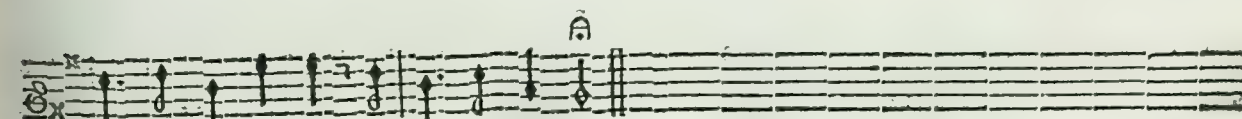
Beauties soft Yoke. But, ah! how sweet 'tis to possess, the secret Wishes Beauty move; the



Joys no Language can express; nor any wretched Mortals guess, that

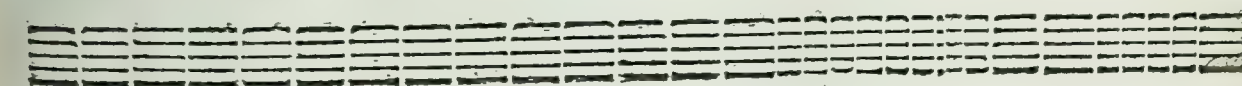
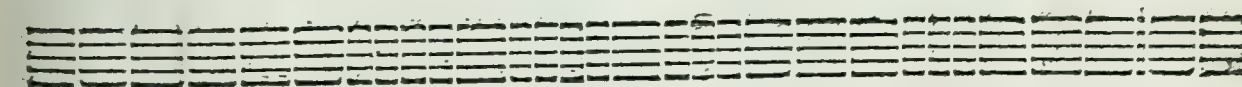
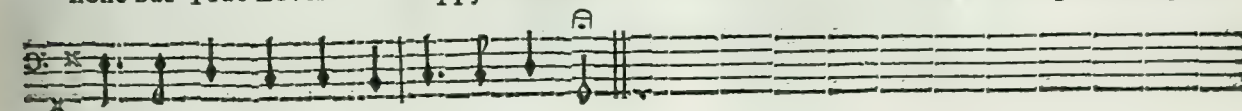


has not try'd successful Love. Such Raptures of Pleasure from Beauty proceed, that



none but True Lovers are happy indeed.

Mr. John Banister.







HY should short-liv'd Mortals strive to gain, gilded Cares, and

glorious Pain? 'Tis not Pow'r's bound—less sway, nor all the Guards that wait up--on a

glitt'ring Throne, can drive in--tru--ding Care away: Wisdom's sacred Hand can bind, the

ra—ging Passions of the Mind; he that has at—tain'd to that, is the Em—pe—

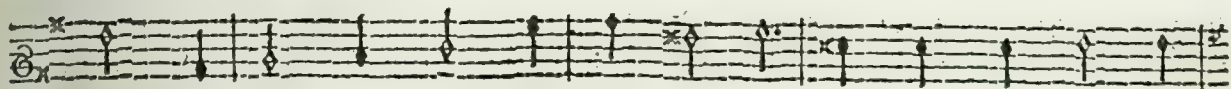
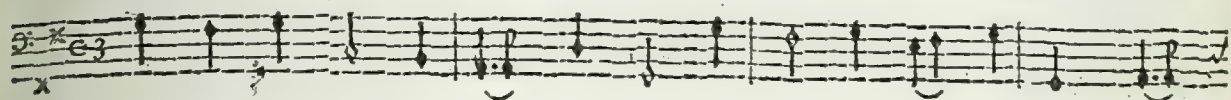
rour of Fate. Rough Tempests that make Kingdoms roul, a—gainst his Breast in

vain do beat; they cannot shake his fix—ed Soul, but must, like vanquish'd Waves, retreat.

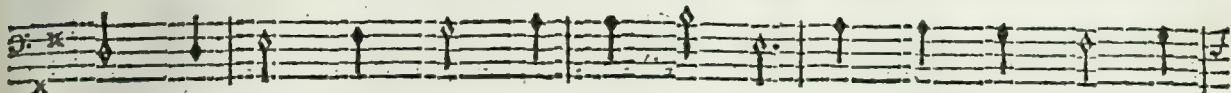




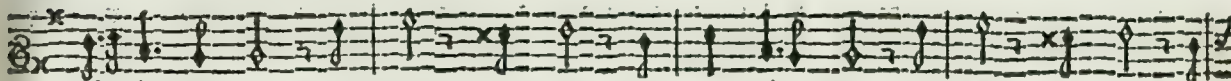
No rest—less Wish, no trem—bling Fear, or fierce Despair, can en—ter



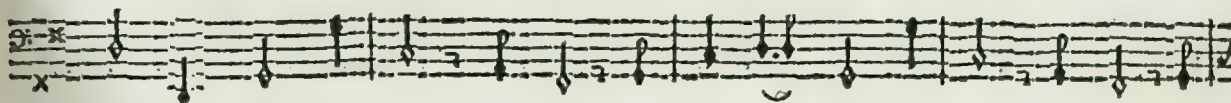
there; vain Love, cold Death, or ha—sty Time, have nei—ther Darts, nor



Wings for him: When Life for—sakes his qui—et Breast, he does but change his

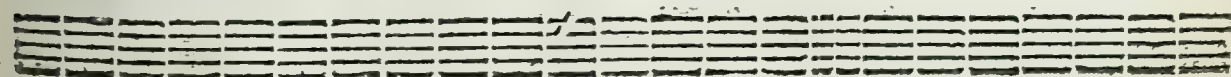
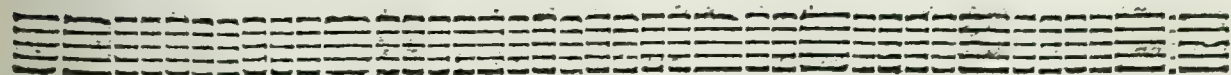
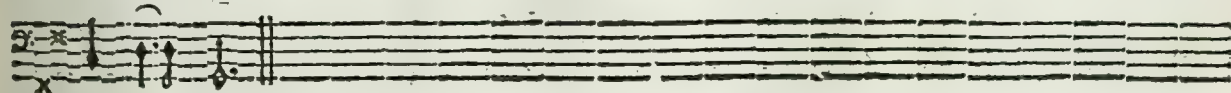


place of Rest, 'tis he, 'tis he a—lone is blest, 'tis he, 'tis he a—



lone is blest.

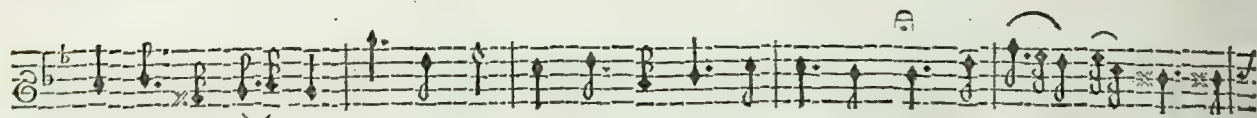
Mr. John Banister.



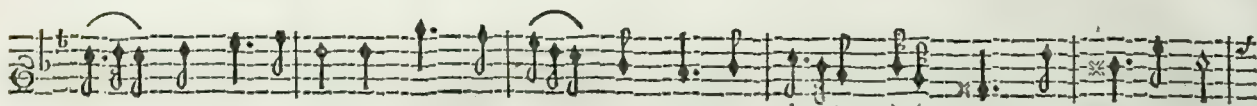
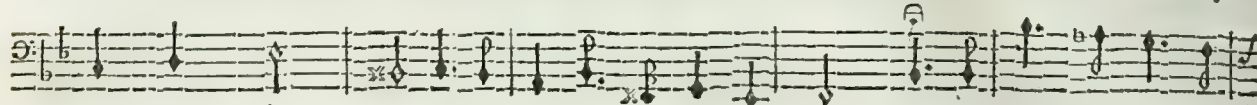


*The Words by Mr. John How.**Set by Mr. James Hart.*

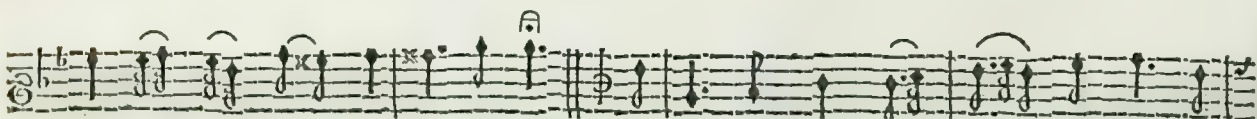
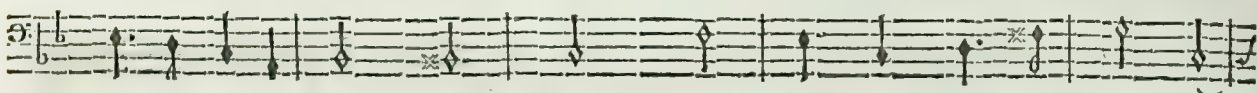
Ow can they tast of Joys or Grief, who Beauty's Pow'r did never prove?



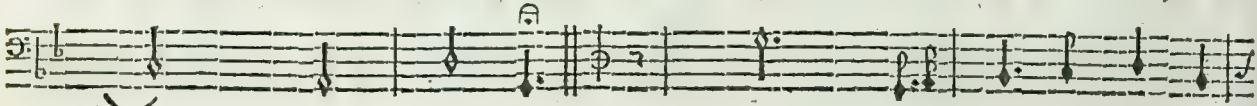
Love's all our Torment, our Relief, our Fate depends alone on Love: Were I in heavy



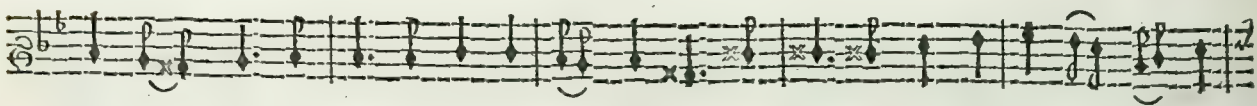
Chains confin'd, *Neæra's* Smiles would ease that State; nor Wealth, nor Pow'r, could blefs my Mind,



curs'd by her Absence, or her Hate. Of all the Plants which shade the Field, the



fragerant Myr—til does surpass; no Flow'r so gay, that does not yield, to blooming Rosés



gau—dy Dress: No Star so bright that can be seen, when *Phæbus* Glories gild the Skies; no



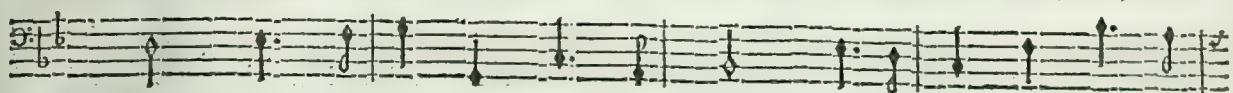




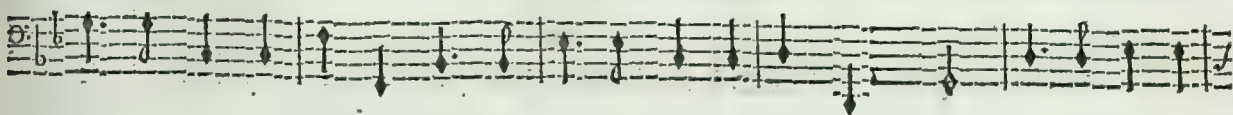
Nymph so proud a—dorns the Green, but yields to fair Ne—e—ra's Eyes. The



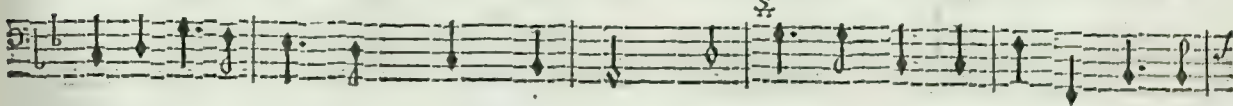
a—mo—rous Swain no Off'—rings bring, to Cu—pid's Al—tar as be—fore; to



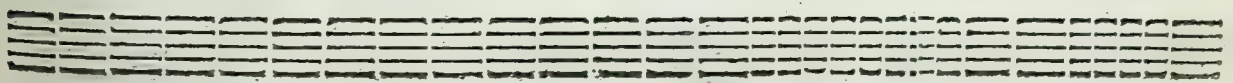
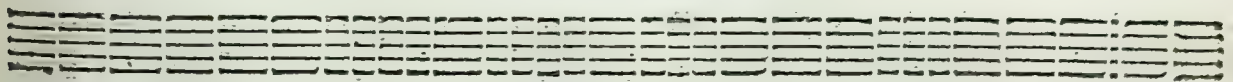
her they play, to her they sing, and own in Love no o—ther Pow'r: If thou thy Empire



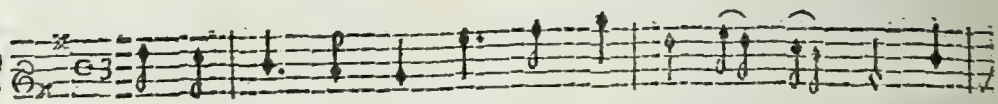
wilt regain, on thy Conquerour try thy Dart; touch with pi—ty for my Pain Ne—



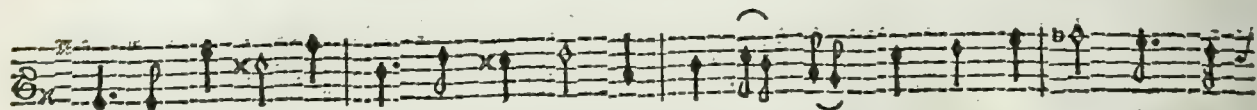
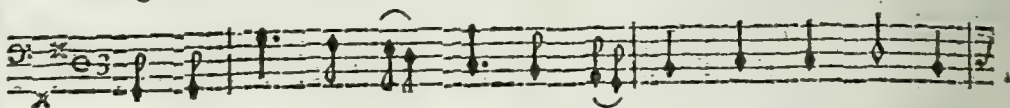
e—ra's cold dis—dain—ful Heart.



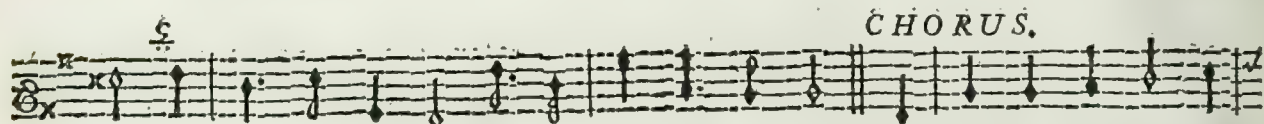




Hough our Town be destroy'd, since our selves we en-joy, where

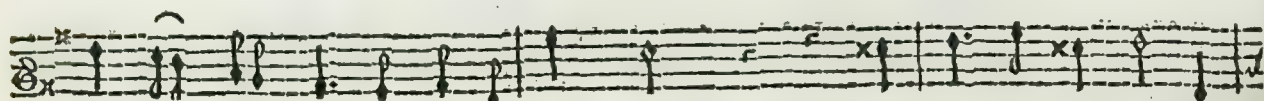


e're we reside, we make a new *Troy*; when met-ry in one place, our Minds compass

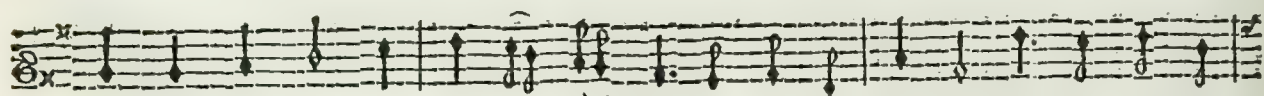


CHORUS.

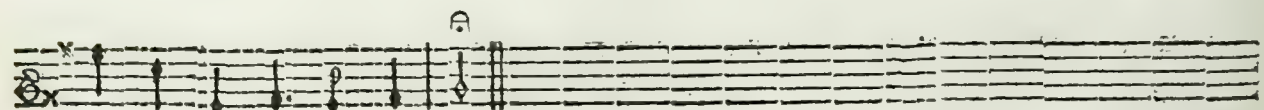
all, thus Man's the great World, and the Globe's but the small. Then drink our Veins full, and



while Wa-ters glide a-bout the dull Earth, let Wine be our Tide; then

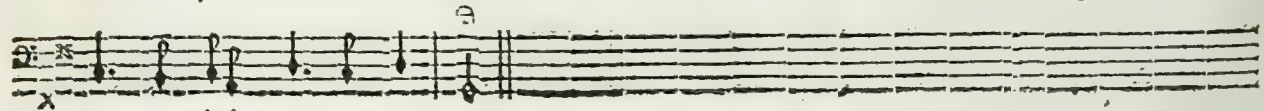


drink our Veins full, and while Wa-ters glide a-bout the dull Earth, glide a-bout the

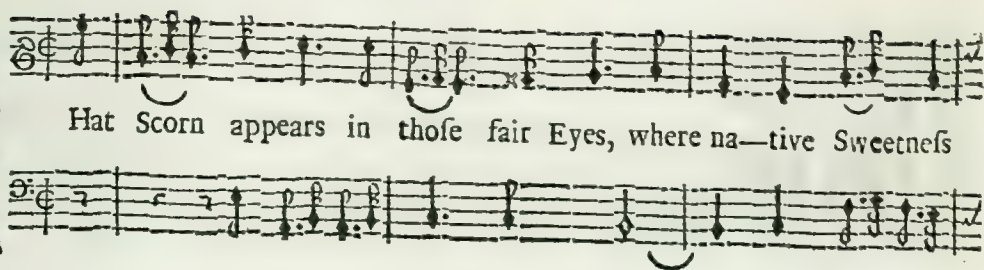


dull Earth, let Wine be our Tide.

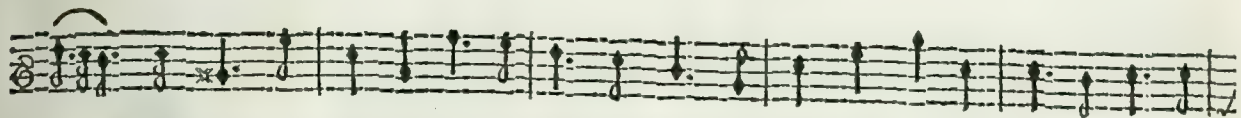
Dr. John Blow.



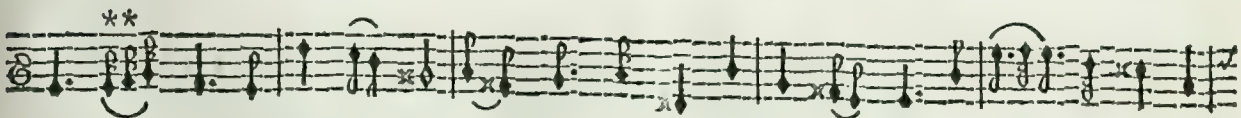




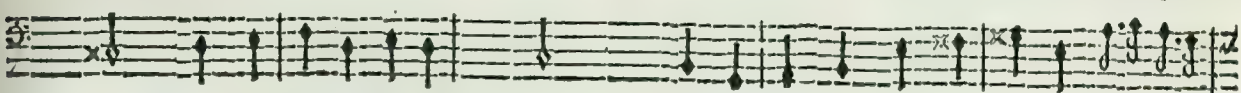
Hat Scorn appears in those fair Eyes, where na—tive Sweetness



us'd to flow? If your A--do--rer you despise, on whom will you your Love bestow? Ah!



let not your severe Disdain kill him, who lives alone for you; in-glo-rious Conquests



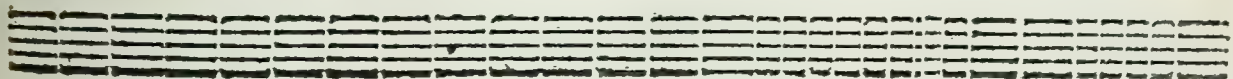
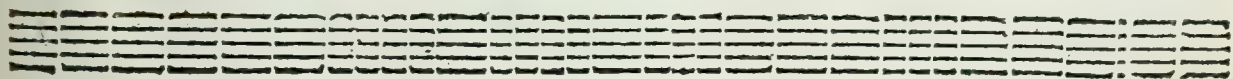
they obtain, who mur--der Slaves they first subdue.

Mr. Daniel Purcell.

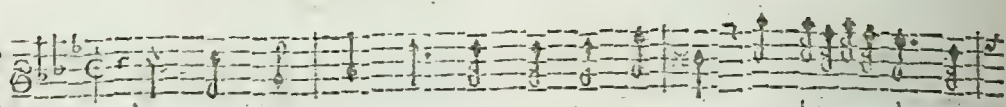


II.

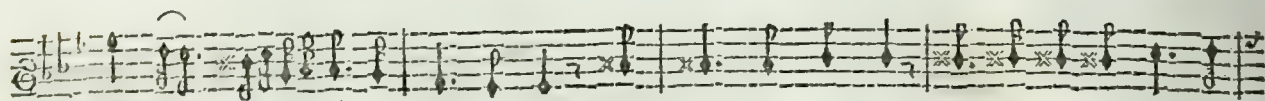
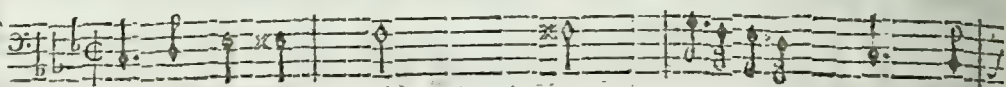
Welcom to thirsty Fields kind Show'rs,  
To chearful Birds the Morning Light;  
Returning Suns to with'ring Flow'rs,  
To me the charming *Cælia's* Sight:  
The Floods against their Streams may run,  
The Gods may cease to be obey'd;  
But think not, cruel Nymph! your Scorn  
Can quench the Flames your Eyes have made.



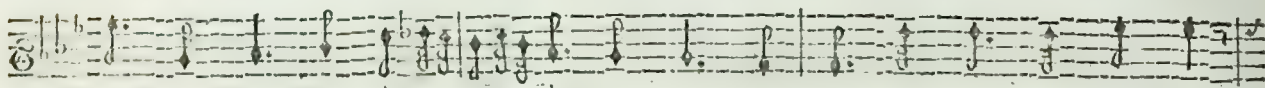




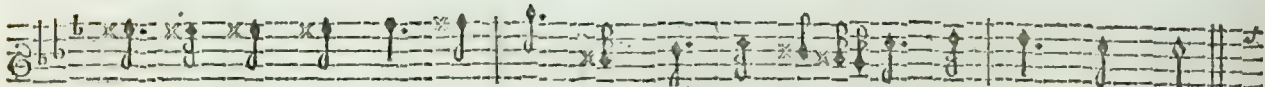
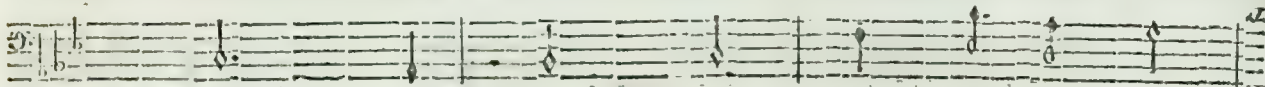
Great Son of Night! come from thy *Ebon* Cell, where sof—test



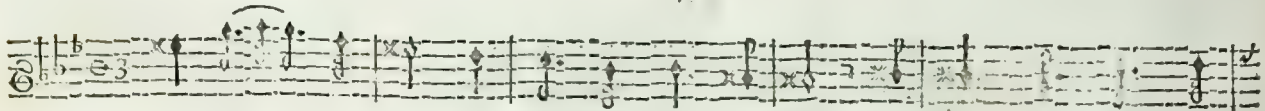
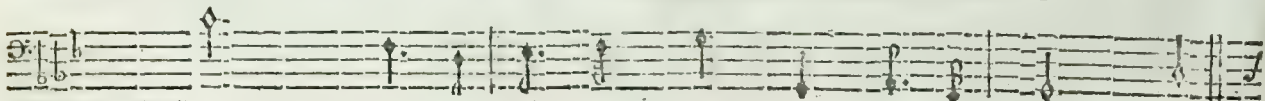
Slumbers do delight to dwell; with wreath of Poppies bound about thy Head, make



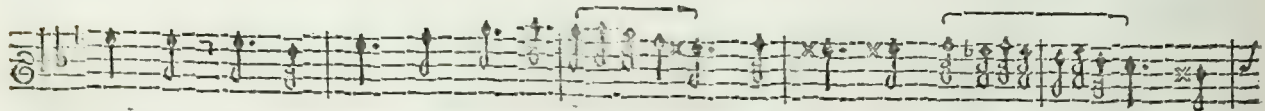
hast, and bring my trou—bled Thoughts to Bed; with wreaths of Poppies



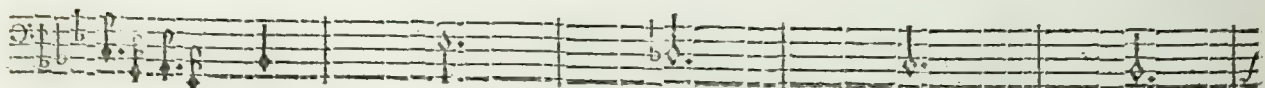
bound a-bout thy Head, make hast, and bring my trou—bled Thoughts to Bed.



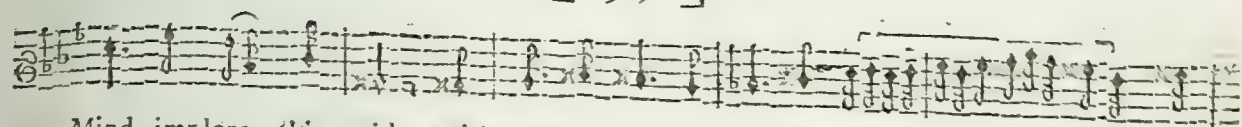
Some sweet De—lu—sion, gentle Sleep! devise, to draw the frin—ged



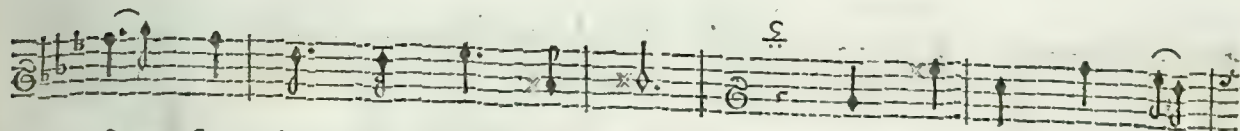
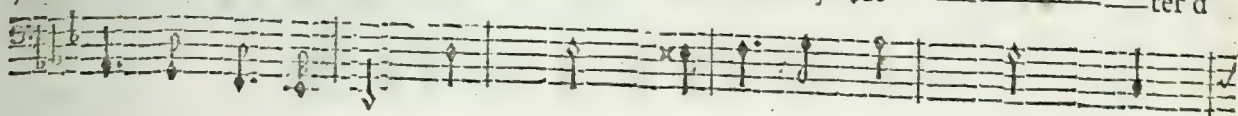
Curtains of mine Eyes; before I am—aware, my rest—less







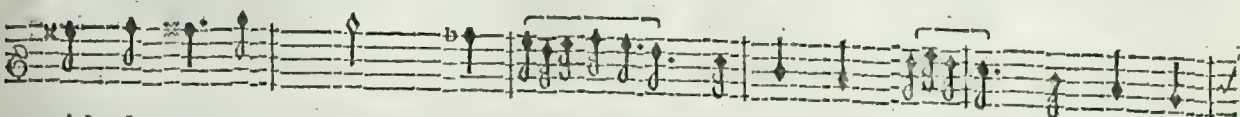
Mind implores thine aid, with filken Cords to bind my seat—ter'd



Sen—ses with thy migh—ty Hand, and charm them gent—ly



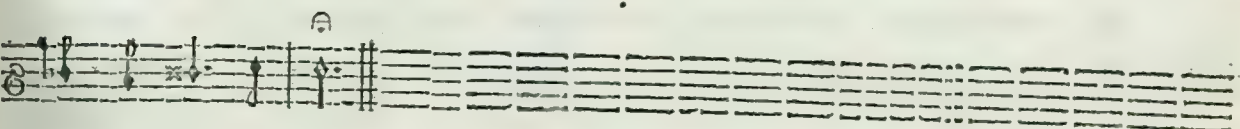
And charm them gent—ly with



with thy Leaden Wand; and char—m them gently, charm them gently



thy Leaden Wand; charm them gent—ly, charm them gent—ly, with thy

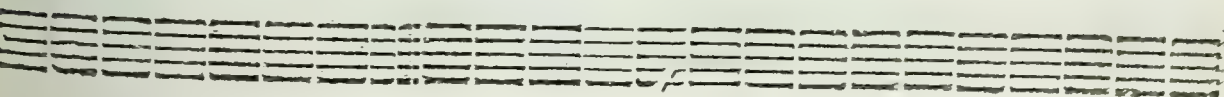
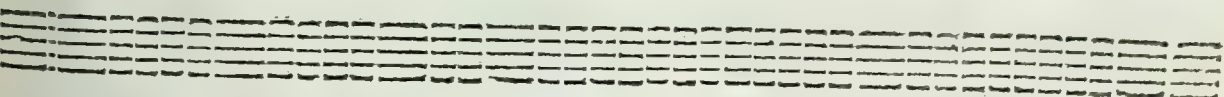
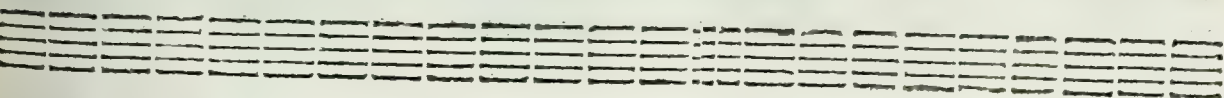


with thy Leaden Wand.

Mr. James Hart.



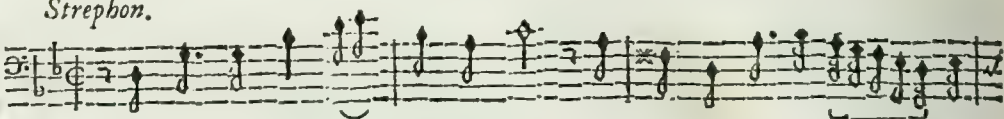
Lea—den Wand.



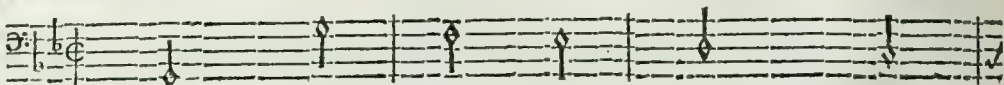


# A Dialogue betwixt STREPHON and DORINDA.

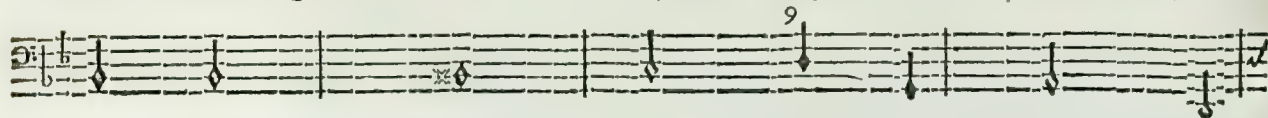
*Strephon.*



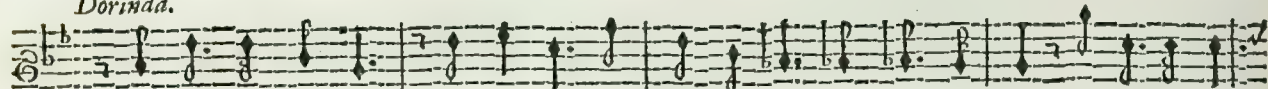
AS yet your Breast no Pi--ty learn'd! *Dorinda*, must I si—gh in



vain! The list'ning Herd seem more concern'd, when of your Ri—gour I complain.



*Dorinda.*



Beguiling Shepherd! with such Art, the sub-tle Poison you instill; no Antidote

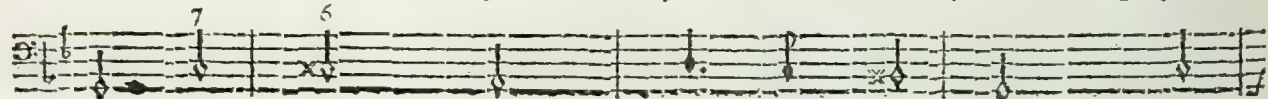


*Strephon.*

se—cures the Heart, such migh—ty force it has to kill. I bring no Weapons to de—

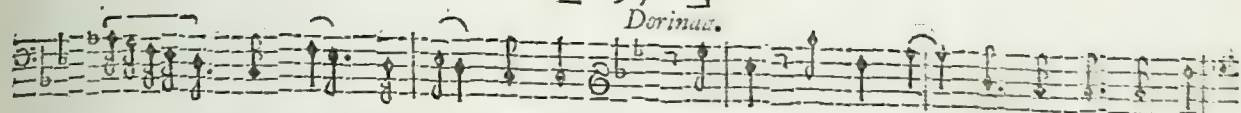


stroy, but tender Wounds for you to cure; such Wounds as must your Care employ, no



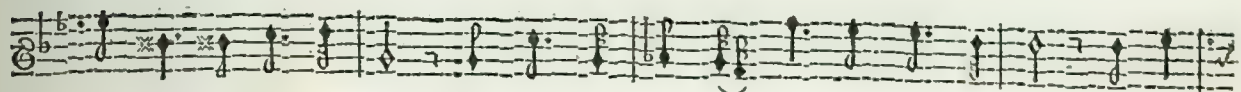
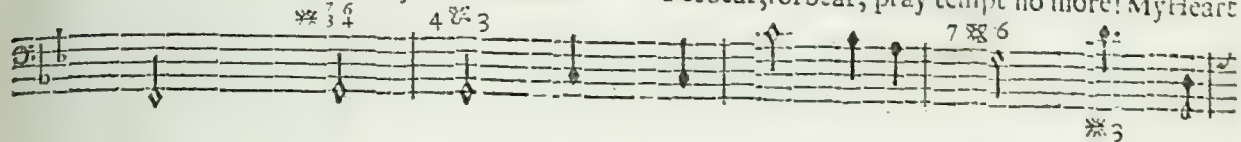


*Dorinda.*



rough—er Hand they can endure.

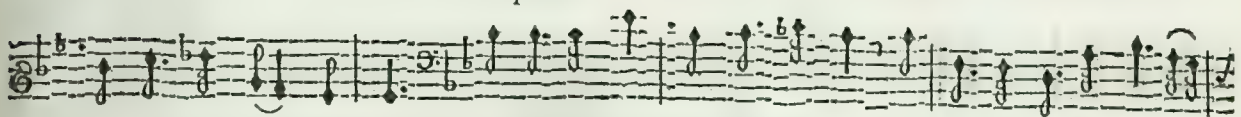
Forbear, forbear, pray tempt no more! My Heart



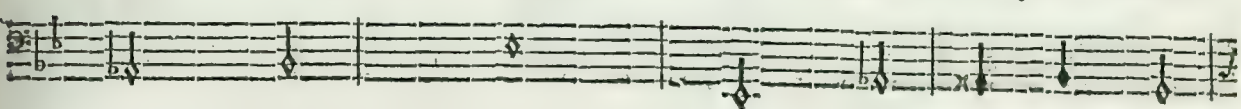
I feel almost undone; and can no more, no more oppose that Pow'r, that Pow'r,



*Strepson.*



which has such Conquest won. *Dorinda,* you the Conqu'ror are, here I for your Protection

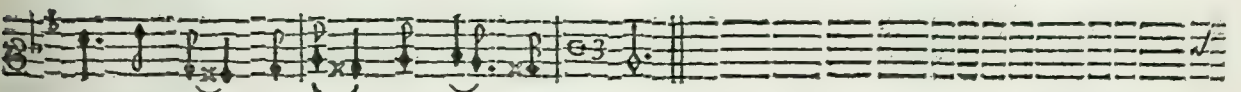


*Dorinda.*

sue; and as your Pris'ner took in War, some Mercy challenge as my due. I can no mo—

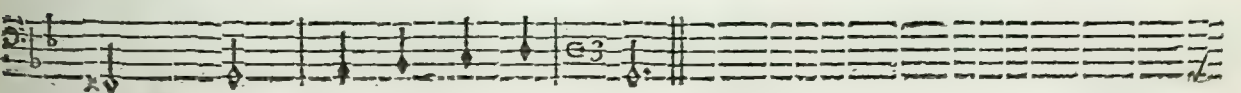


—re reject your Pray'r, *Strepson,* for Heav'n-sake constant prove! My Breast shall bury all your



Care, and kind—ly en—ter—tain your Love.

*CHORUS.*

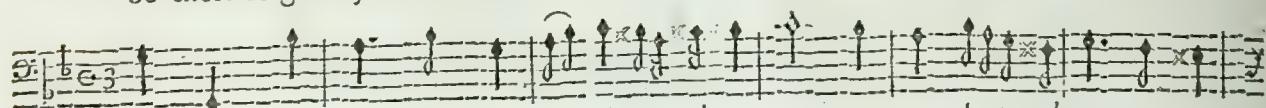




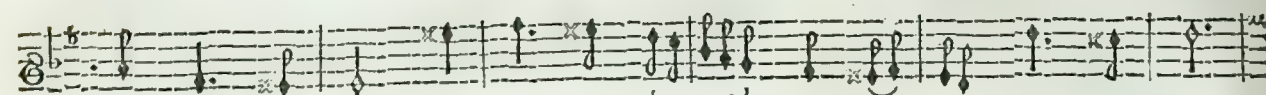
## CHORUS.



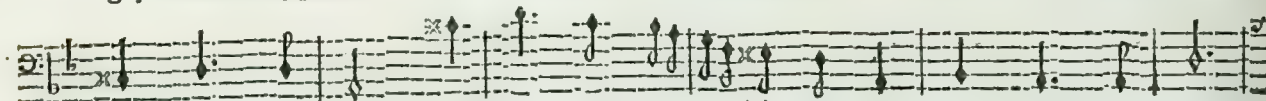
So those bright Eyes which do the Tempest raise, with one kind Look the an-



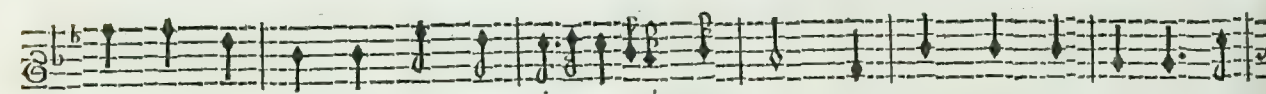
So those bright Eyes which do the Tem—pest raise, with one kind Look the an-



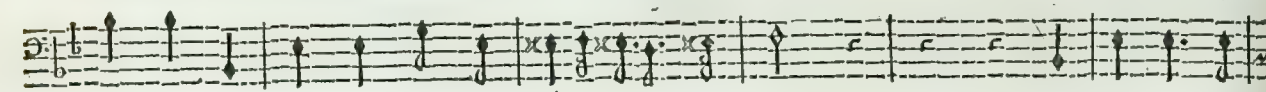
gry Storms appease, and save poor fin—king Lo—vers from the Seas.



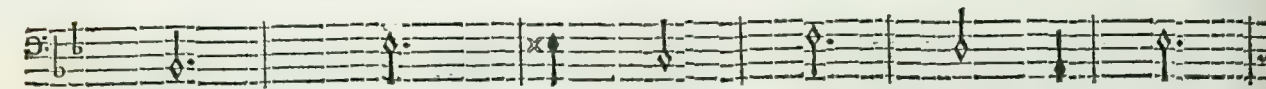
gry Storms appease, and save poor fin—king Lo—vers from the Seas.



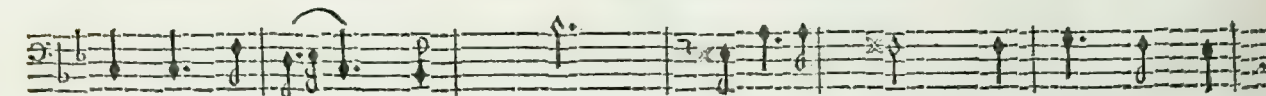
Painters, henceforward with your skill—ful Arts, draw Beauty with one Eye a



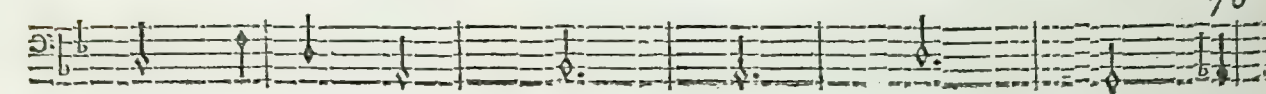
Painters, henceforward with your skill—ful Arts, draw Beauty with



shoo—ting Darts, the o—ther wee—ping, the o—ther wee—ping o—



one Eye a shoo—ting Darts, the other wee—ping, weeping o—



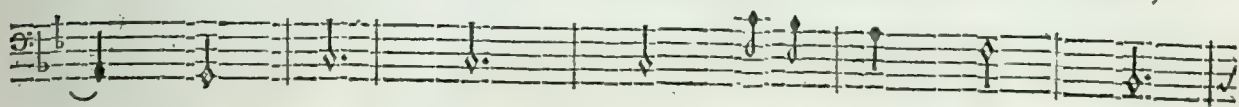




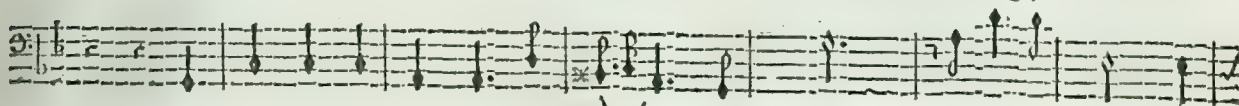
ver wounded Hearts: Painters, henceforward with your skill———ful Arts, draw



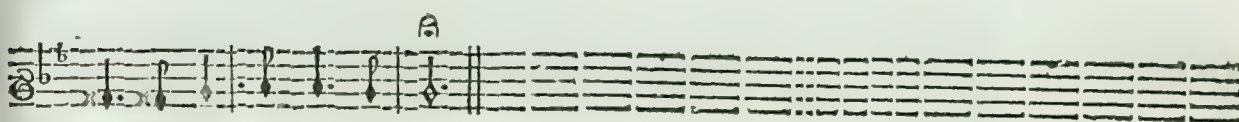
ver wounded Hearts: Painters, henceforward with your skill———ful Arts,



Beauty with one Eye a shoo—ting Darts, the other weeping, the other

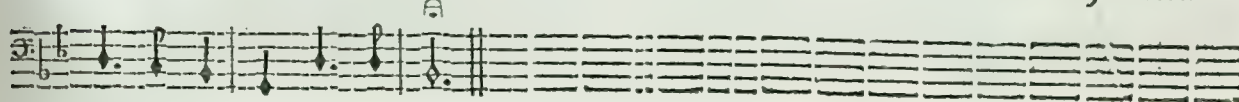


draw Beauty with one Eye a shoo—ting Darts, the other weeping,

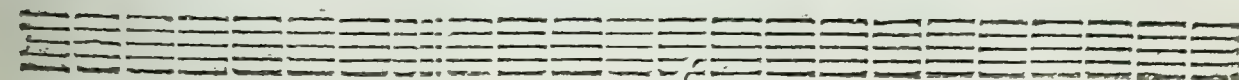
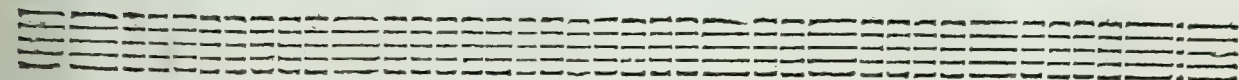
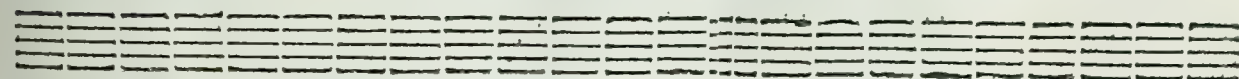


weeping o—ver wounded Hearts.

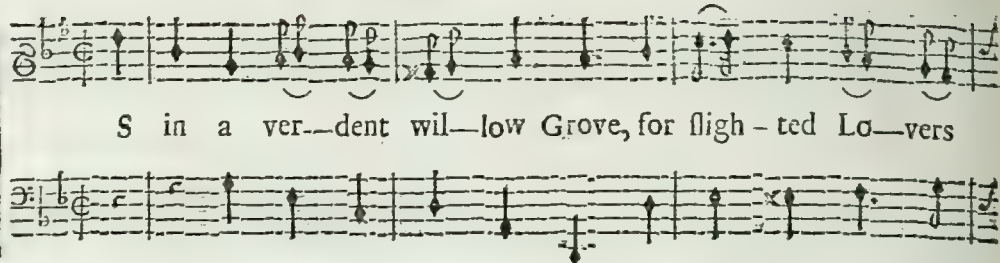
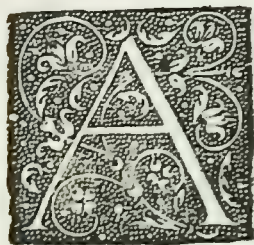
Mr. Henry Purcell.



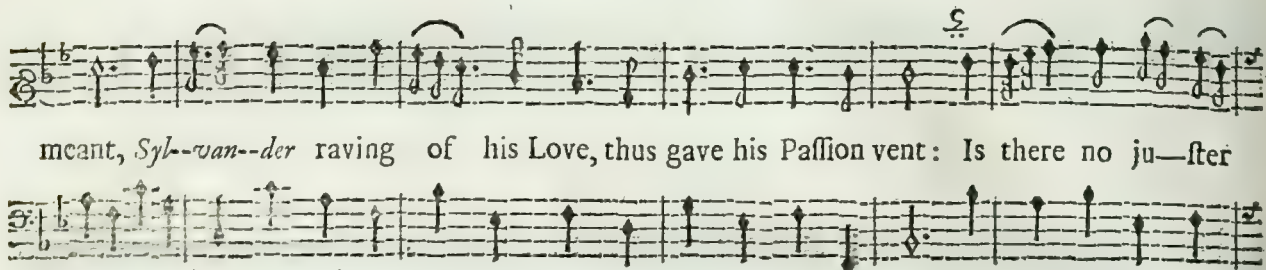
weeping o—ver wounded Hearts.



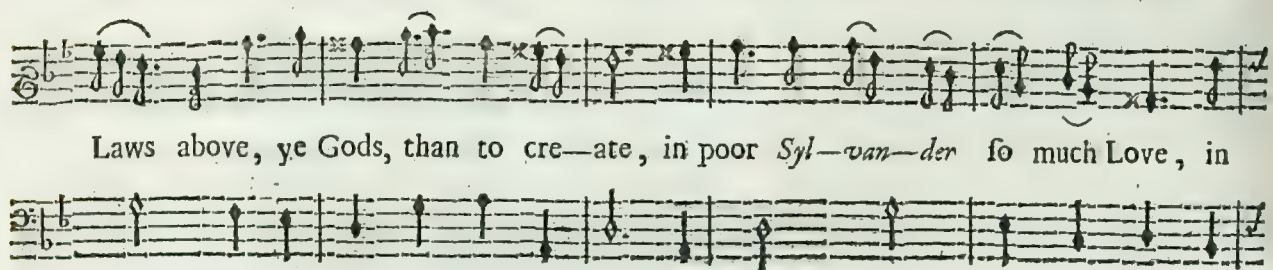




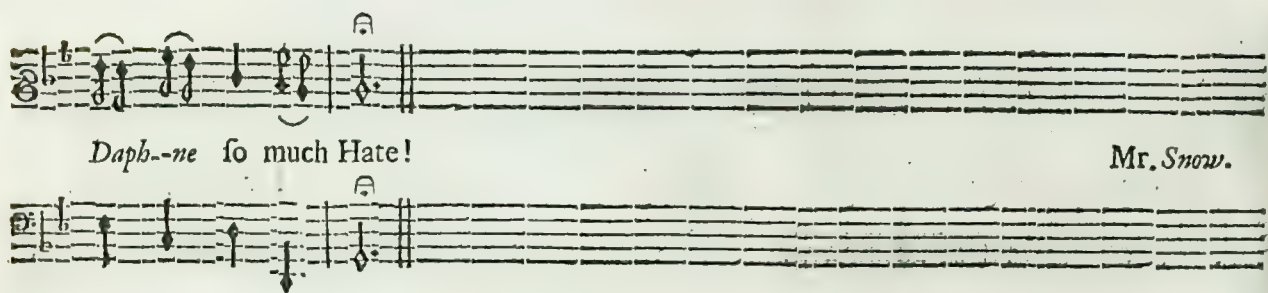
S in a ver—dent wil—low Grove, for sigh—ted Lo—vers



meant, Syl—van—der raving of his Love, thus gave his Passion vent: Is there no ju—ster



Laws above, ye Gods, than to cre—ate, in poor Syl—van—der so much Love, in

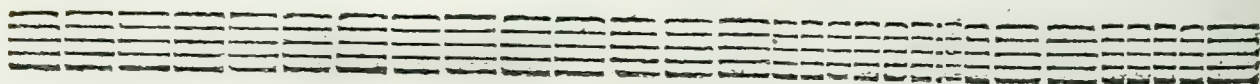
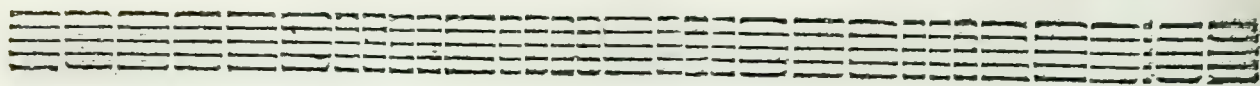


Daph—ne so much Hate!

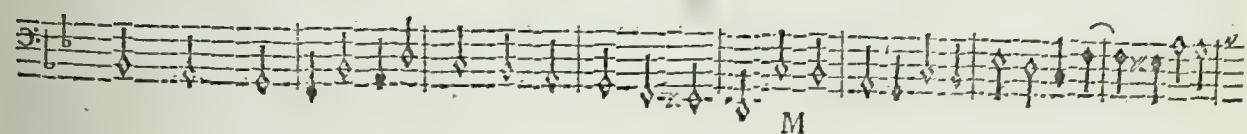
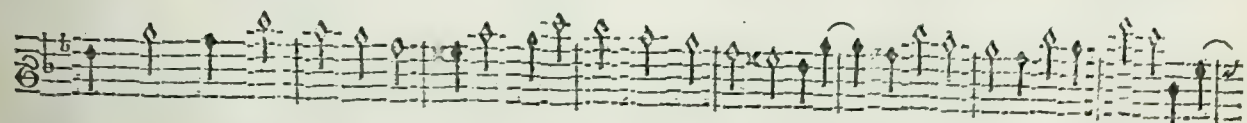
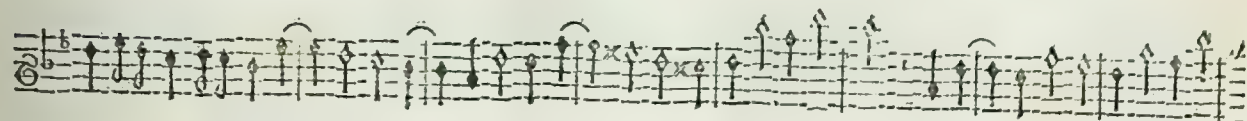
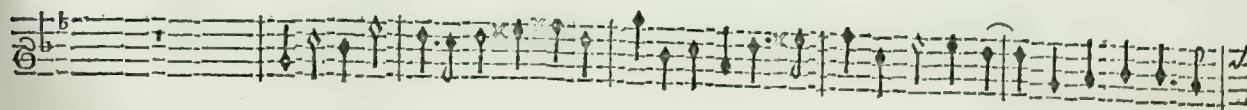
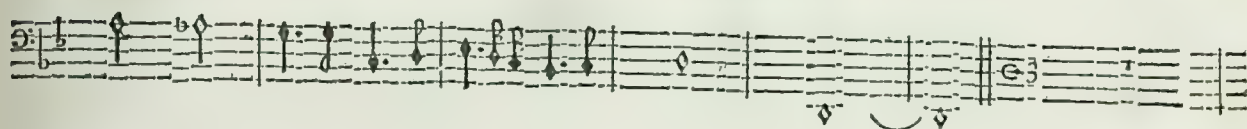
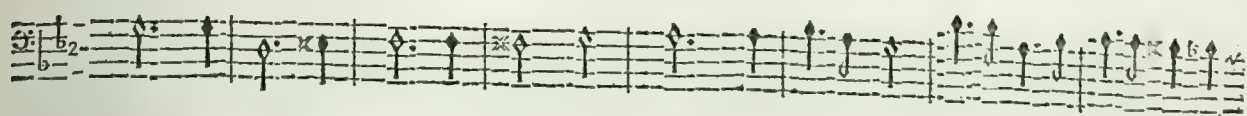
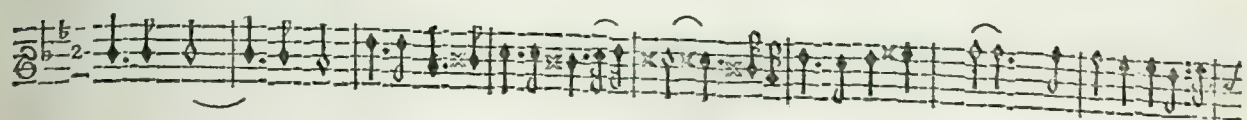
Mr. Snow.

## II.

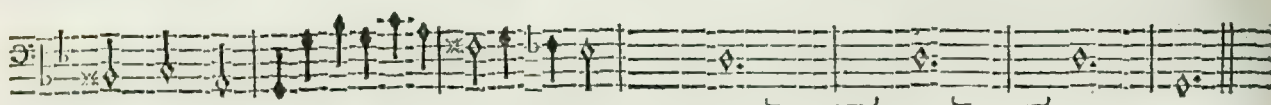
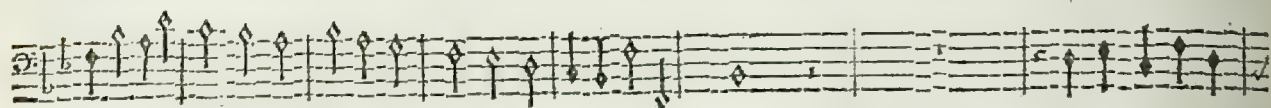
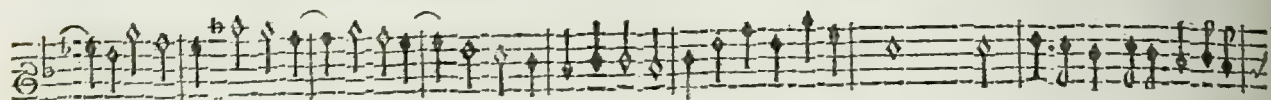
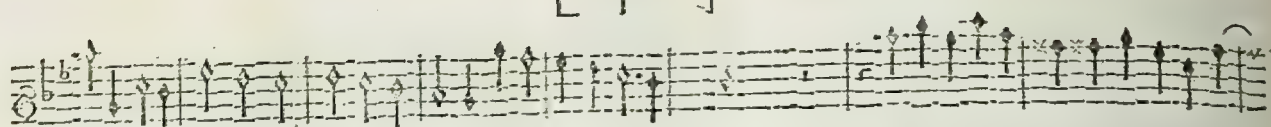
Alas! (he cry'd,) my Angel's gone,  
The lovely fair one's fled,  
And's left me here forlorn, undone,  
What more can Mortals dread?  
And my Condition now is worse  
Than if I'd ne're been blest,  
Privation, the Apostate's Curse,  
Does wrack my tortur'd Breast.



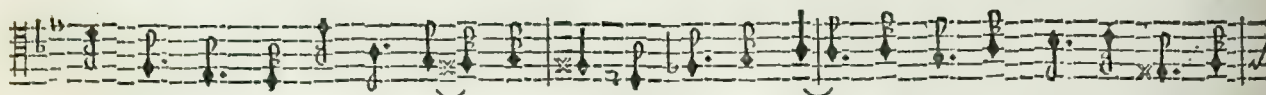
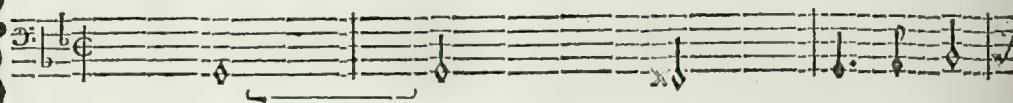


*Symphony for FLUTES.*

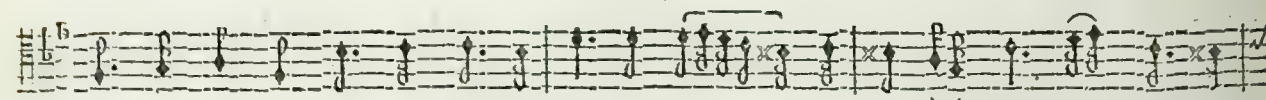
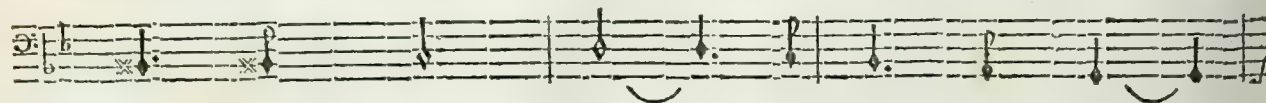




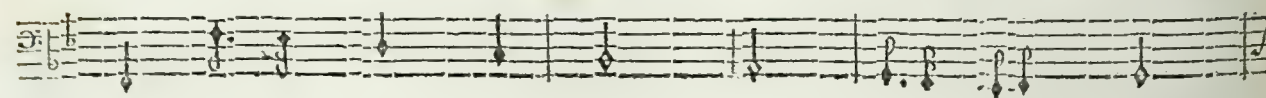
O W plea—fant is this flow—ry Plain and Grove! What



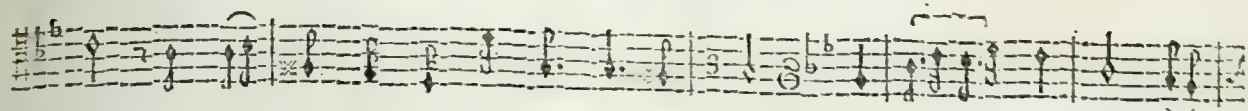
perfect Scenes of In—no—cence and Love! As if the Gods, when all things here below were



curs'd, reserv'd this place, to let us know, how beau—ti—ful the World at first was







made, e're Mankind by Am—bi—tion was be—tray'd. The hap—py Swain in



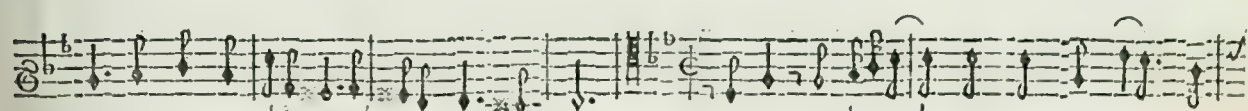
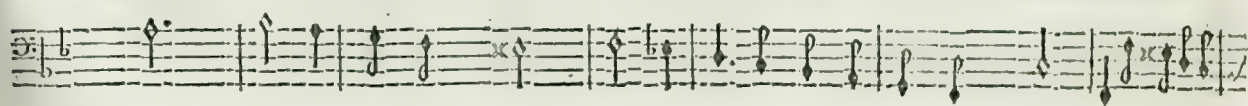
these e—na—mell'd Fields, possesse all the Good, possesse all, all the Good, that Plenty yields;



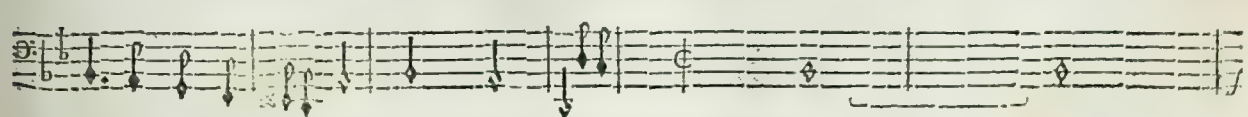
pure without mixture, as it first did come, from the great Treasury of Nature's Womb;



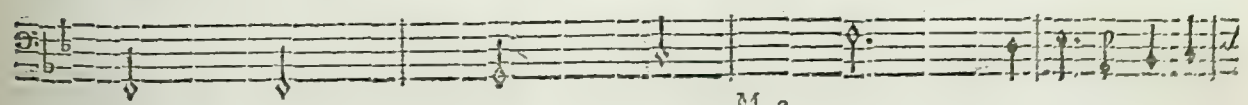
free from Disturbance here he lives at ease, contented with a little Flock's encrease, and



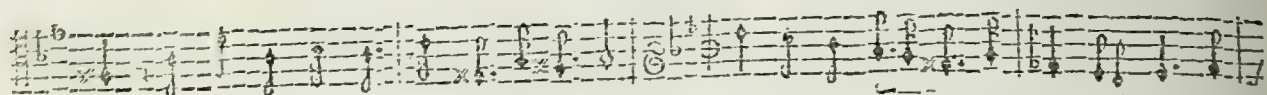
cover'd with the gen—tle Wings of Peace. No Fears, no Storms of War his Thoughts mo—



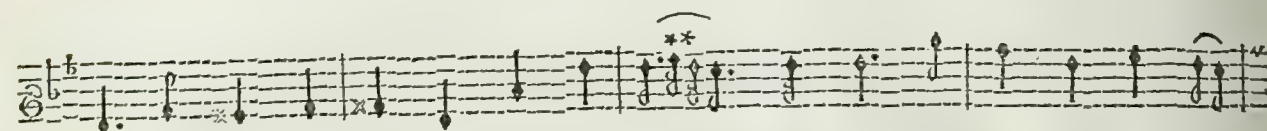
left, Ambition is a Stranger to his Breast; his Sheep, his Crook, and Pipe, are all his







Store, he needs not, neither does he covet more. Oft to the si—lent Groves he does re-



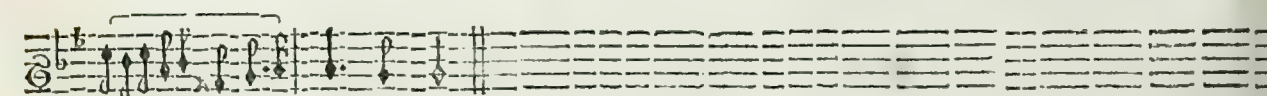
treat, whose Shades de—fend him from the scor—ching Heat: In these Re—ces—ses



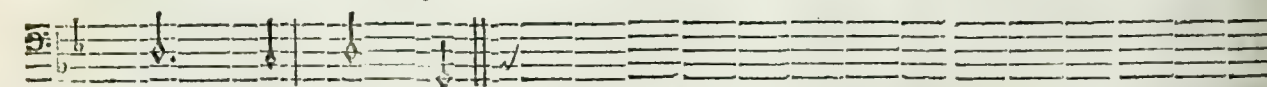
un—con—cern'd he lyes, whilst through the Boughs the whisp'—ring Zephyre



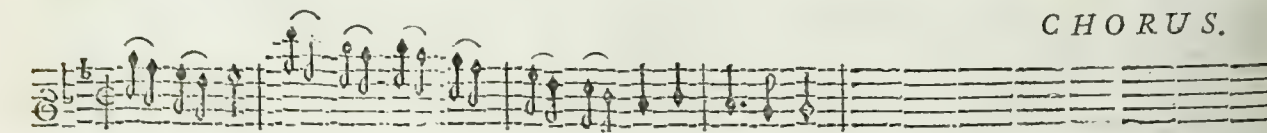
flies, and the Woods Choristers on ev'ry Tree, lull him asleep, lull him asleep, with their



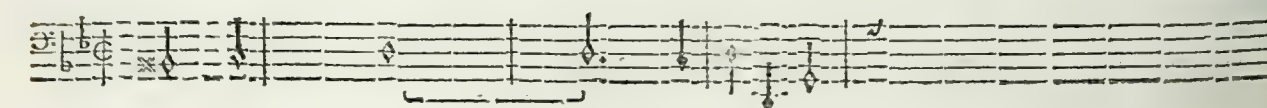
swee—t Harmony.



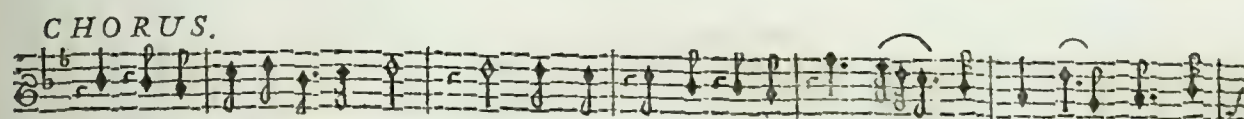
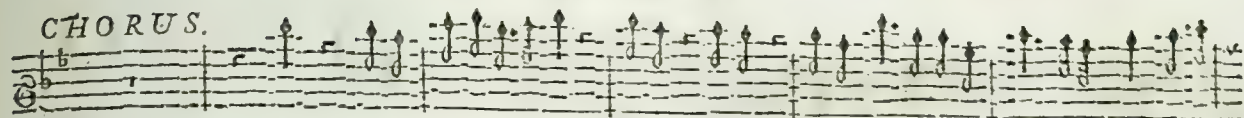
CHORUS.



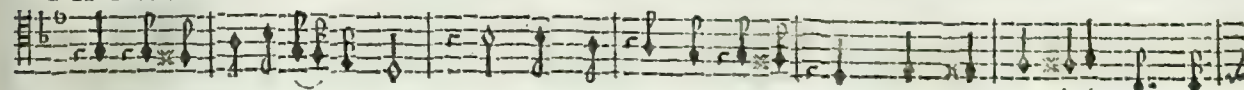
CHORUS.



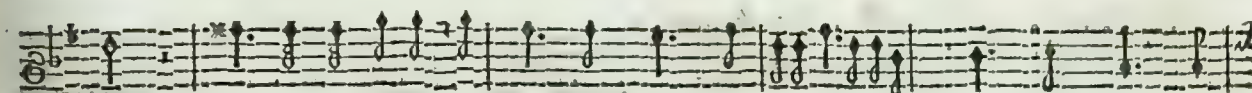
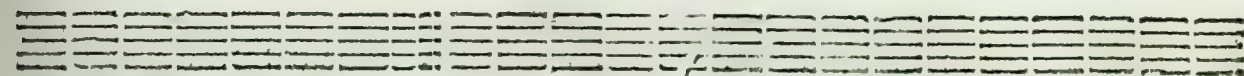




Ah happy, happy, happy Life! Ah happy, happy, happy, ah hap—py Life! Ah blest Re-



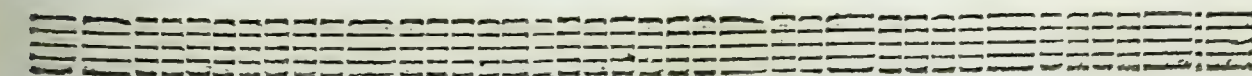
Ah happy, happy, happy Life! Ah happy, happy, happy, ah hap—py Life! Ah blest Re-



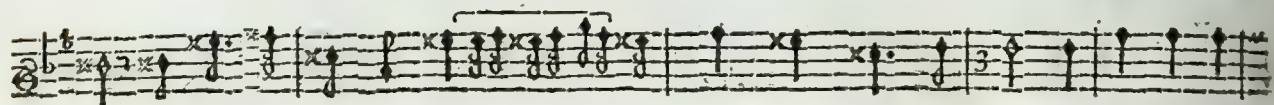
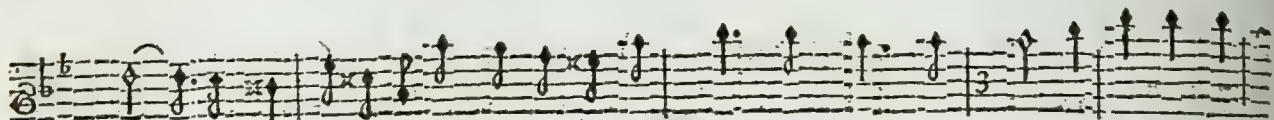
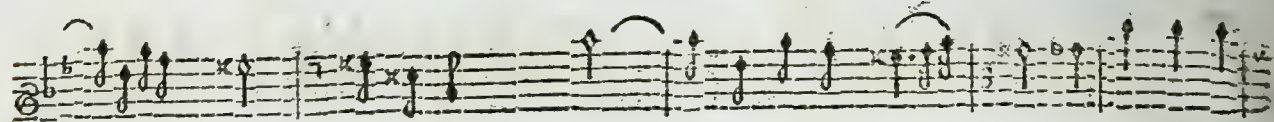
treat, void of the Troubles, the Troubles, that attend the Great! From Pride, and courtly Fol—lies,



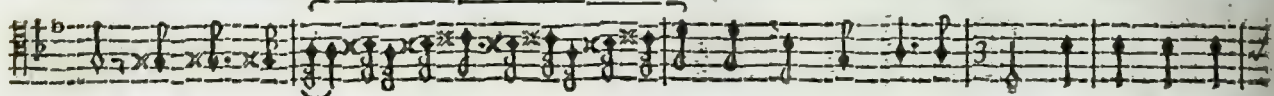
treat, void of the Troubles, the Troubles, that attend the Great! From Pride, and courtly Follies,



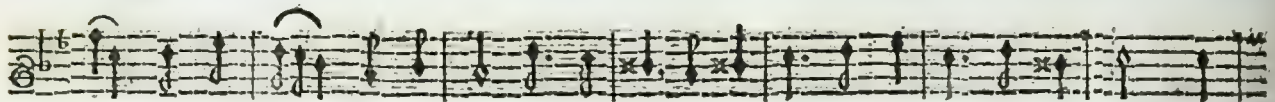
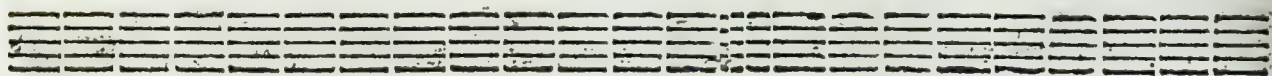
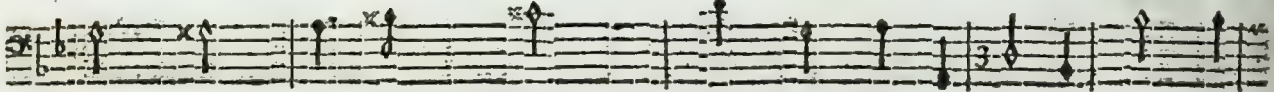




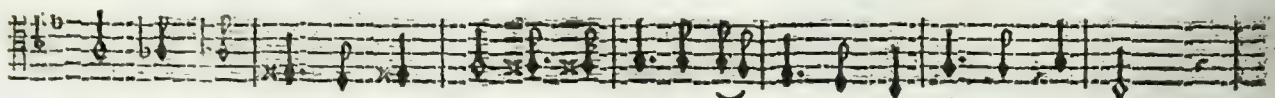
free, from all their gaudy, gau—dy Poms, and Va—ni—ty: No guilty Re-



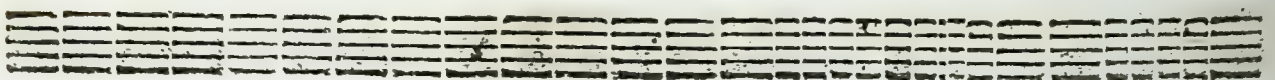
free, from all their gau—dy Poms, and Va—ni—ty: No guilty Re-



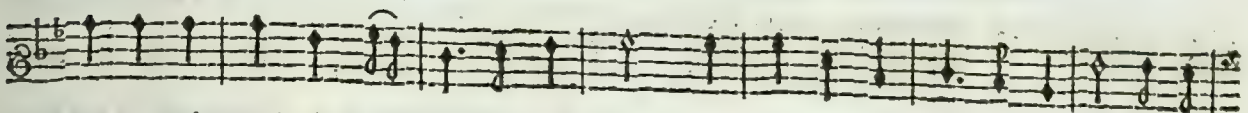
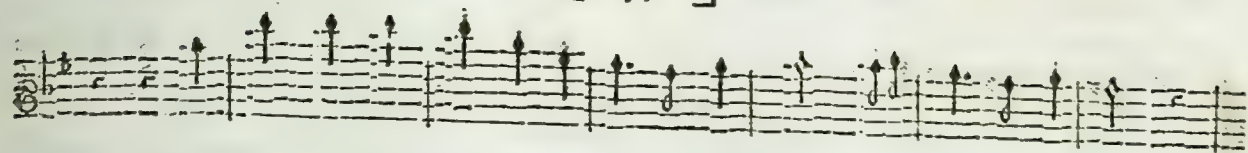
more does their Pleasure annoy, nor disturb the Delights of their in-no-cent Joy! Crown'd



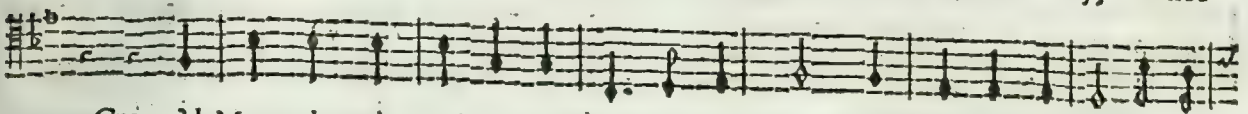
more does their Pleasure an—noy, nor disturb the Delights of their in-no-cent Joy



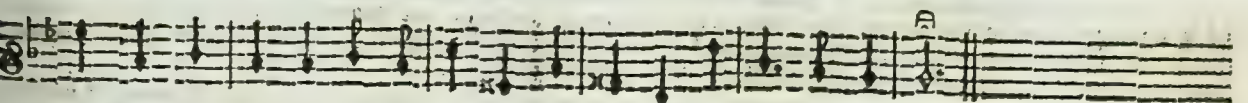
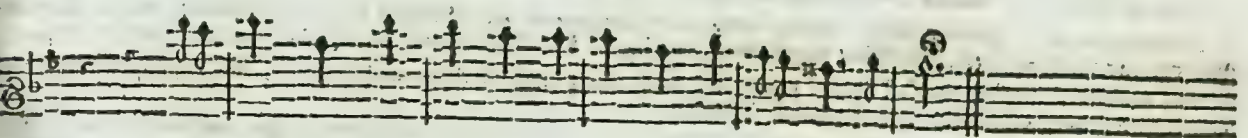
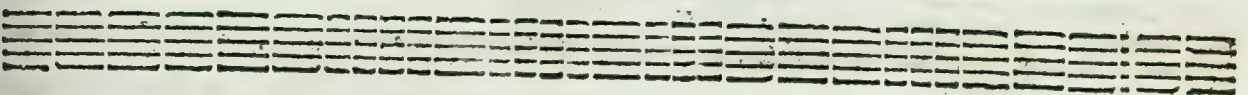




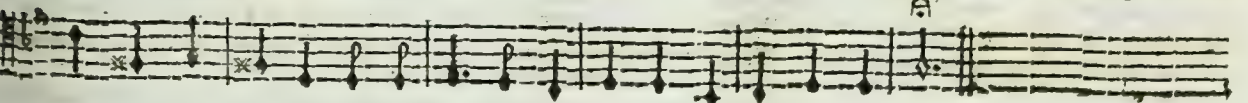
Monarchs; whom Cities and Kingdoms o—bey, whom Cities and Kingdoms obey, are not



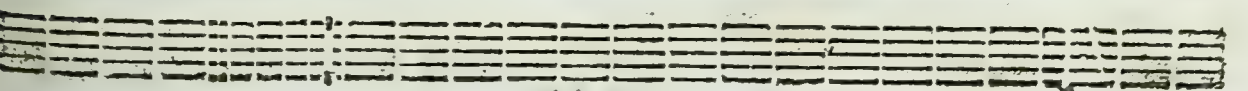
Crown'd Monarchs, whom Cities and Kingdoms o—bey, whom Kingdoms obey, are not



half so contented, are not half so contented, or happy as they. Mr. Henry Purcell.



half so contented, are not half so contented, or happy as they.



FINIS



*MUSIC Books sold by Henry Playford, at his Shop near the Temple Church.*

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- All sorts of Rul'd Paper, and Rul'd Books of MUSIC of several sizes, are to be sold at the same Shop.

☞ Likewise there are sold all sorts of Curious Prints, English, French, and Dutch, either in Frames, or in Sheets, very Ornamental for Closets, or other Rooms; and all sorts of Mezzo-Tinto Prints.



III  
(5)<sup>B</sup>







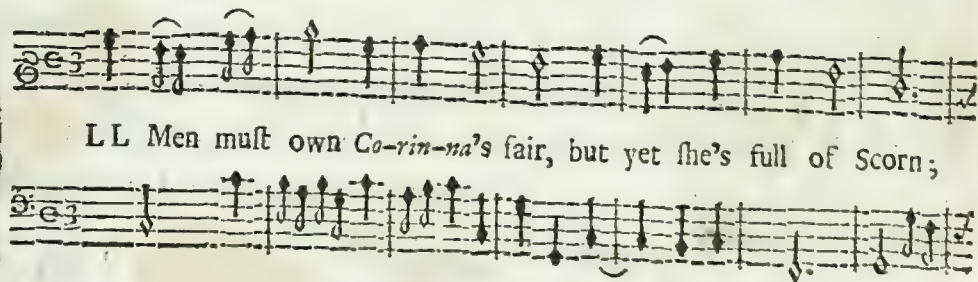




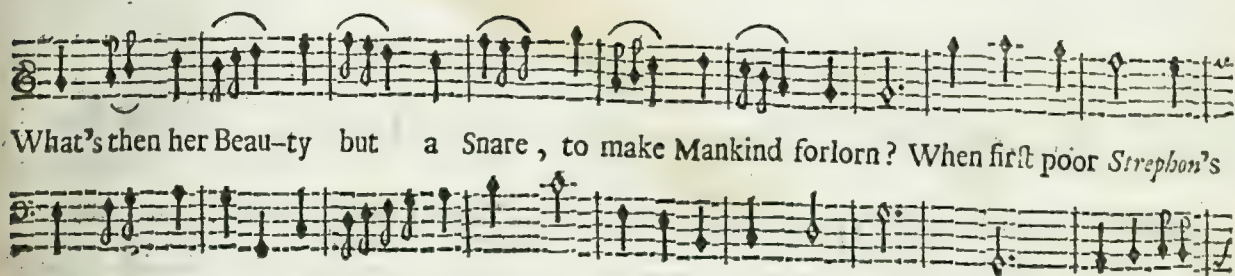
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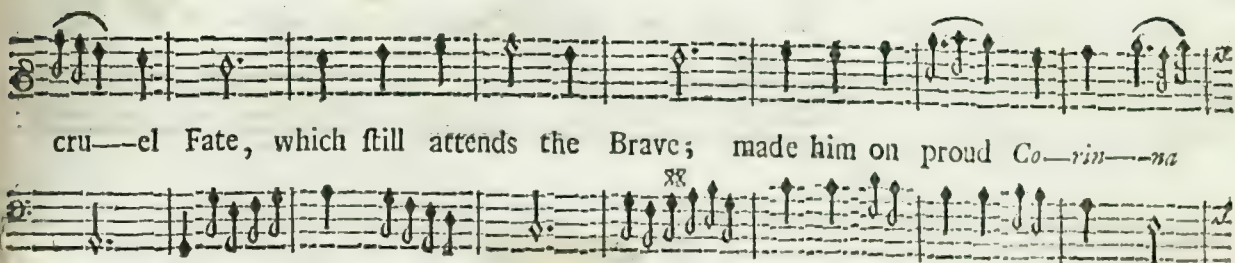




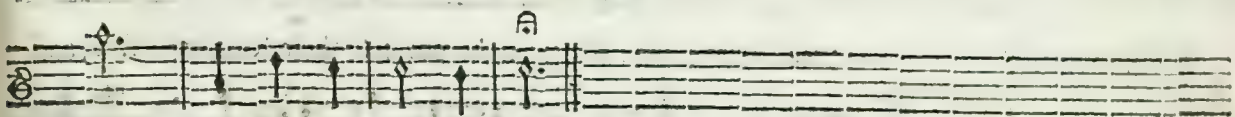
LL Men must own *Co-rin-na's* fair, but yet she's full of Scorn;



What's then her Beau-ty but a Snare, to make Mankind forlorn? When first poor *Strep-hon's*

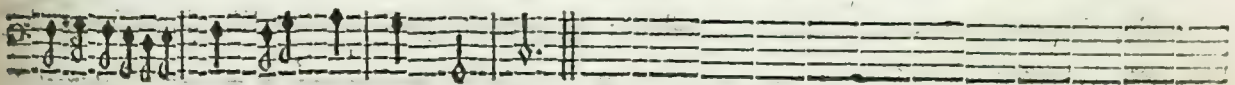


cru-el Fate, which still attends the Brave; made him on proud *Co-rin-na*



wait, and own him-self her Slave.

Mr. James Hart.



## II.

Haughty she march'd along the Plain,  
And thought her Joys compleat;  
To see the noblest of her Swains,  
Lye bleeding at her Feet:  
*Damon*, she ruin'd *Thirsis* too,  
'Twas she did *Timon* kill;  
Ten thousand more she wou'd undo,  
If she might have her will.

## III.

Who then that Beauty wou'd adore,  
Which proves his certain Bane?  
Or love the Nymph, that triumphs o're  
The Death of every Swain?  
All thoughts of Beauty I'll erase,  
Nor will I tempt mine Eyes;  
For what there's wanting in a Face,  
Good Nature may suffice.





Ere I to choofe the great—eft Blifs, were I to choofe the  
 Were I to choofe, were I to choofe the grea—

great—eft Blifs, that e're in Love was known; 'twou'd be the high—eft of my  
 —t—eft Blifs, that e're in Love was known; 'twou'd be the high—eft of my

76 5 6

Wifh, t'en—joy— your Heart alone: Kings might pos—fes their Kingdoms free, and  
 Wifh, t'en—joy— your Heart a-lone: Kings might pos—fes their Kingdoms free, and

6 6 6

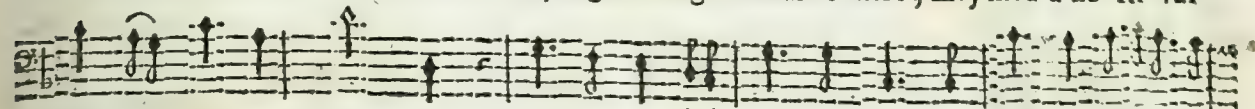
Crowns un—en—vy'd wear; they shou'd no Ri—val have of me, no,  
 Crowns un—en—vy'd wear; they shou'd no Ri—val, they shou'd no

4 3

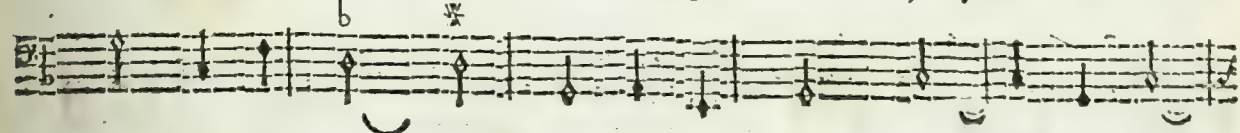




no, they shou'd no Ri—val have of me, might I reign Monarch there; they shou'd no Ri—val



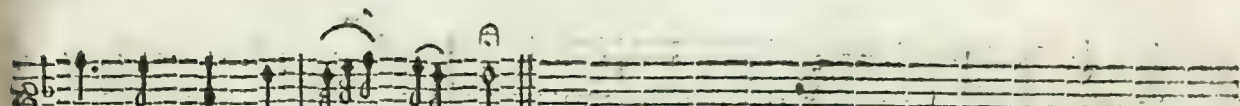
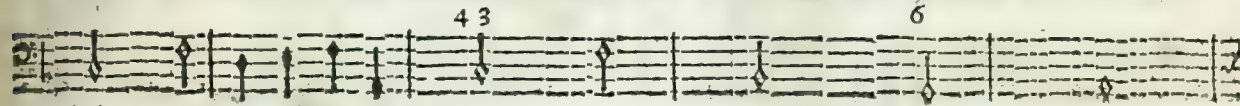
Ri—val have of me, no, no, might I reign Monarch there; they shou'd no Ri—val



have of me, no, no, they shou'd no Ri—val, they shou'd no Ri—val have of

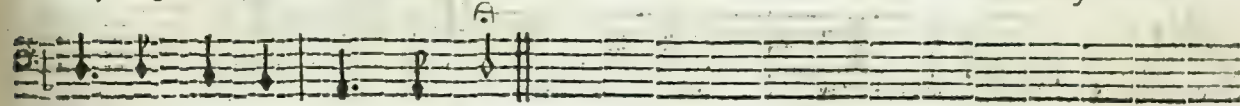


have of me, no, no, they shou'd no Rival, they shou'd no Ri—val ha—ve of

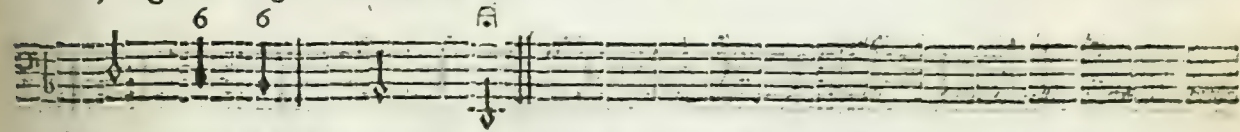


me, might I reign Mo—narch there.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

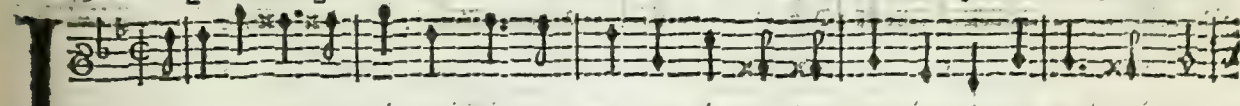


me, might I reign Monarch there,

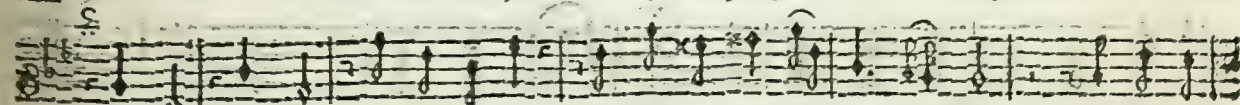


A. 3 Voc. [A Catch.]

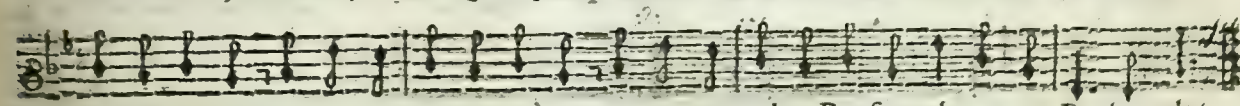
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



If all be true that I do think, there are Five Reasons, there are Five Reasons, we shou'd drink



Good Wine, a Friend, or being Dry; or lest we shou'd be by and by; or a—ny

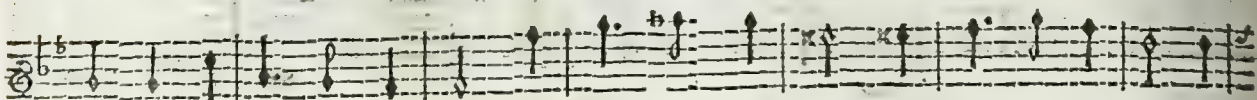


other Reason, or a—ny other Reason, or a—ny other Reason why, a—ny Reason why.

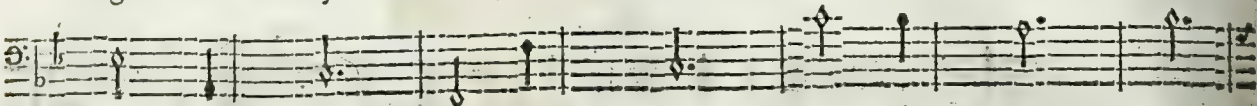




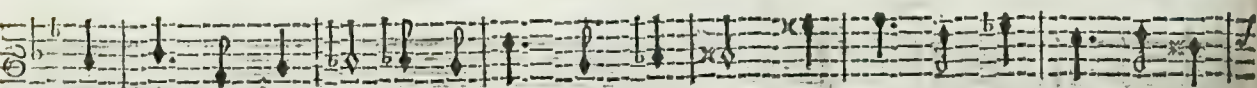
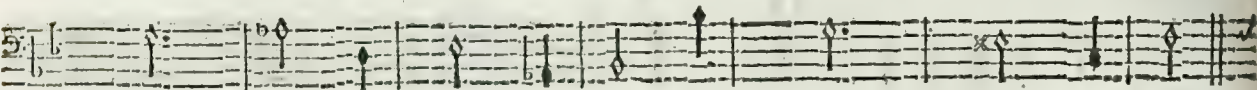
AD O—lin—da ne're smil'd on the Heart which I gave, she



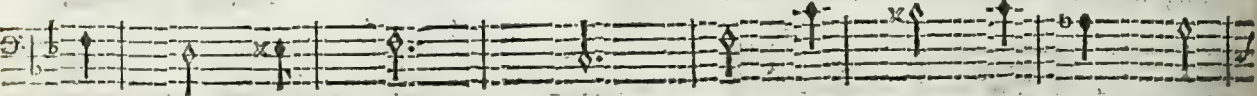
Rigour with Beauty had shewn; and ha—ving such Pow'r, 'tis nobler to save, and



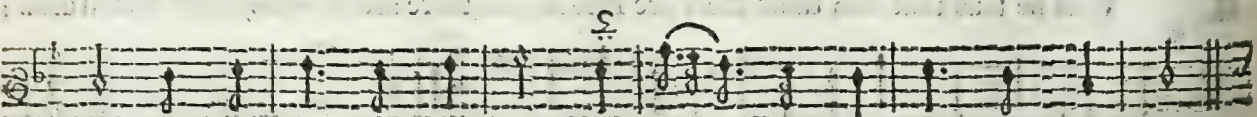
having such Pow'r, 'tis nobler to save, than leave me to lan—guish a—lone:



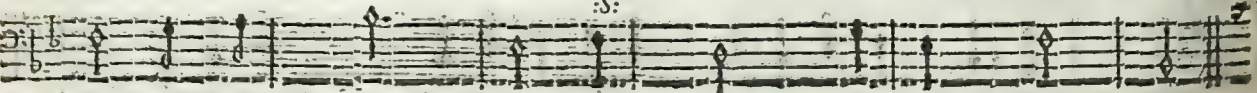
Whilst on your soft Breast I my Pas—sion dis—close, your Smiles and your Blushes u—



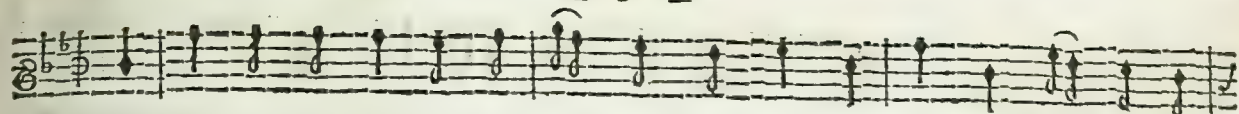
nite; the Lil—lies o're—spread by the beau—ti—ful Rose, the Lil—lies o're—



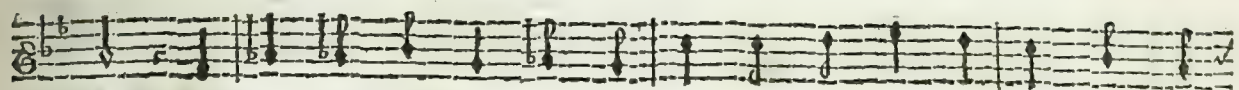
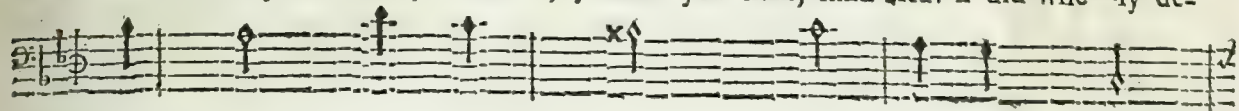
spread by the beau—ti—ful Rose, which push—es my for—ward De—light.



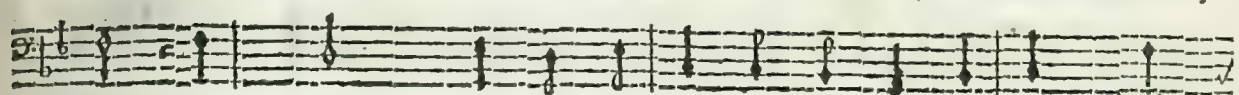




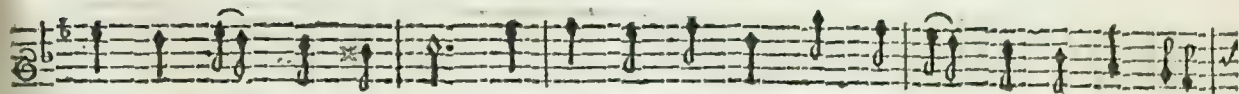
Your Beau-ty will fade, if En-joy-ment you shun, kind Heav'n did wife-ly de-



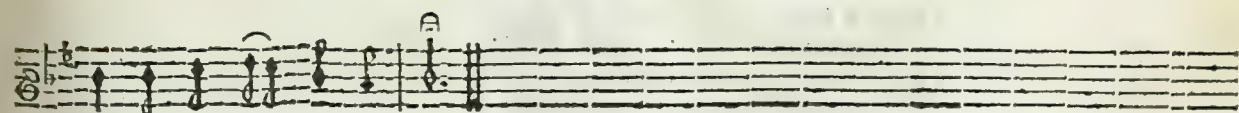
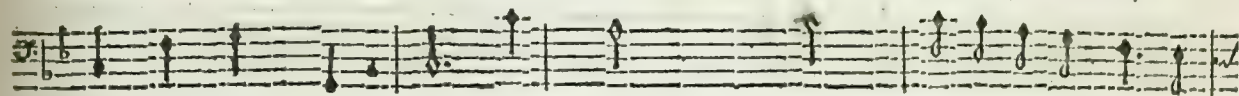
sign; no Mor-tal on Earth should be hap-py a-lone, but blest when they



mu—tual—ly joyn: Your Beau—ty will fade, if En—joy—ment you shun, kind

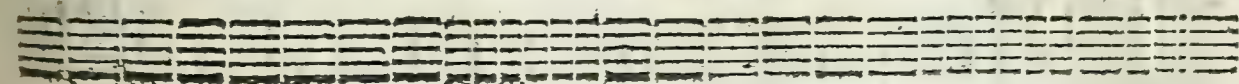
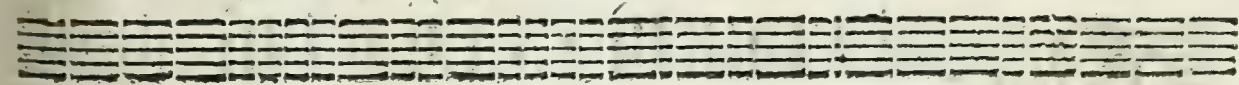
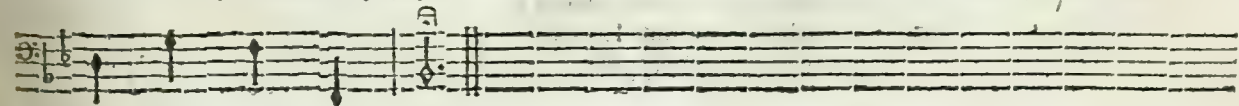


Heav'n did wife—ly de—sign; no Mor-tal on Earth should be hap—py a-lone, but

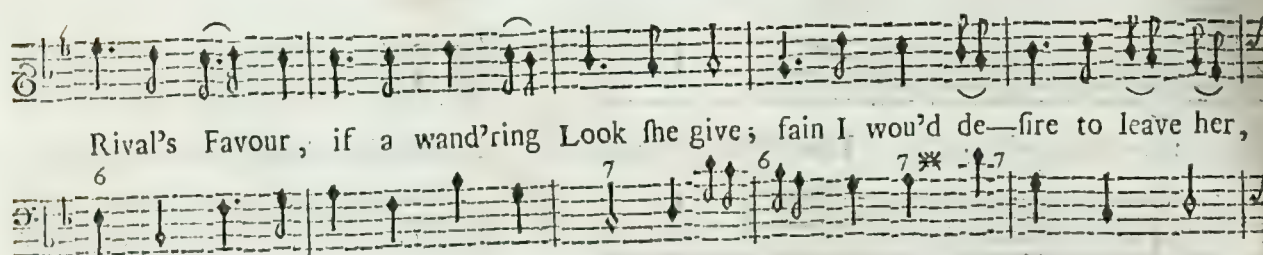
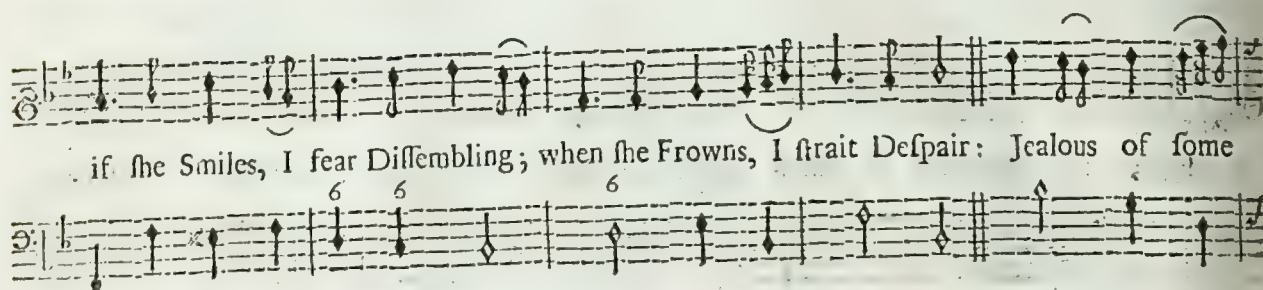
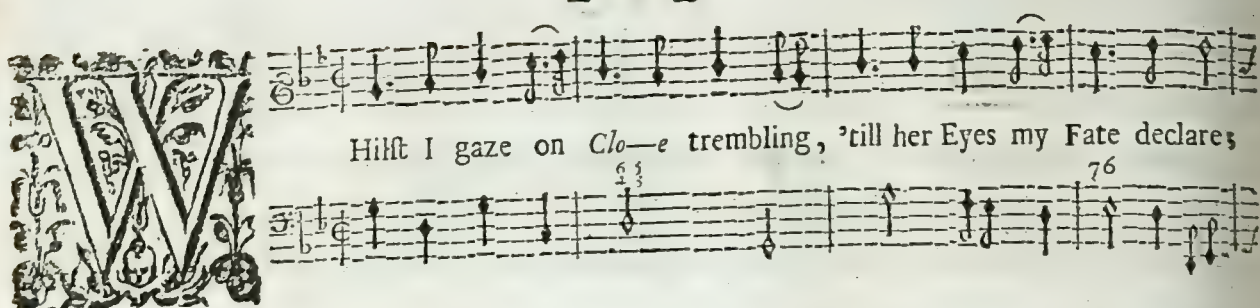


blest when they mu-tual-ly joyn.

Mr. James Hart.

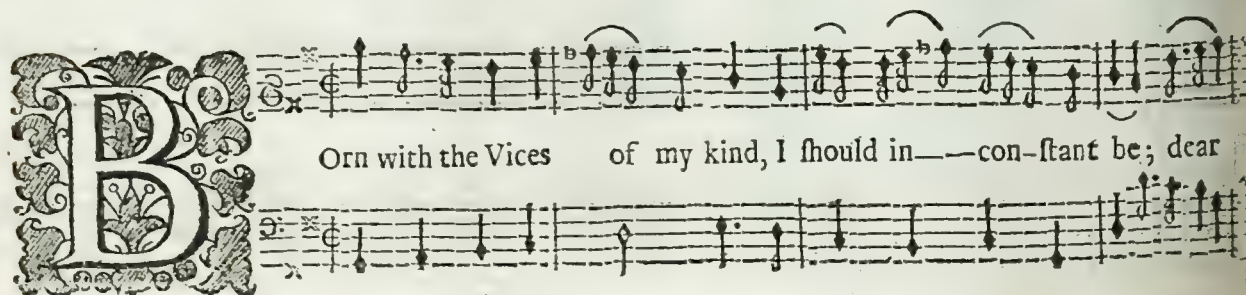






## II.

Happy they, whose Inclination  
 Warms but with a gentle Heat;  
 Never flies up to a Passion,  
 Loves a Torment if too great:  
 When the Storm is once blown over,  
 Soon the Ocean quiet grows;  
 But a faithful constant Lover,  
 Seldom is in true Repose.











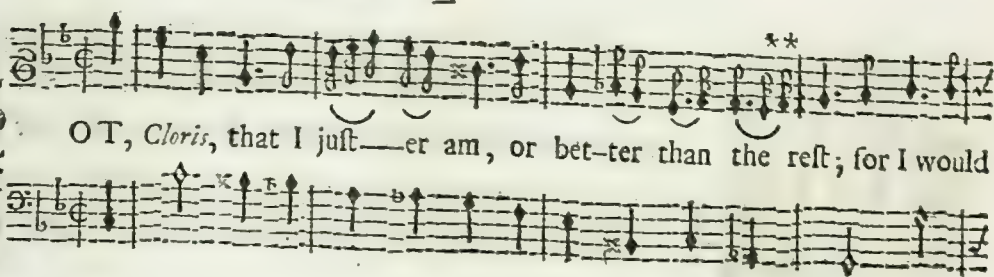
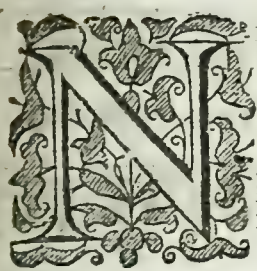




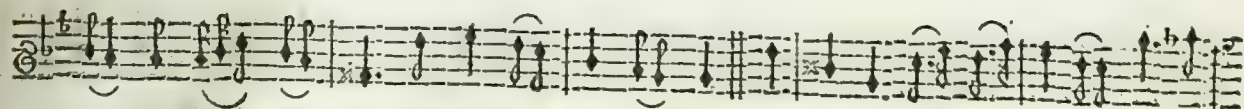




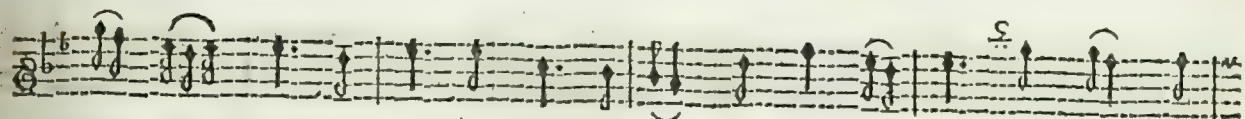
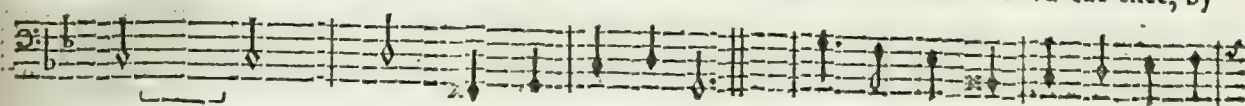




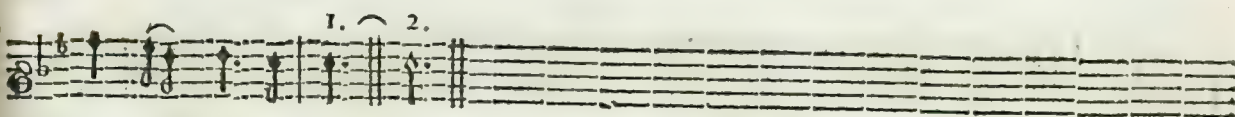
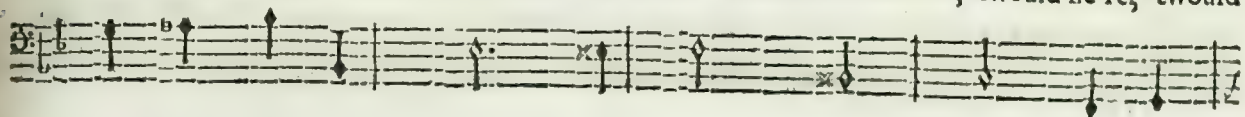
NOT, *Cloris*, that I just—er am, or bet—ter than the rest; for I would



change each Hour like them, were it my In—te—rest: But I am bound to va—lue thee, by

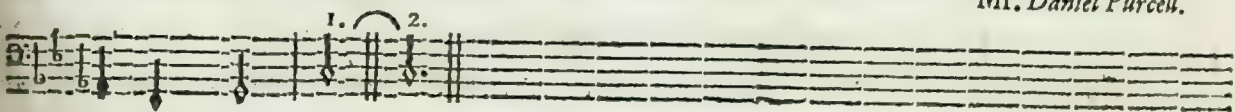


ev'—ry Thought I have; should you but once this Heart set free, 'twould ne're, 'twould



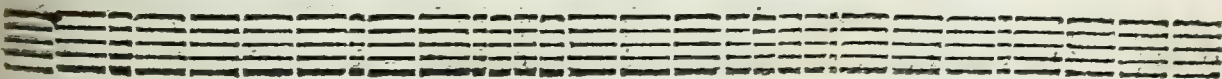
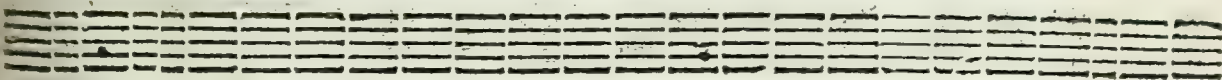
ne're be more a Slave.

Mr. Daniel Purcell.

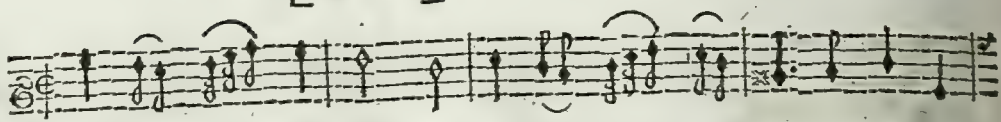


II.

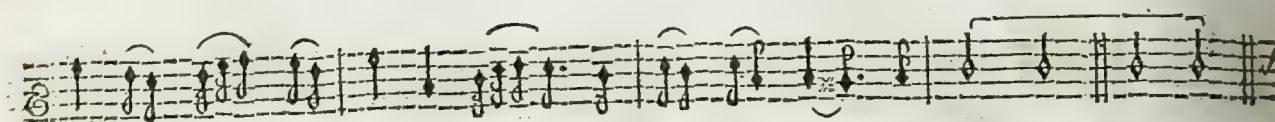
All that in Woman is ador'd,  
In thy dear self I find;  
For all your Sex can but afford  
The Charming, and the Kind:  
Why then should I seek farther Store;  
And still make Love anew?  
When Change it self can give no more,  
'Tis easie, easie to be True.



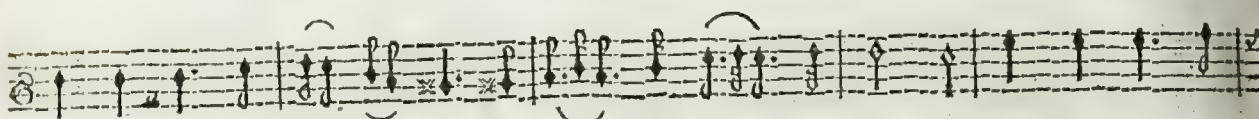




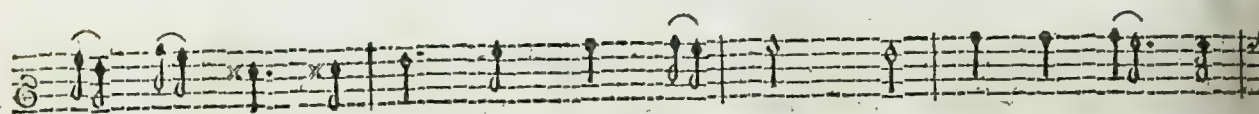
Hat can make the Fair mourn, or give cause for their complaining;



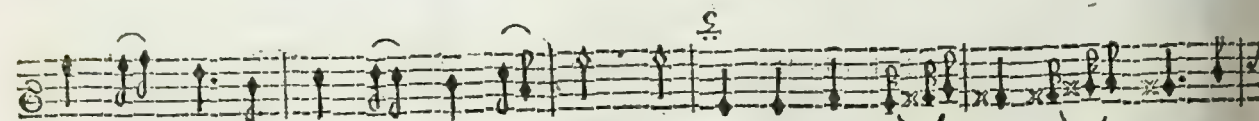
can they love, or can they burn, or wish with—out ob—tain—ing?



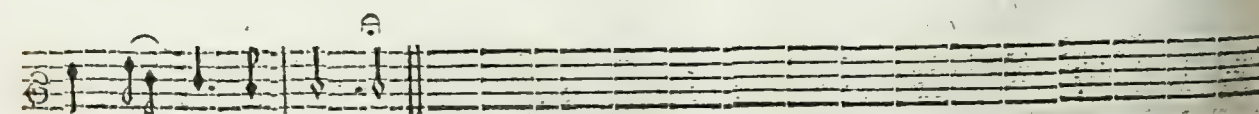
Not that they, or Wish in vain, or Love with—out ac—qui—ring; but that *Strephon*,



cru—el Swain, is from the Town re—ti—ring: Ma—ny Nymphs for

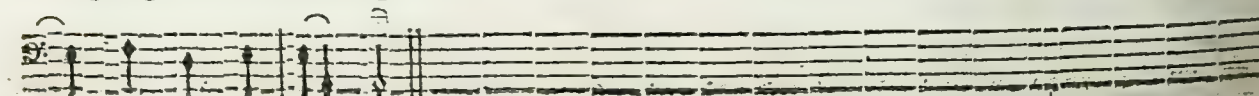


*Strephon* burn, in spite of their dif—dain—ing; therefore all their Songs they turn, to



Sighing and Complaining.

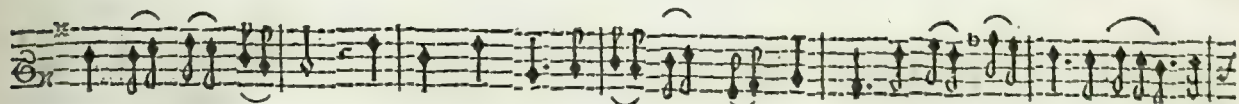
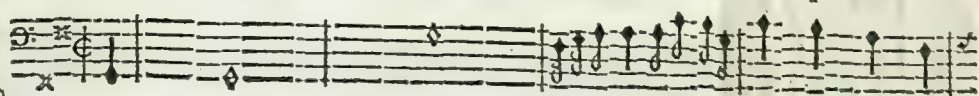
Mr. James Hart.



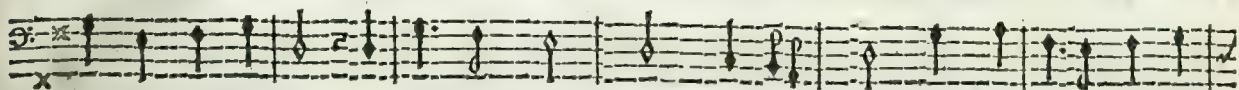




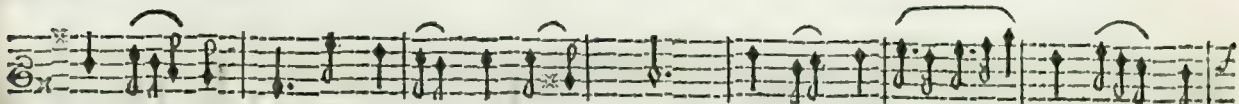
Y dear Re-fa-nia, sometime be so kind, to think up—on the



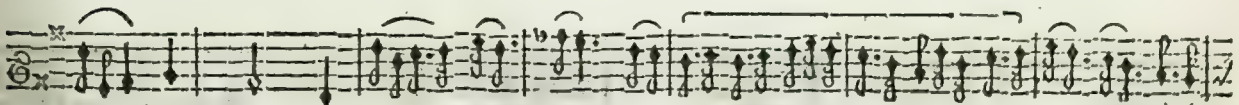
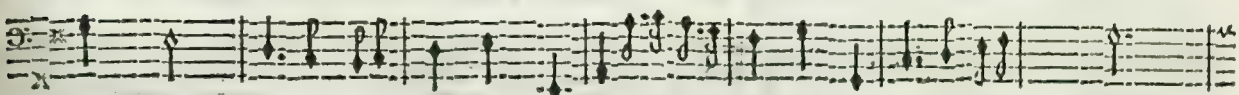
Friend thou leav'st behind; and wish thee here to make my Joys compleat, or else me there to share thy



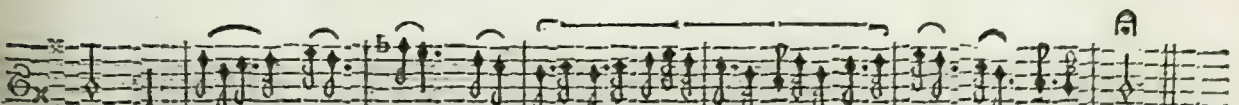
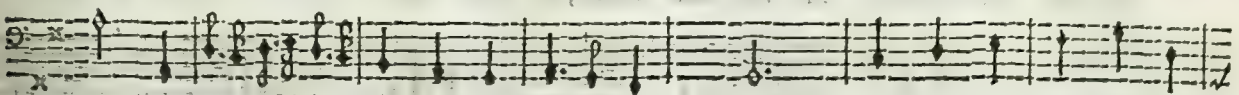
blest Retreat: But to the Hear———t, which for thy Lofs doth mourn,



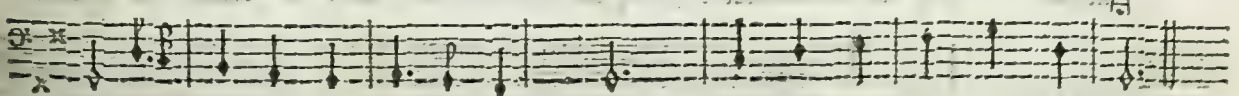
the kindest Thought is that of quick Re—turn; But to the Heart, which for thy



Lofs doth mourn, the kind—est Thought is tha———t of quick Re—



turn, the kind—est Thought is tha———t of quick Re—turn.







Ence, far be all con—su—ming Cares, with cause—less Jea—lou—

fies and Fears; since all the se—cret turns of State, are firm'd by the de—

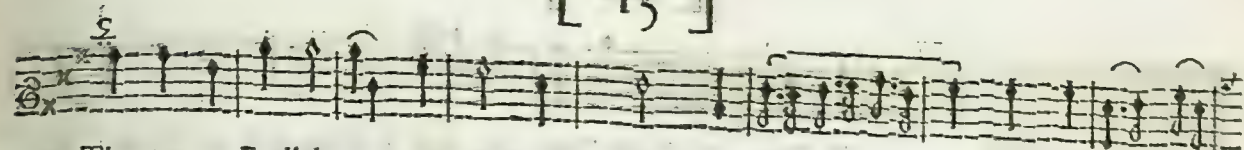
crees of Fate: Ills past, forget, and those to come, ne're, ne're An—ti—date, by

drea—ming on. Whilst Time we have, let's Time improve,

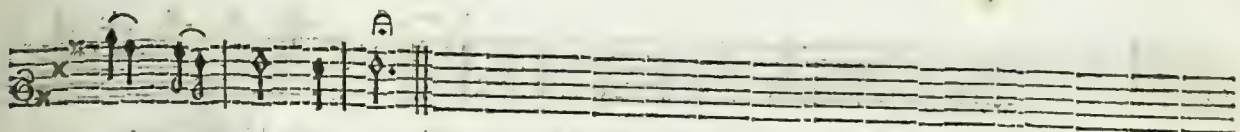
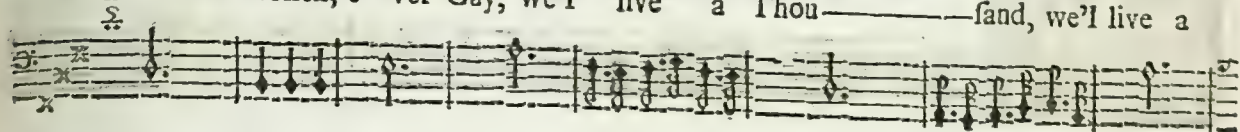
in the De—lights, in the De—lights, of Wine and Love; and as the

flee—ting Mi—nutes pass, let's Crown 'em with a Kiss, or Glas:



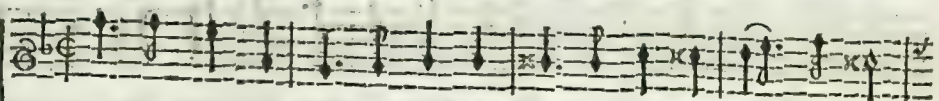
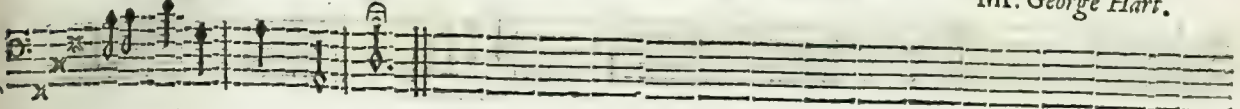


Thus e-ver Frolick, e-ver Gay, we'l live a Thou—sand, we'l live a

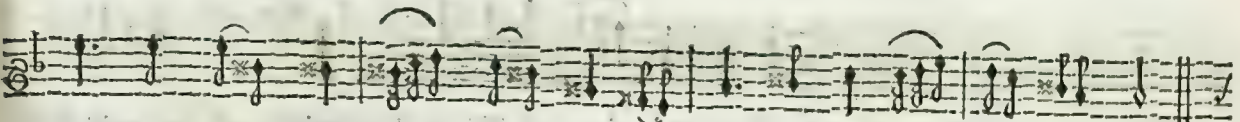
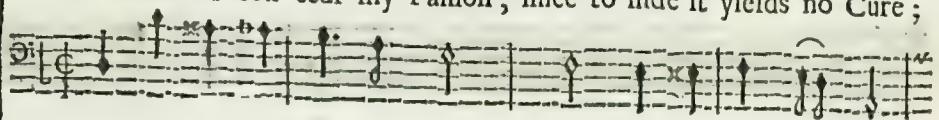


Thoufand Years a Day.

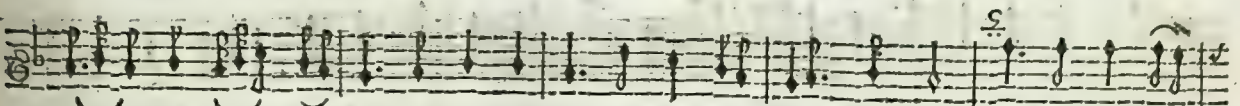
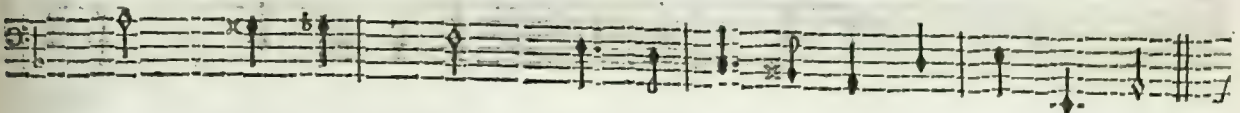
Mr. George Hart.



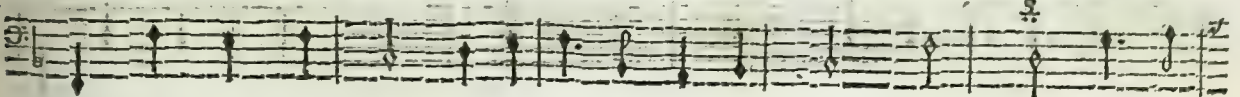
HY shou'd I con-ceal my Passion, fince to hide it yields no Cure;



no, I'll make a De—cla—ra—tion of the Tor—ments I en—dure:



Sure it is not in her Nature, to be cru-el to her Slave; she is too di-

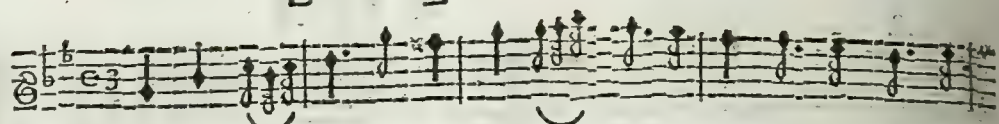
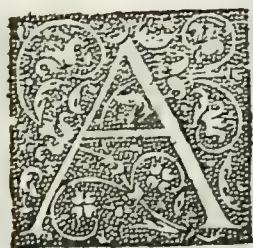


vine a Creature, to destroy when she may save.

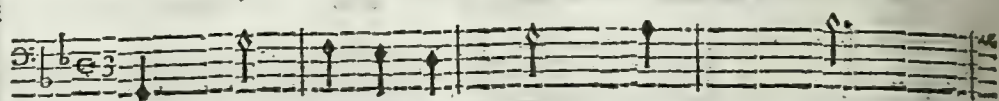
Mr. Barkbust.







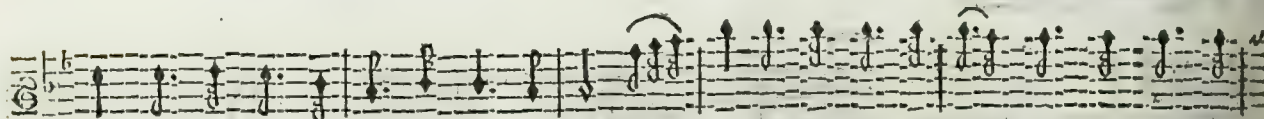
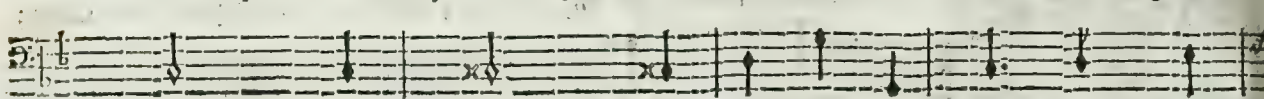
H Dear, but Cruel Fair! Oh, how can you still be severe, to



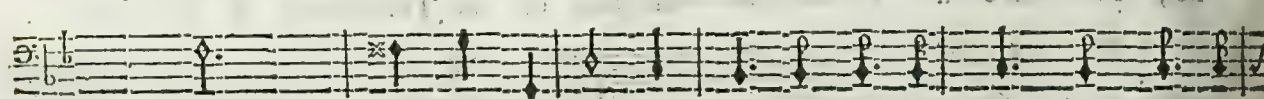
him, whose Truth and Pas-sion is but too sin—cere! Oh! can you hear me



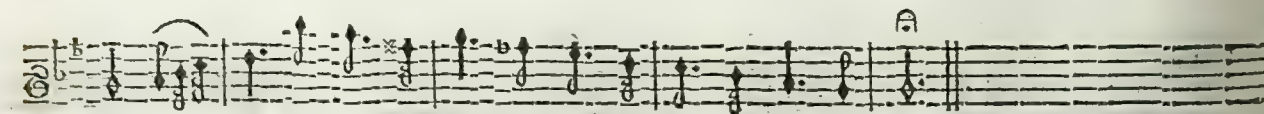
Grieve! Can you see me Dye! And yet not be-lieve, nor approve my un-feign-ed



Love, nor re-lent at all my Mi-se-ry! A—las! still do I complain, of her cold Dis-

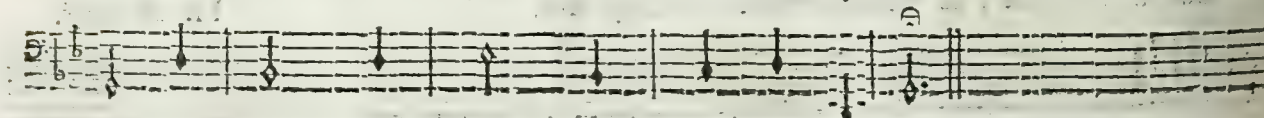


dain, to my Dear in vain, Oh! in vain, the Grave alone, the Grave alone, must ease my

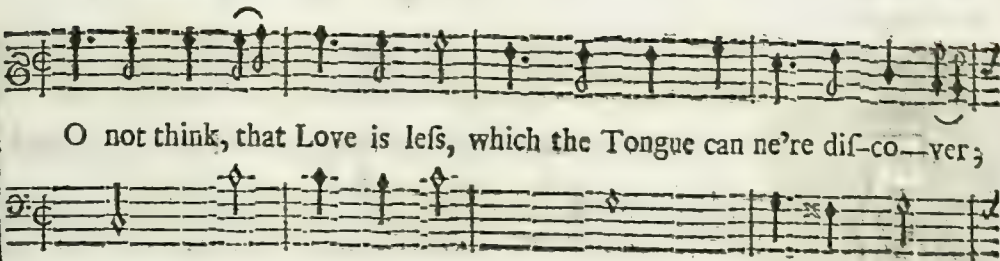


Pain; in vain, the Grave alone, the Grave alone, must ease my Pain.

Mr. Overbury.



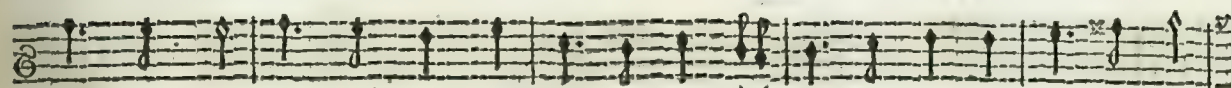




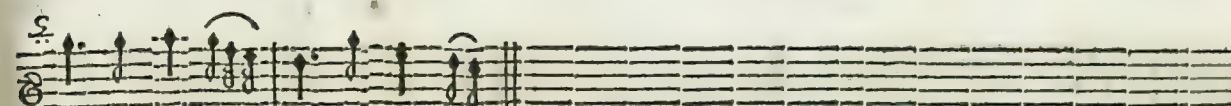
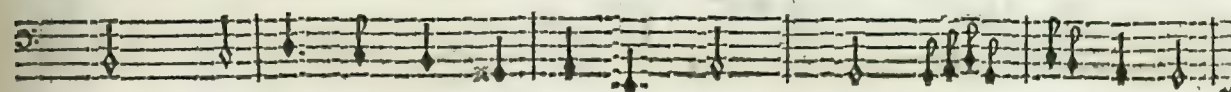
O not think, that Love is less, which the Tongue can ne're dis-co-ver;



Look and Si-lence best exprefs, Truth and Pas-sion in a Lover: On-ly he de-

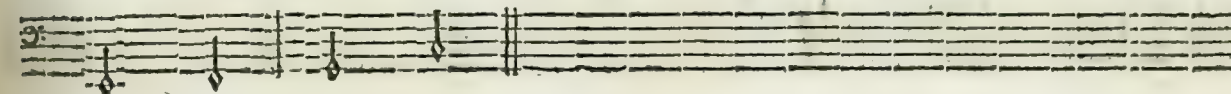


serves your Heart, who loves most with least pro-fes-sing; and not he, who has the art,



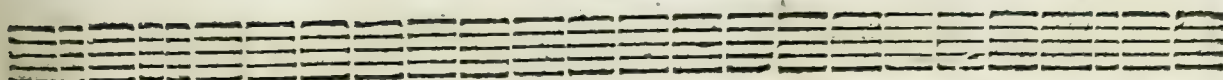
of Addressing, and Ca-ref-sing.

Mr. Overbury.



## II.

As your greatest Bane, avoid  
Him, who cunningly beseeches;  
Nor by Rhet'rick be decoy'd,  
Fairest Love makes fewest Speeches:  
Rather be to him inclin'd,  
Who at distance sighs and trembles;  
For, who speaks the most, you'll find,  
Only wheadles, and dissembles.

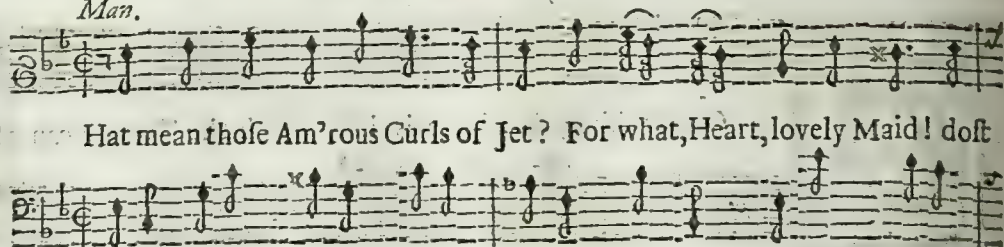




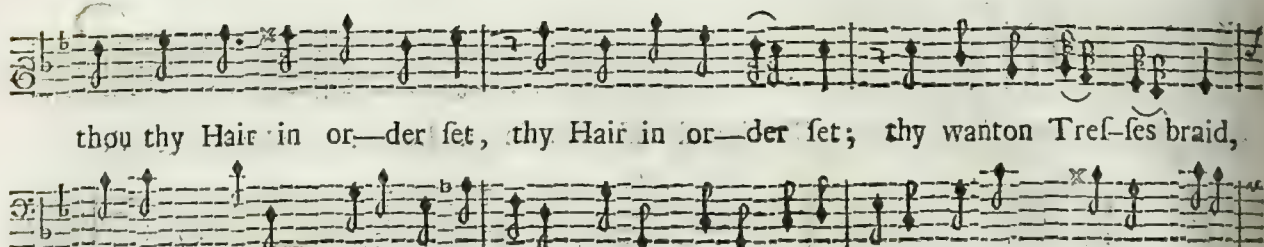
*A Dialogue by a Young Man and Maid. [ 18 ]*

*On a Ground.*

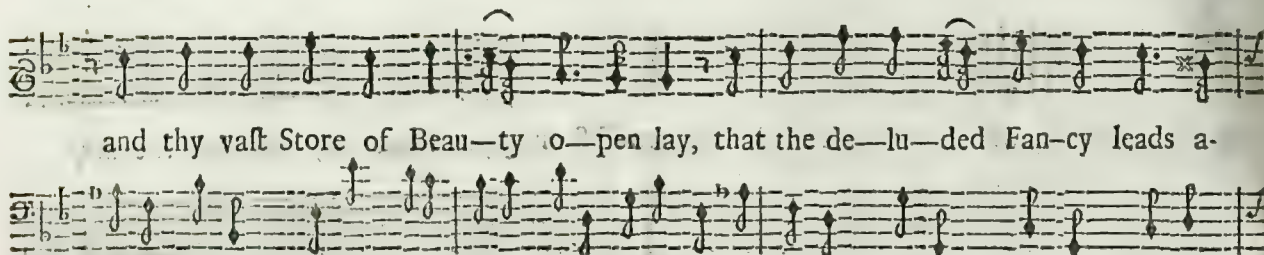
*Man.*



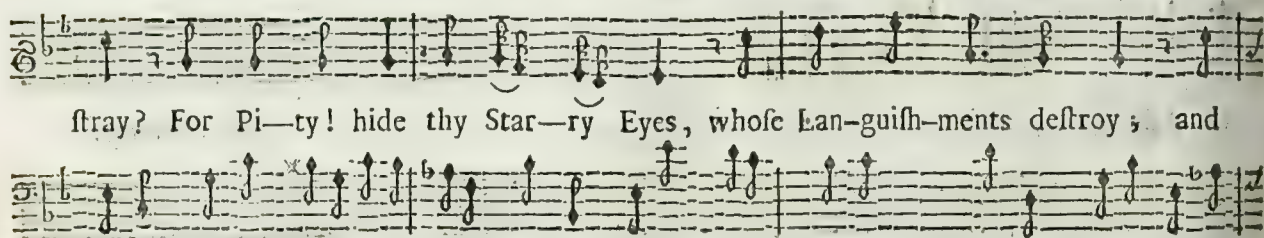
Hat mean those Am'rous Curls of Jet? For what, Heart, lovely Maid! dost



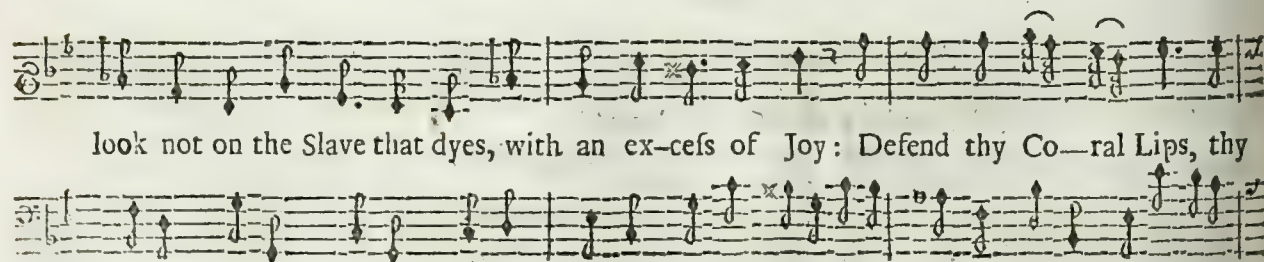
thou thy Hair in or—der set, thy Hair in or—der set; thy wanton Tref—ses braid,



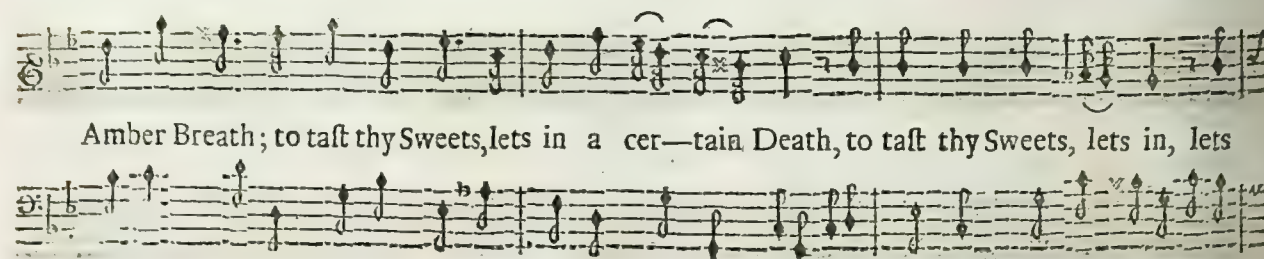
and thy vast Store of Beau—ty o—pen lay, that the de—lu—ded Fan—cy leads a—



stray? For Pi—ty! hide thy Star—ry Eyes, whose Lan—guish—ments destroy; and

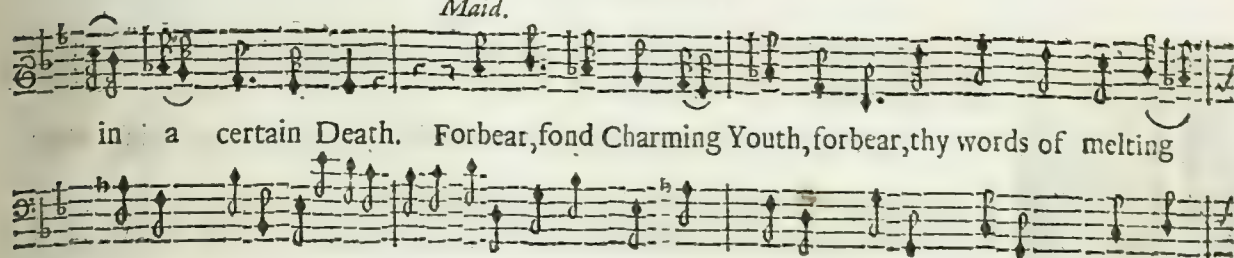


look not on the Slave that dyes, with an ex—cess of Joy: Defend thy Co—ral Lips, thy

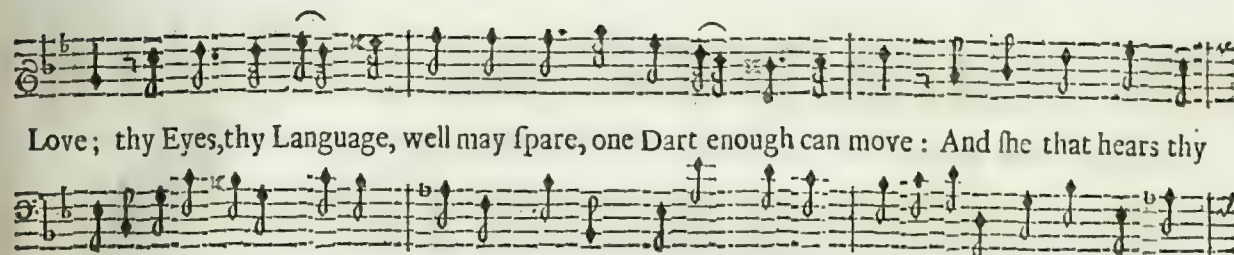


Amber Breath; to tast thy Sweets, lets in a cer—tain Death, to tast thy Sweets, lets in, lets

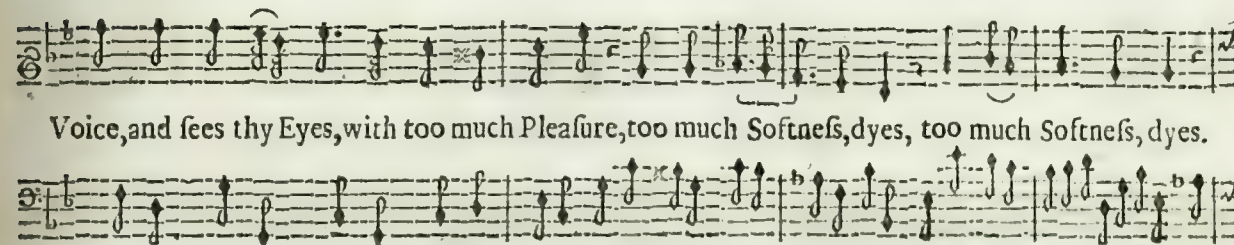


*Maid.*

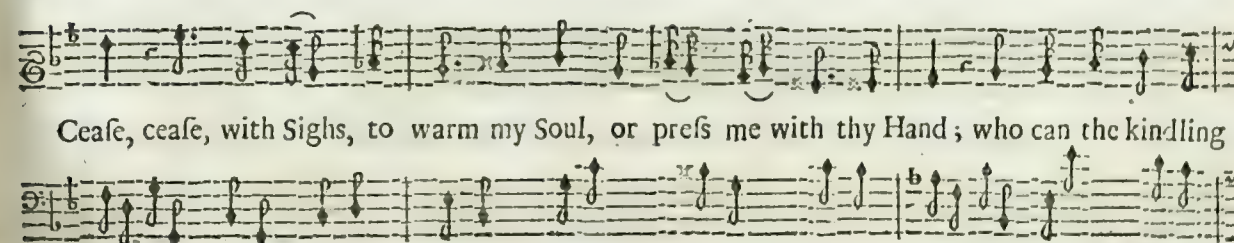
in a certain Death. Forbear, fond Charming Youth, forbear, thy words of melting



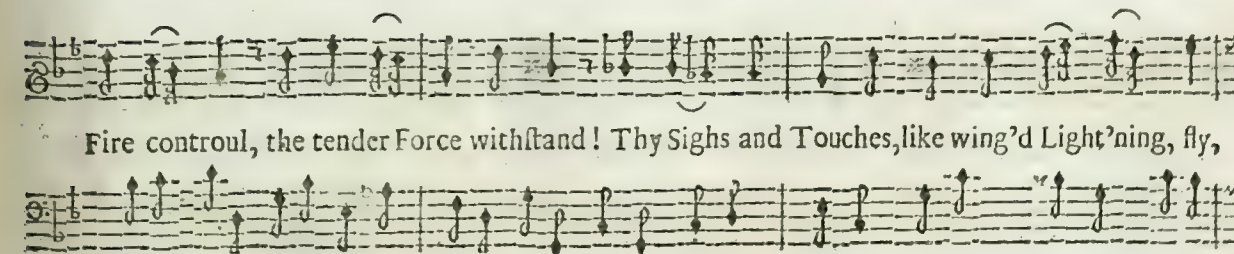
Love; thy Eyes, thy Language, well may spare, one Dart enough can move: And she that hears thy



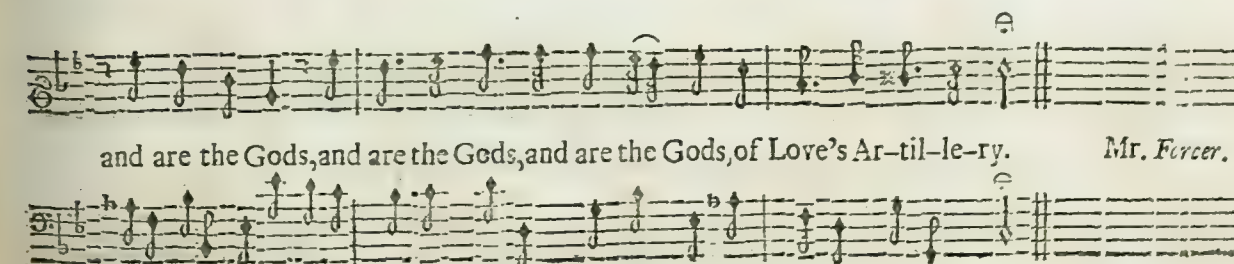
Voice, and fees thy Eyes, with too much Pleasure, too much Softness, dyes, too much Softness, dyes.



Cease, cease, with Sighs, to warm my Soul, or press me with thy Hand; who can the kindling



Fire controul, the tender Force withstand! Thy Sighs and Touches, like wing'd Light'ning, fly,



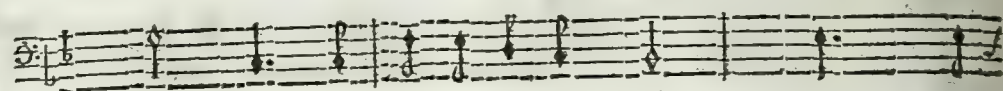
and are the Gods, and are the Gods, and are the Gods, of Love's Ar-til-le-ry.

*Mr. Forcer.*

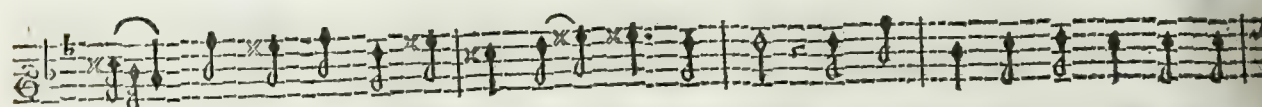
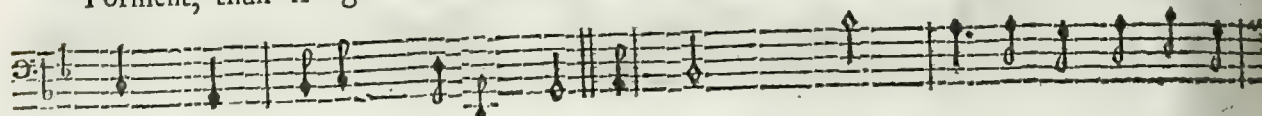




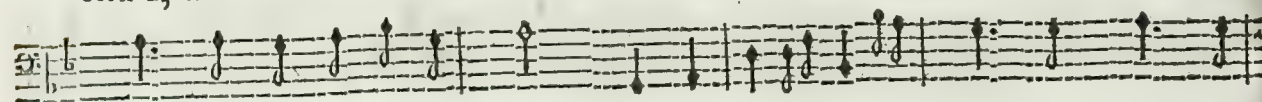
*Lo-ra's* Beauty, such Flames alone create, one Moment brings more



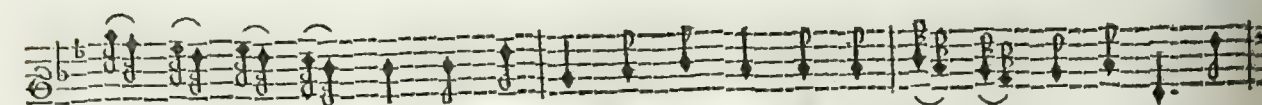
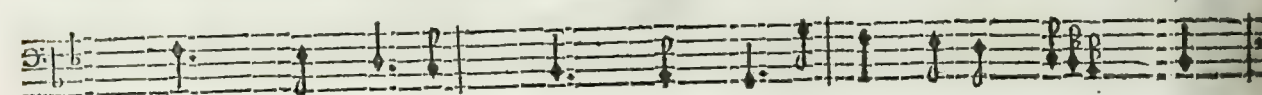
Torment, than A—ges can a—bate; Without Hope I complain, whilst she is un—con—



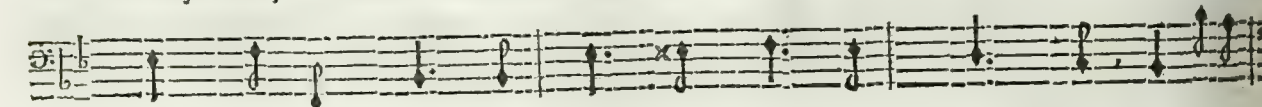
cern'd, whilst she is unconcern'd, that caus'd my Pain: Yet ac—cuse not her Rigour, tho'



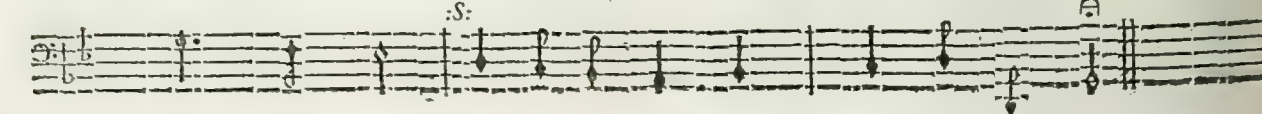
her A—do—rer dyes, tho' her A—do—rer dyes; she conquers, she conquers, tho'



Mer—cy fail, de—nies: Yet ac—cuse not her Rigour, tho' her A—do—rer dyes, tho'



her A—do—rer dyes; she conquers, she conquers, tho' Mercy fail, denies.











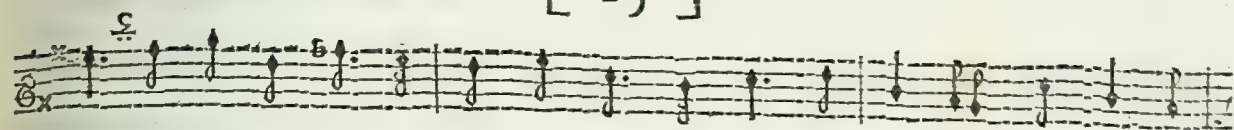




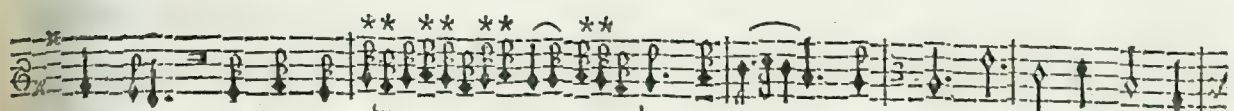




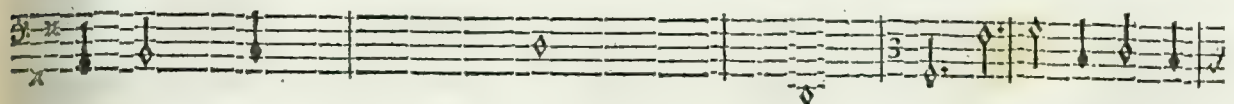




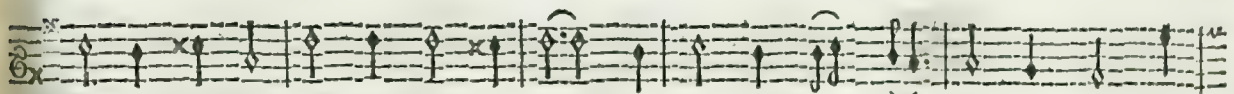
flow; for ev'-ry Sea-Nymph of the glitt'ring Crowd, has Gar-lands rea-dy to



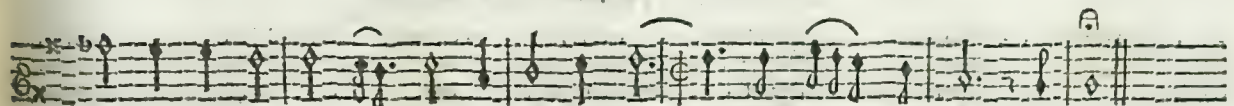
throw down, when you as-cen—d your wa—try Throne: See, see, she comes, she



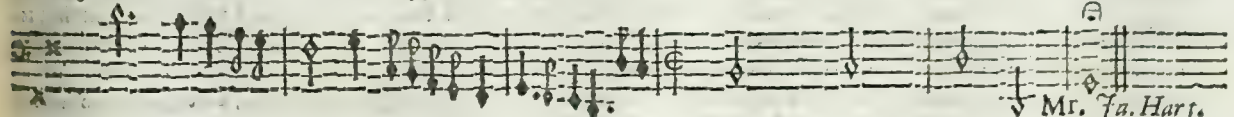
comes, and now a—dieu, let's bid a-dieu to shore, and to all we fear'd be-fore; oh,



Ca-sta-bel-la! we depend on you, on you our bet—ter Fortune lay, on

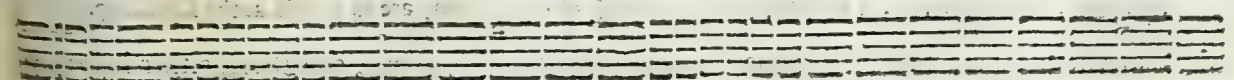
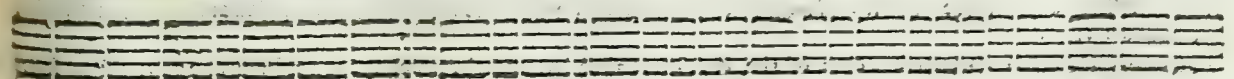


you our better Fortune lay, whose Eyes and Voice the Winds and Waves o-bey.



Mr. J. Hart.

FINIS.





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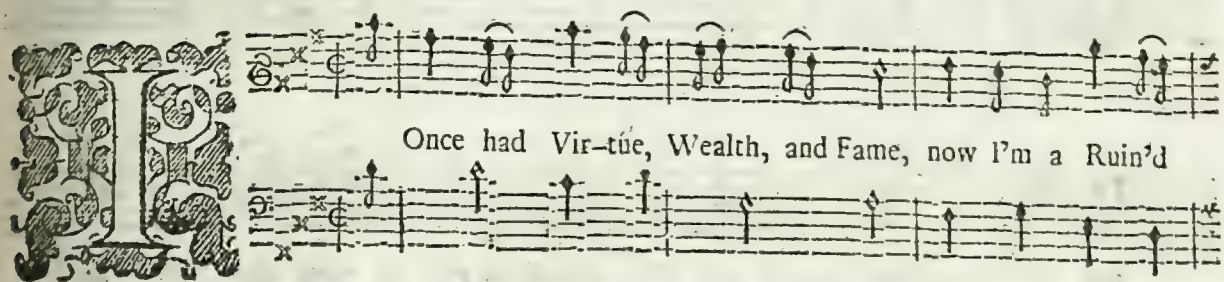




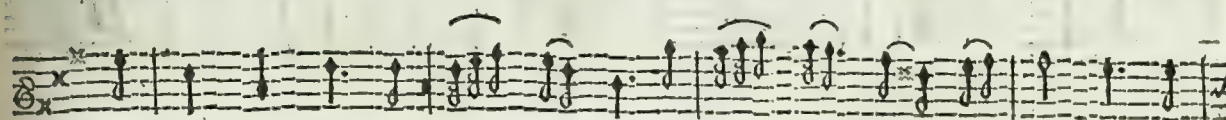
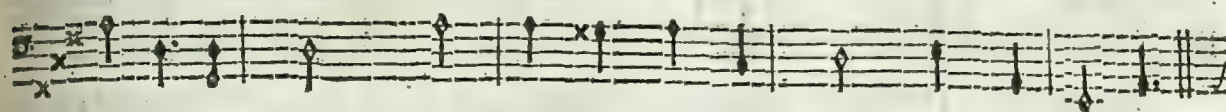
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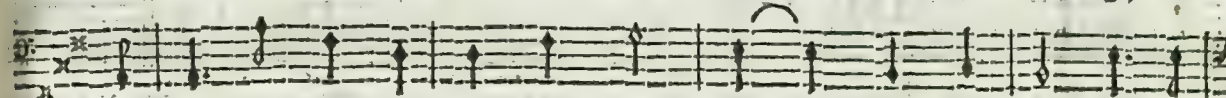




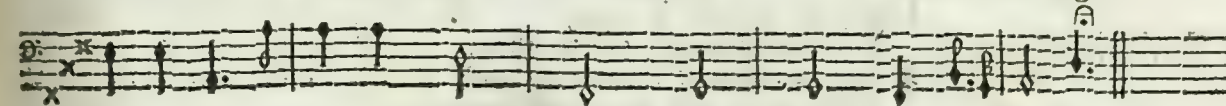
Sinner; I lost them all at Love's sweet Game, yet think my self a Winner.



While that dear love-ly Youth to gain, my Heart was still per-su-ading; I'm



rich enough, nor dare complain, nor dare complain, of such a sweet Un-do-ing.

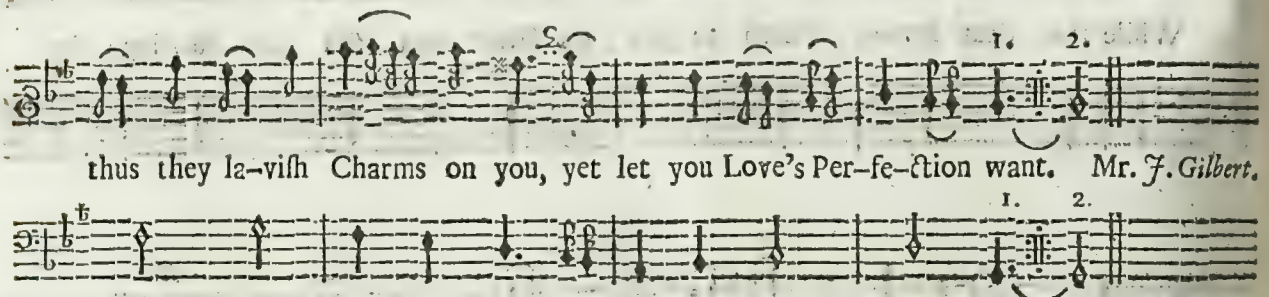
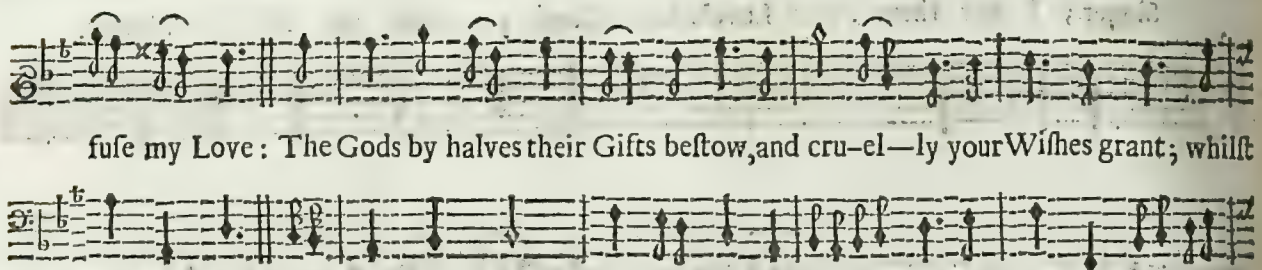
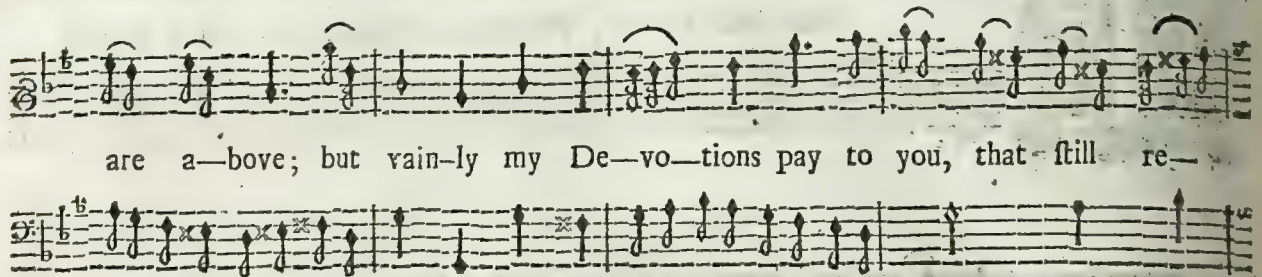
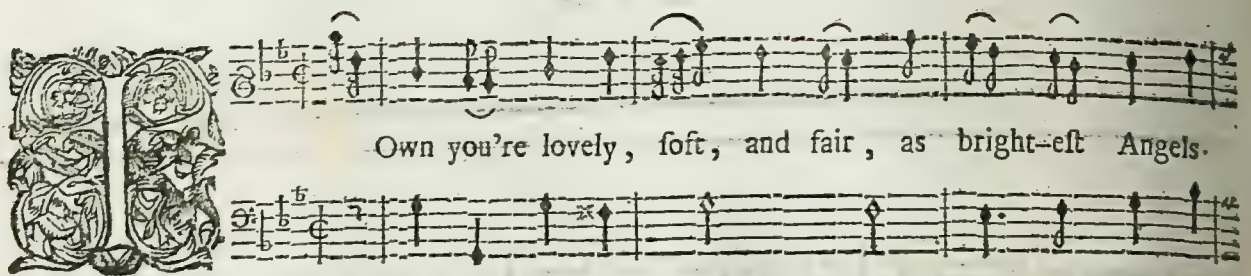


Mr. Robert King.

## II.

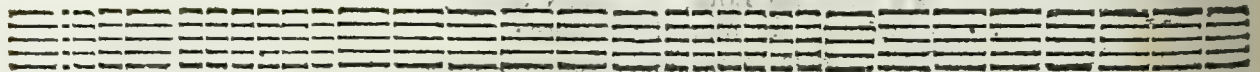
I laugh at cruel Fortune's Spite;  
 While I have any Feature,  
 To keep his Love, for that's delight  
 Enough for Mortal Creature:  
 The Sport's so pleasant, you will own,  
 When once you have been in it,  
 You'd gladly be an Age undone, an Age undone,  
 For one such happy Minute.





## I I.

Love, my *Celinda*, is alone,  
 Th' enticing Beauty of the Mind;  
 In vain you then of Charms do boast,  
 Whilst you're still Cruel, and Unkind:  
 Forget your usual Coyness then,  
 On me your kindest Smiles bestow;  
 For Heav'n ne'er hoards its Blessings up,  
 But kindly show'rs them down below.



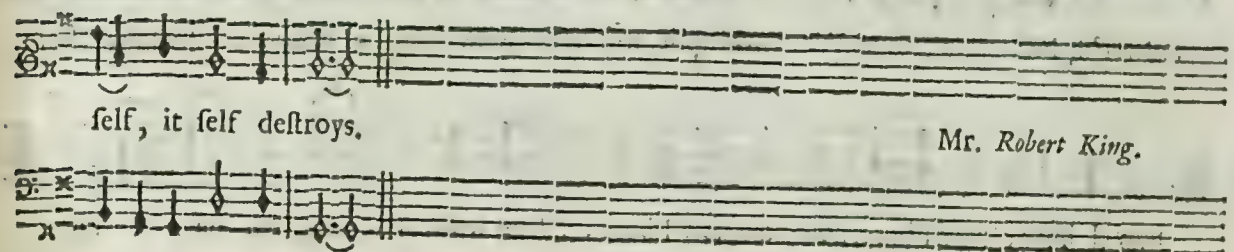
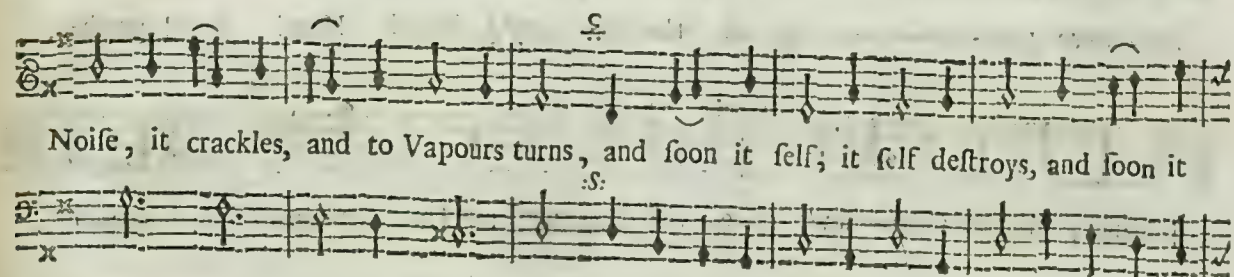
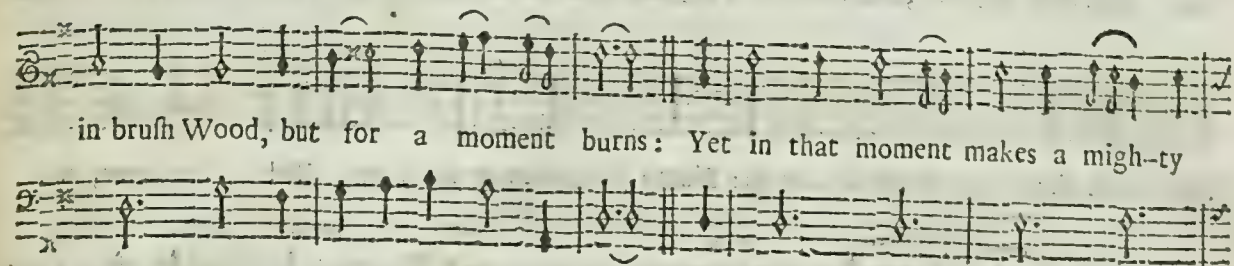
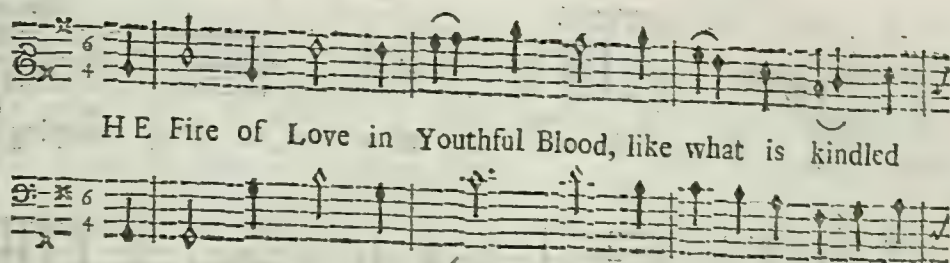






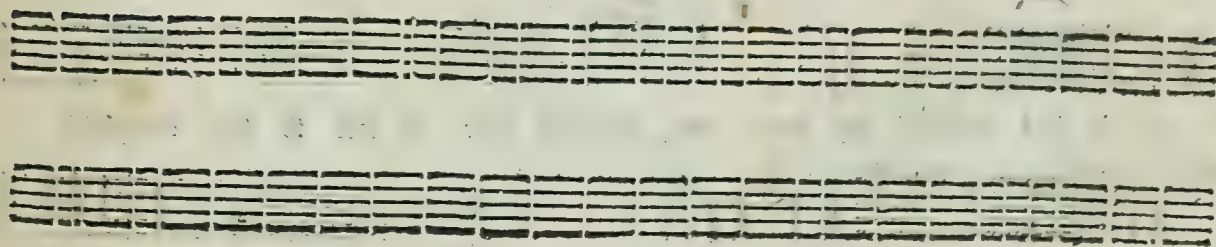






## II.

But when crept into Aged Veins,  
 It slowly burns, and long remains:  
 And with a fullen Hear,  
 Like Fire in Logs, it glows and warms 'em long;  
 And though the Flame be not so great,  
 Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong.  
 Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong.

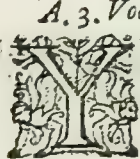




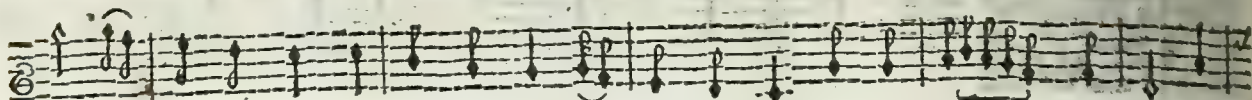
A. 3. Voc.

## A CATCH.

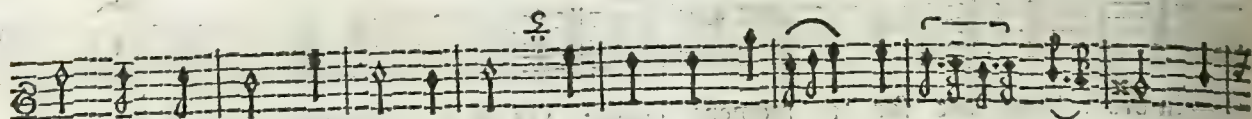
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



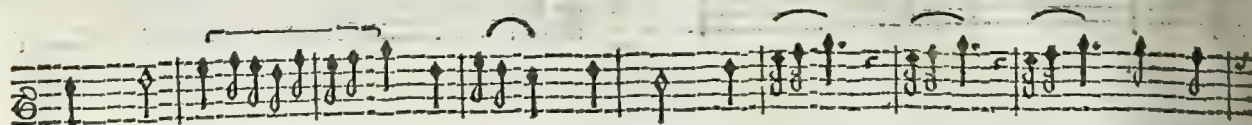
Oung Collin clea—ving of a Beam, at ev'—ry thumping, thumping blow, cry'd,



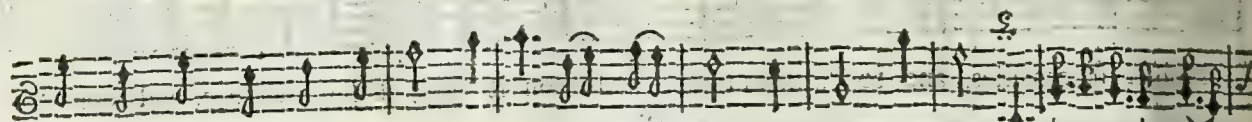
Hem! And told his Wife, and told his Wife, and told his Wife, (who the Cause would know) That



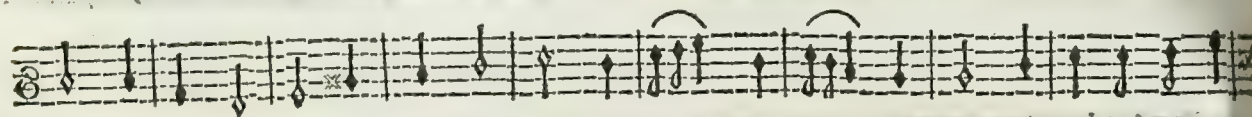
Hem made the Wedge much farther go: Plump Joan, when at night to Bed she came, and



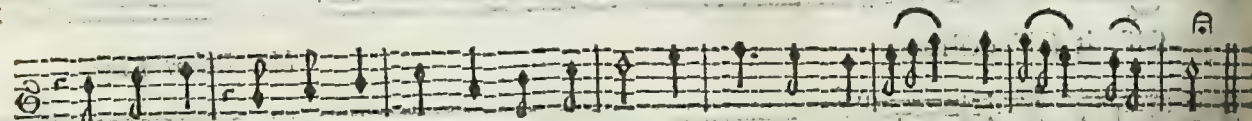
both were play—ing at the same; cry'd, Hem! Hem! Hem! prethee,



prethee, prethee Col—lin do! if e—ver thou lov'st me, Dear, hem now! He, laugh—ing,



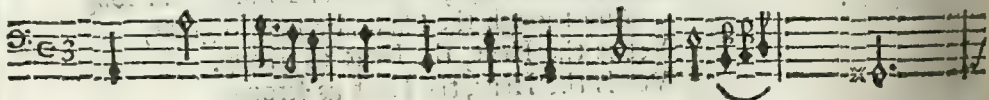
answer'd; No, no, no, some Work will split, will split with half a blow; besides, now I bore,



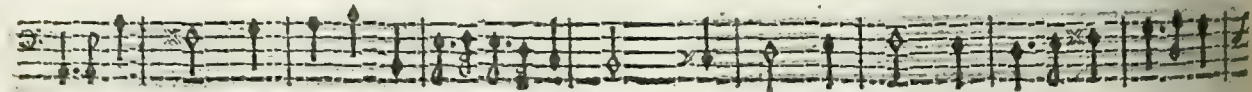
now I bore, now I bore, now, now, now I bore; I hem when I cleave, but now I bore.



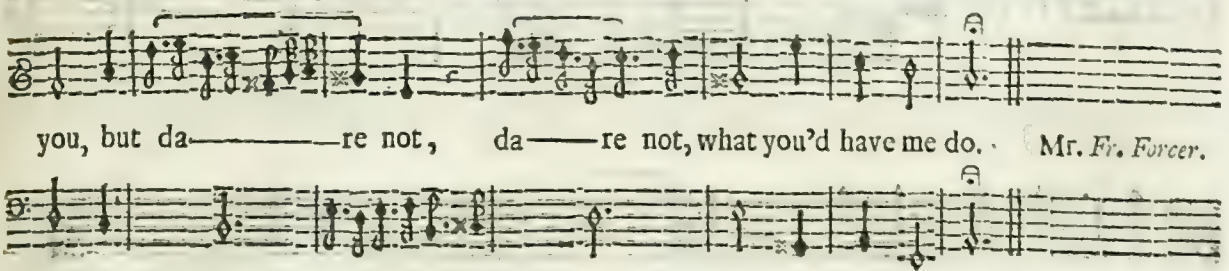
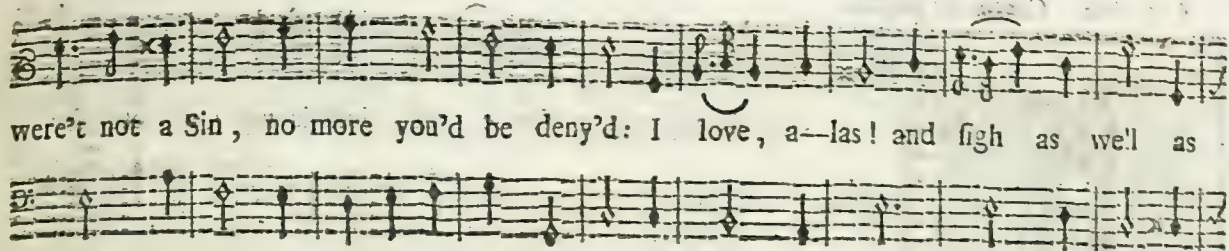
It had I sigh'd, long had I lov'd in vain, oft to Cla—



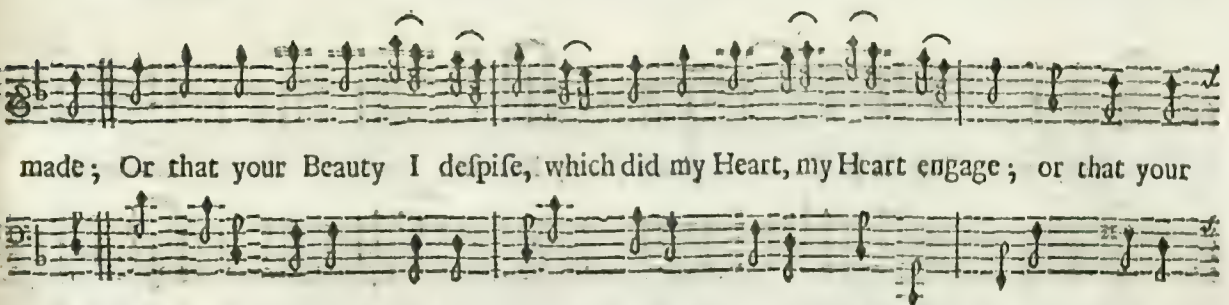
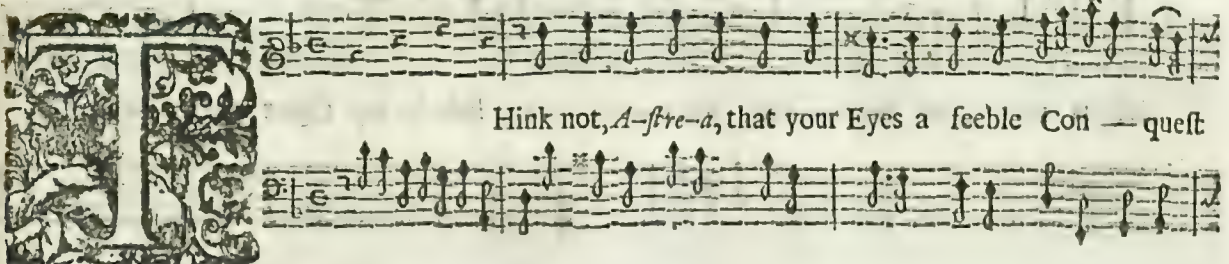
rin—da had declar'd my Pain; she, charming Fair, at last so fair comply'd,







Set by Mr. Robert King.



II.

No, no, fair Saint, my Soul I find,  
I'm more resolv'd than Fate;  
I to *Africa* must be kind,  
Though you return, return me Hate;

☛ The Notes with a\* over them are to be sung Demiquavers.



## A. 2. Voc. Cantus &amp; Bassus.



Oft is my Quiet for e—ver, lost is my Qui—et, for

Lost is my Quiet for e—ver, ever,

e—ver lost, for e—ver, for e—ver lost; lost is my Quiet for

lost is my Quiet for e—ver, for e—ver, lost is my Quiet for e—ver, for

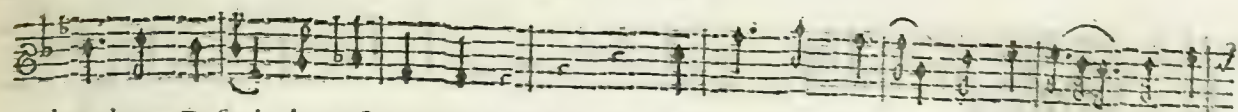
e—ver, ever, lost is Life's hap—pi—est part; lost all, all, all my ten—der En—

e—ver, ever, lost is Life's hap—pi—est part; lost all, all my ten—der En—

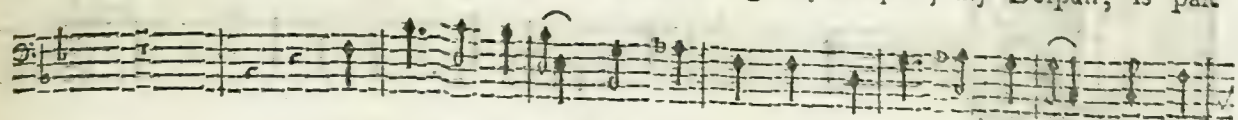
deavours to tou—ch an in—sen—si—ble Heart. But

deavours to tou—ch an in—sen—si—ble Heart.

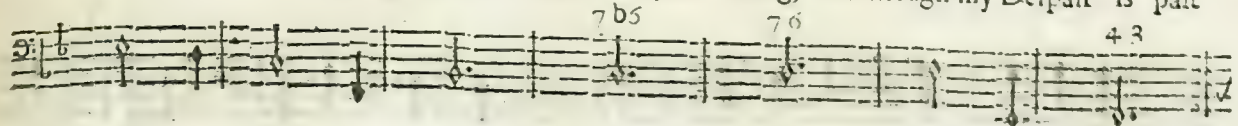




though my Despair is past curing, but though my Despair, my Despair, is past



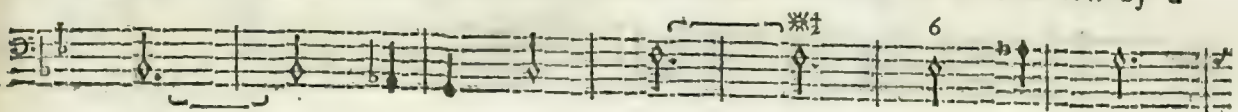
but though my Despair is past curing, but though my Despair is past



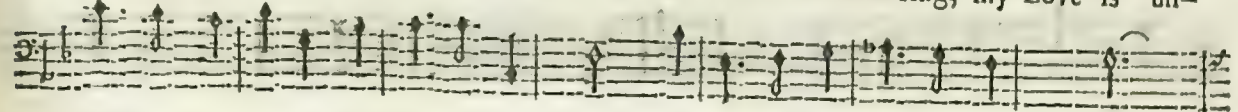
curing, and much un—de—serv'd is my Fate; I'll show by a patient en—du—



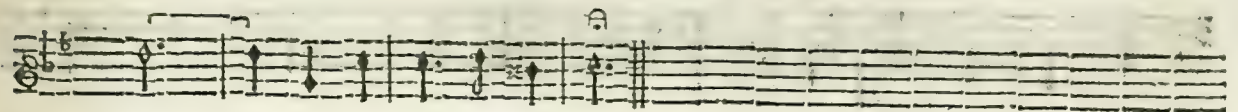
curing, and much un—de—serv'd is my Fate; I'll show by a



—ring, my Love, I'll show by a patient en—du—ring, my Love is un—



patient enduring, my Love is unmov'd, I'll show by a patient en—du—

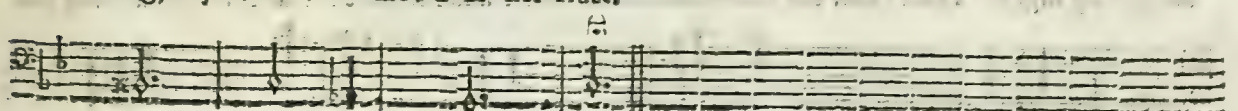


mov—'d, is unmov'd as her Hate.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



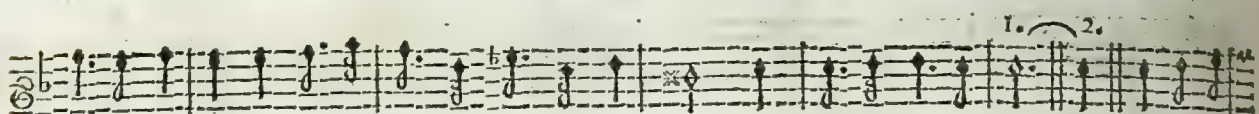
—ring, my Love is unmov'd as her Hate.







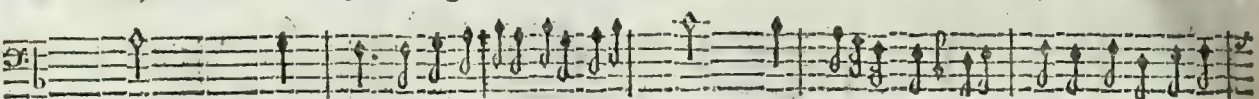
Outh and Beauty fly away like the winged Hour ; Ah *Mertilla* ! 'tis the



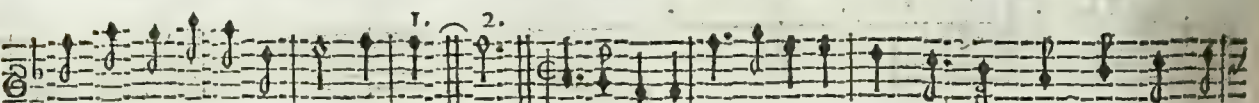
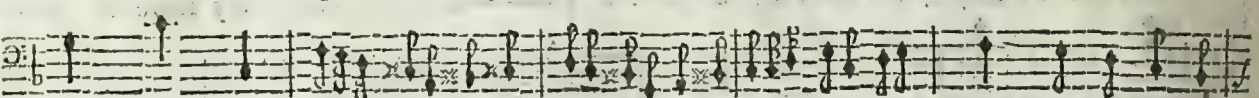
Virgins fair Dower ; but the Rosie Cheek will soon fade, in spite of Mortal Pow'r. For like a



River, e-ver it is gli—ding from us away, and Fate makes us all o—bey ; and that short

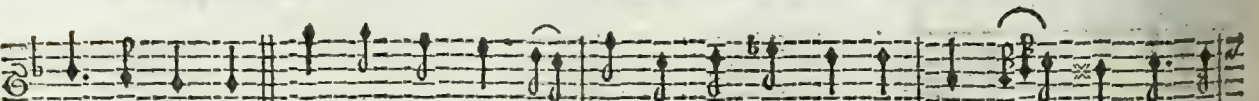


Sun-shine that was so bright and divine, so gay, pleasing, and fine, is past and gone, the Glass of Time is



run, and then, alas ! we are undone.

Fair *Olinda* all admire, touch now the Lute, and raise the



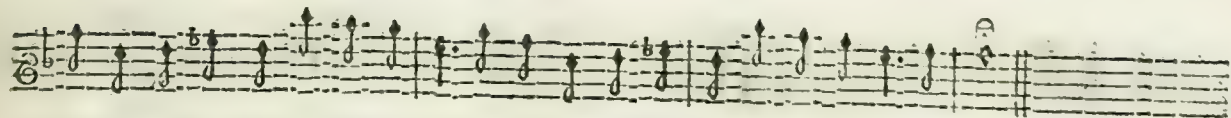
Strings up higher. Hark ! how the Notes do warble Peace and Pleasure ! Hark ! how charming and



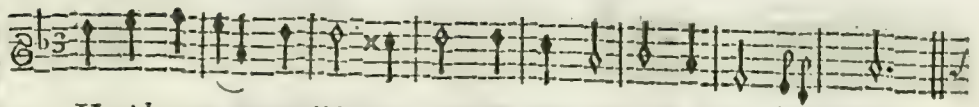




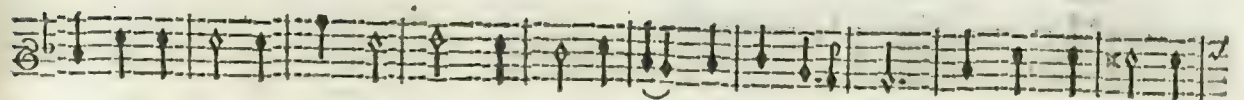
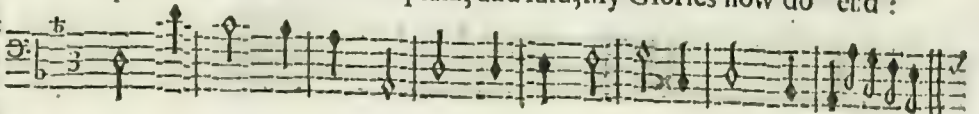
soft the Air! And the Fingers that do beat, like young Lovers kindly met, and the



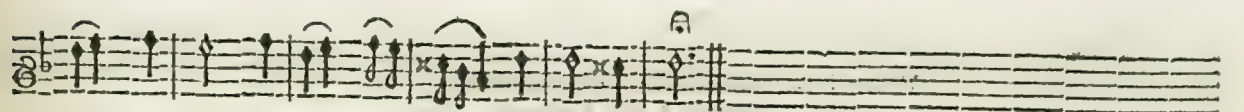
Eccho to the Virgin most divinely, Eccho to the Virgin most divinely Sweet.



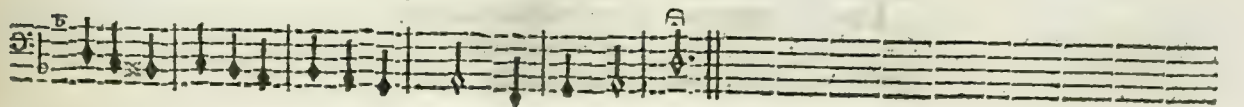
U-pid to Ve-nus did complain, and said, My Glories now do end :



For Bacchus all my Trophies gains, and tyes my Subjects in his Chains; for Bacchus all my



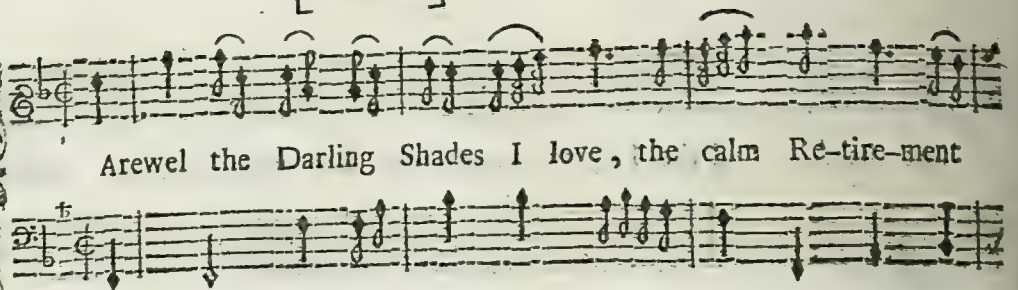
Trophies gains, and tyes my Sub-jects in his Chains.



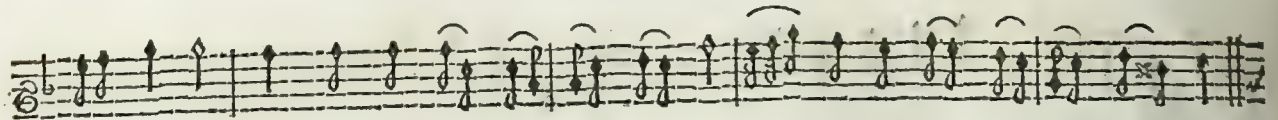
## II.

No more, no more th' endearing Joys  
Of my soft Reign, soft Reign they own;  
But with Bottles, and such Toys,  
Invades, invades my Sacred Throne.  
But with Bottles, &c.

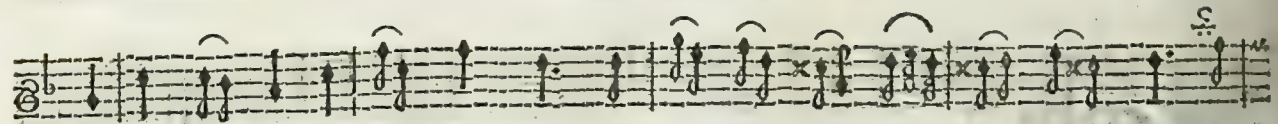




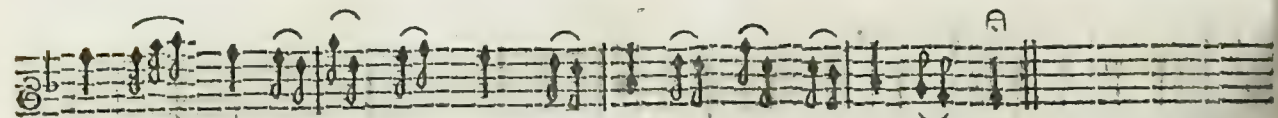
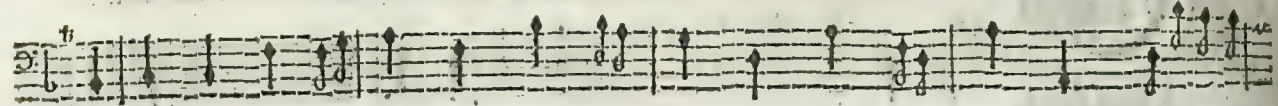
Arewel the Darling Shades I love, the calm Re-tire-ment



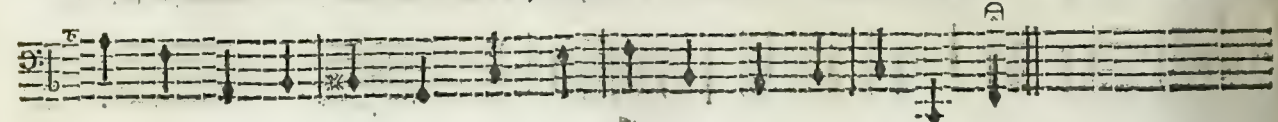
of my Life; where Pleasures boundless as above, free from all En-vy, Noise, or Strife:



No Passions e're in-fest the Plains, Contentment there im-mor-tal reigns; no

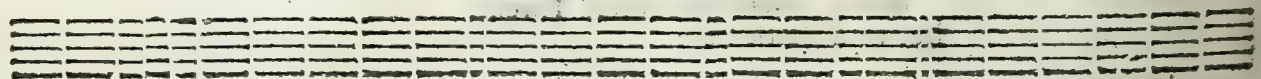
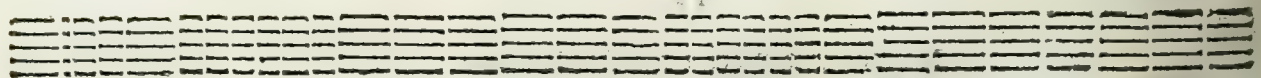


Passions e're in-fest the Plains, Contentment there im-mor-tal reigns. Mr. Courtois



# 11.

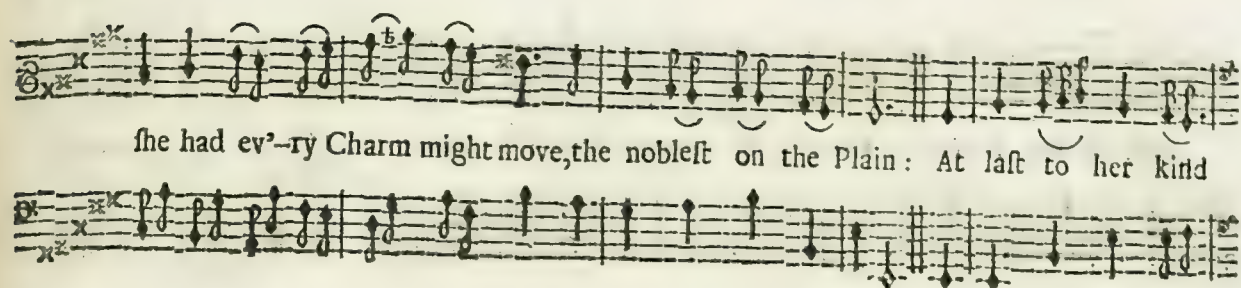
Were I to choose what Fate denies,  
 Could I command my Frowning Stars,  
 Cities should in Confusion lye,  
 E're I'd embrace there restless Cares:  
 Oh! that I might near gentle Streams,  
 Spend my dull Hours in Golden Dreams.



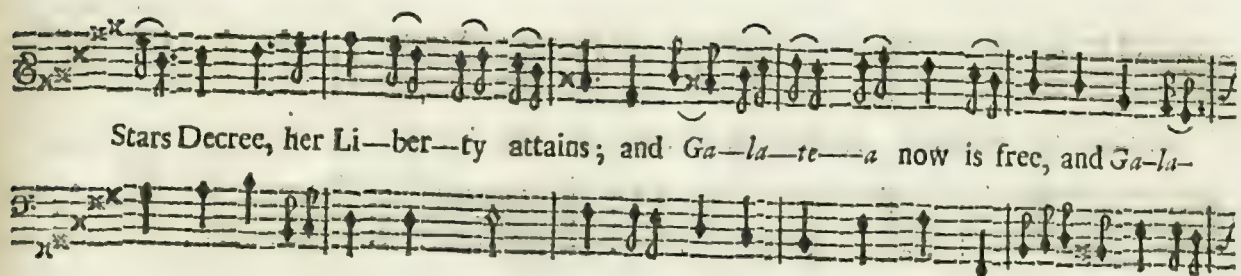




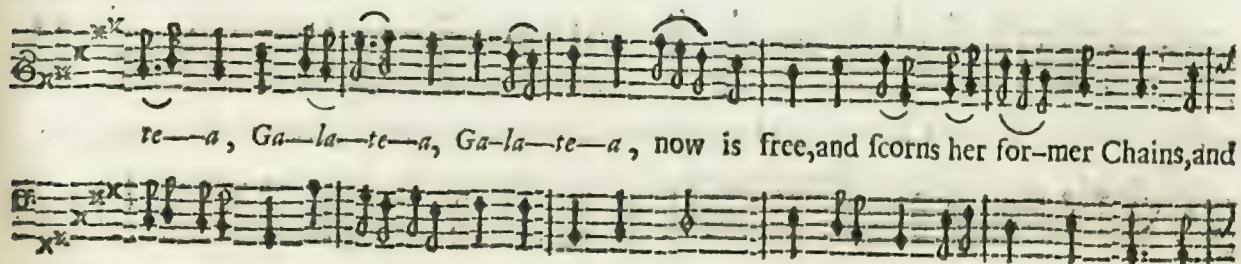
Air *Ga-la-te-a*, curs'd to love a low ungrateful Swain; though



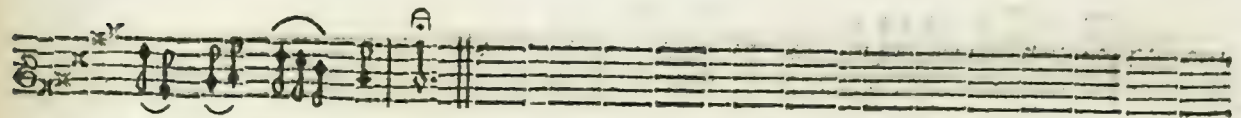
she had ev'ry Charm might move, the noblest on the Plain: At last to her kind



Stars Decree, her Li-ber-ty attains; and *Ga-la-te-a* now is free, and *Ga-la-*



*te-a*, *Ga-la-te-a*, *Ga-la-te-a*, now is free, and scorns her for-mer Chains, and



scorns her for-mer Chains.

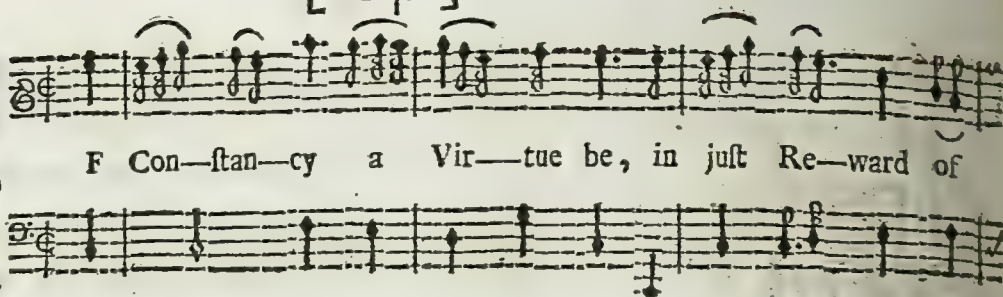
Mr. Courtville.



# II.

And now no Story told of Love,  
Can *Galatea* take;  
She does each thought of Love remove,  
For base *Amintor's* sake:  
She the whole Treacherous Sex does hate,  
And all their Arts defies;  
She now discovers ev'ry Bait,  
Her Love has made her wife.

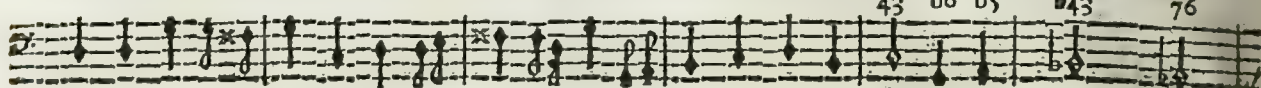




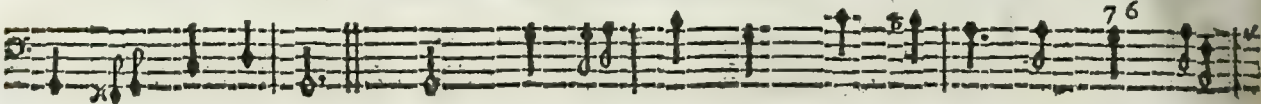
F Con—stan—cy a Vir—tue be, in just Re—ward of



that to me, *Dorinda's* Cru—el—ty remove, *Dorinda's* Cru—el—ty, Cru—el—ty, *Dorinda's*



Cru—el—ty remove: Riches and Honour, all else below, on vain am—bi—tious

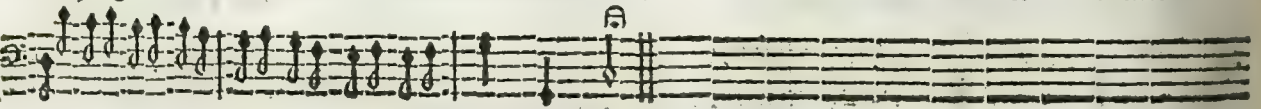


Men bestow; give me *Do—rin—da's* Love, give me *Do—rin—da's* Love, give me, give me, give



me, give me ——— *Do—rin—da's* Love.

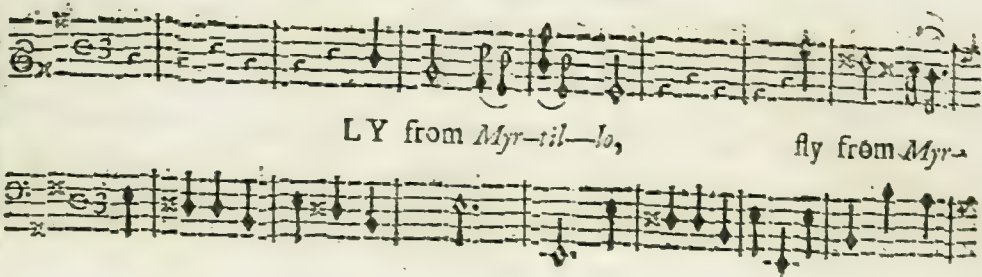
Mr. Courtville.



## II.

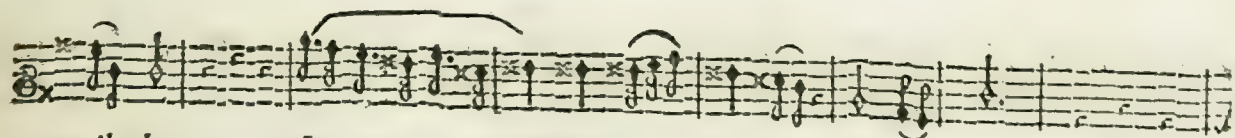
Let others mighty Glories reap,  
Wealth and Power together heap,  
*Philander* asks you none:  
*Dorinda* only to him give,  
He'l richer be, more happy live,  
Than *Cæsar* on his Throne.





LY from Myr—til—lo,

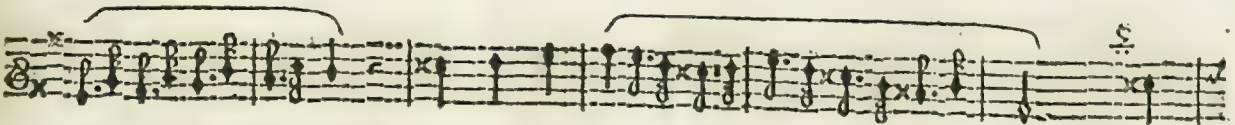
fly from Myr—



til—lo,

fly—

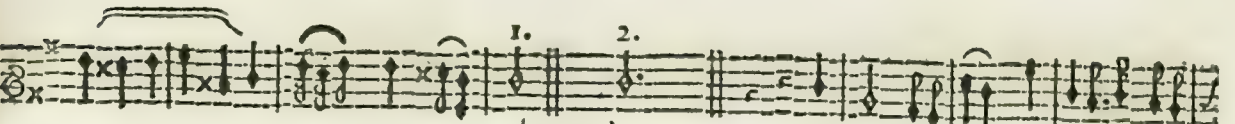
from Myr—til—lo, gay and young,



fly—

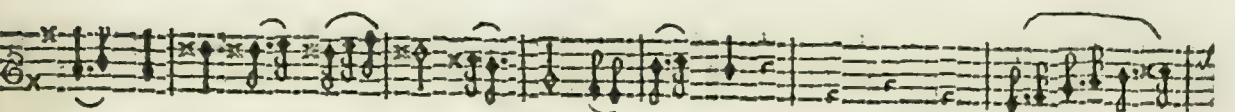
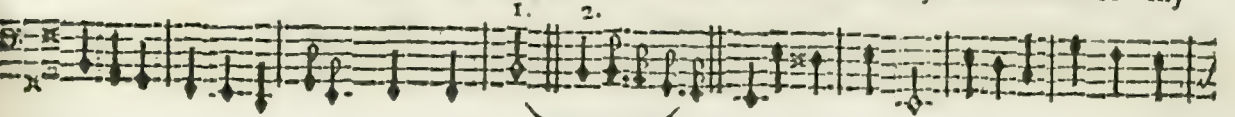
fly from his soft—

his



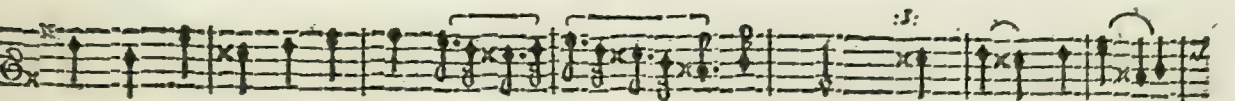
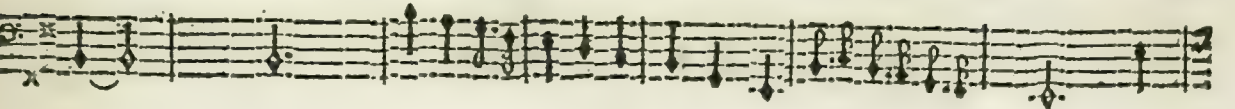
soft— in—chant—ing Tongue.

He on—ly wooes thee to thy

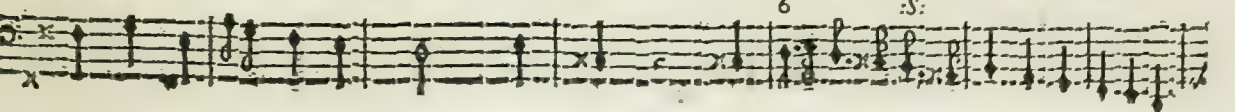


Ruine, he on—ly wooes thee to thy Ruine,

to—



please himself, to please himself, to— please— him—self, to please him—self,





with thy un—do—ing. Take heed, take heed, un—wa—ry

Maid, be not— by flat'—ring Smiles, by flat'ring Smiles, by flat'ring Smiles, by

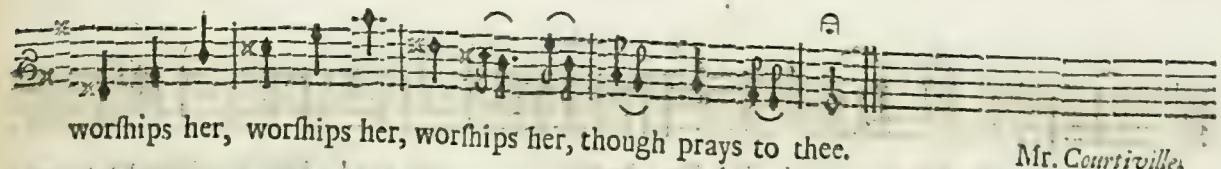
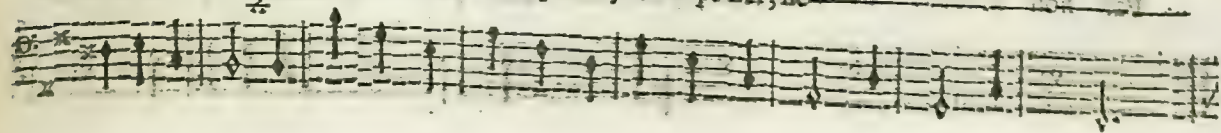
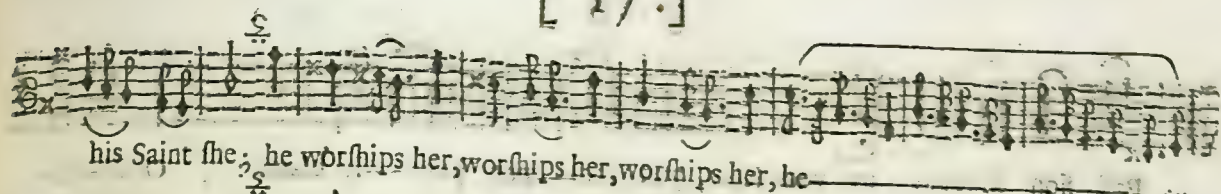
flat' ————— ring Smiles be—tray'd; his ferious Vows are

else—where due, his ferious Vows are elsewhere due, his Heart's engag'd, his Heart's en—

gag'd, his Heart's en—gag'd, but not to you, not to you, not to

you; you're but the Image, you're but the Image, you're but the Image,



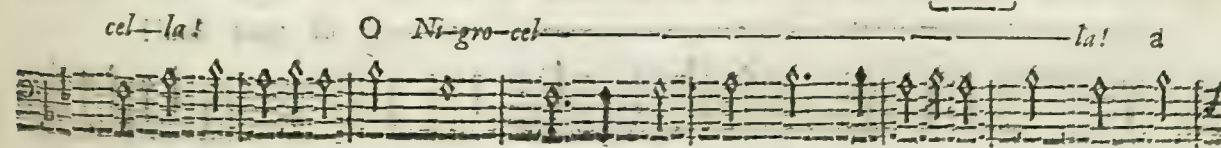
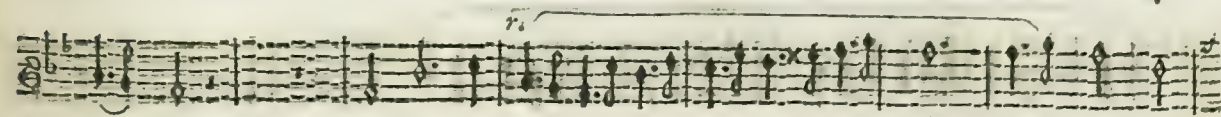
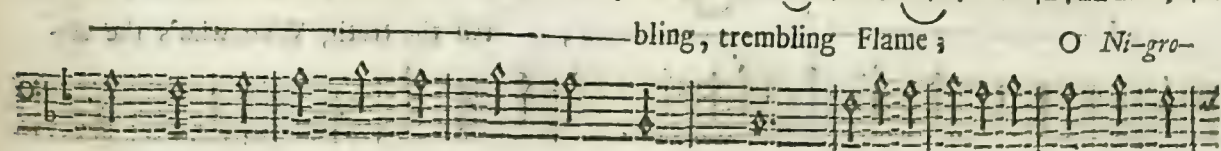
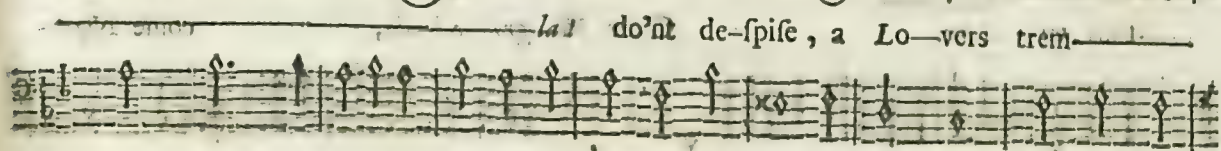
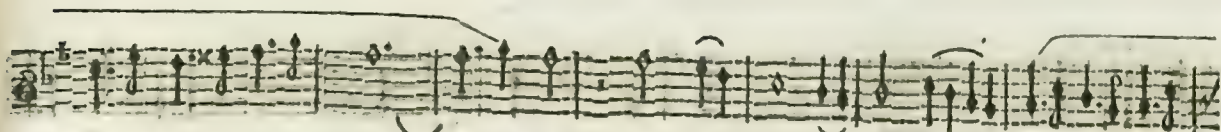
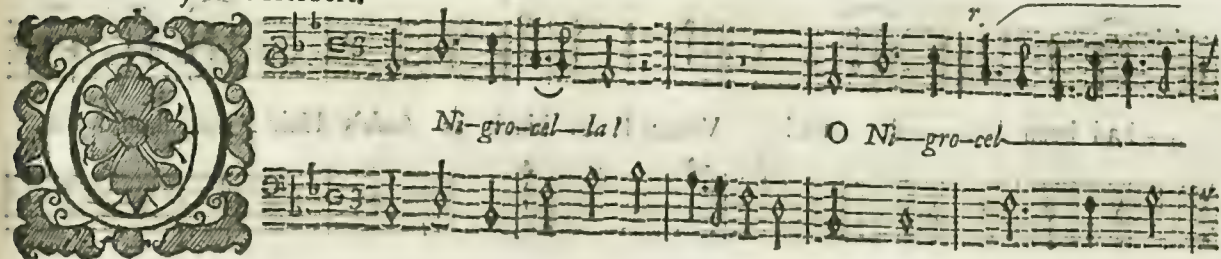


Mr. Courtville.

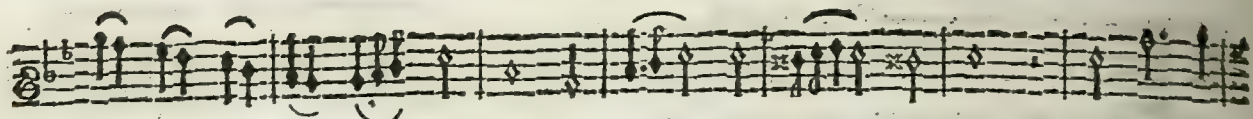


# The Fair LOVER and his Black MISTRESS.

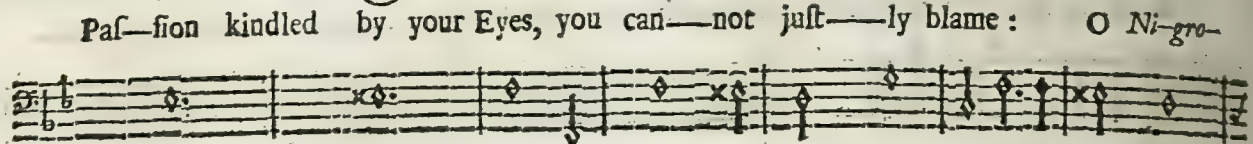
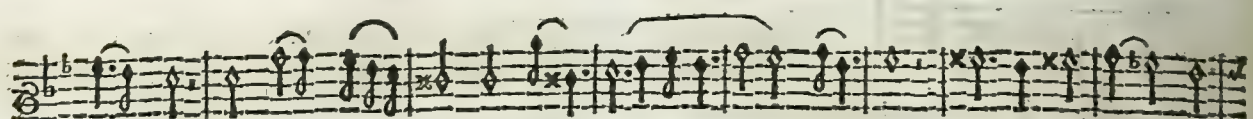
The Words by Mr. Herbert.



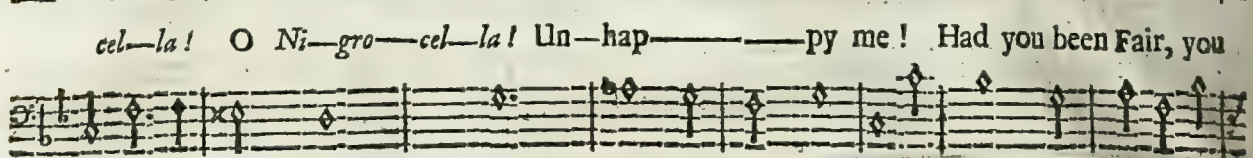





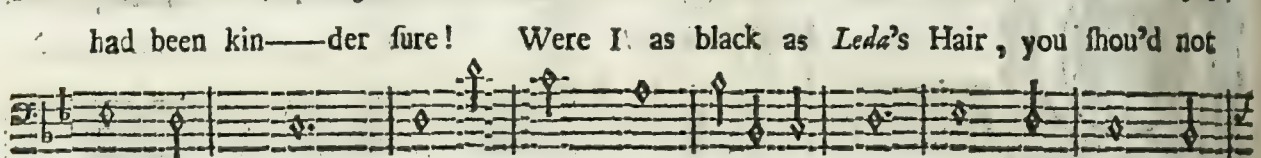
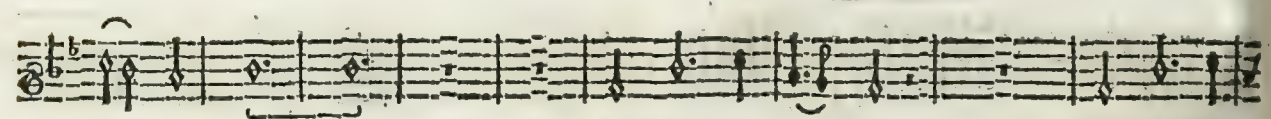
Paſ—ſion kindled by your Eyes, you can—not juſt—ly blame: O Ni—gro—

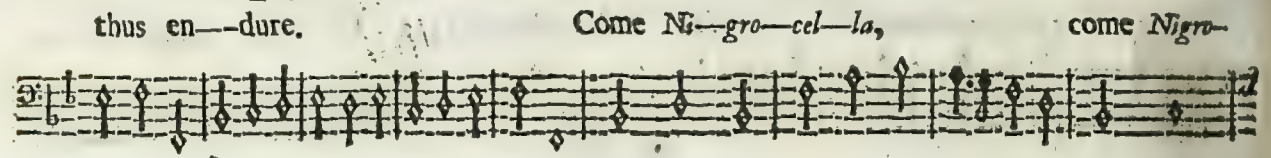
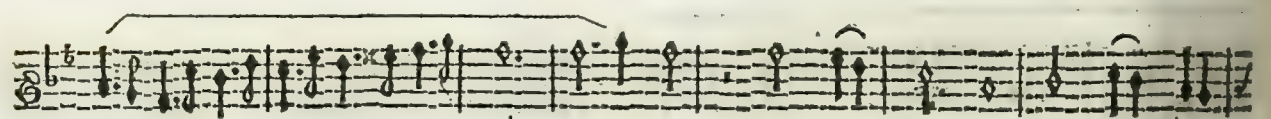
cel—la! O Ni—gro—cel—la! Un—hap—py me! Had you been Fair, you

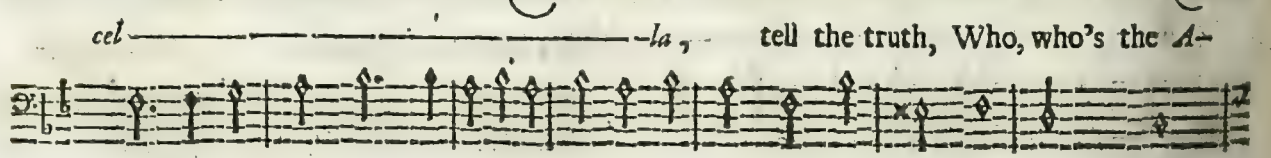
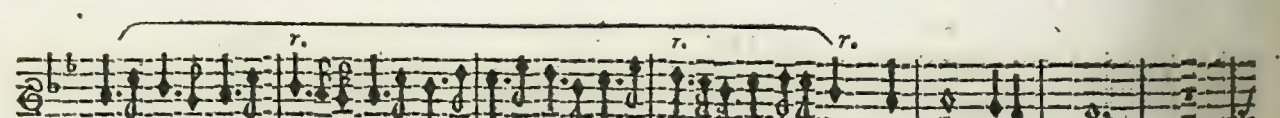
had been kin—der ſure! Were I as black as Leda's Hair, you ſhou'd not

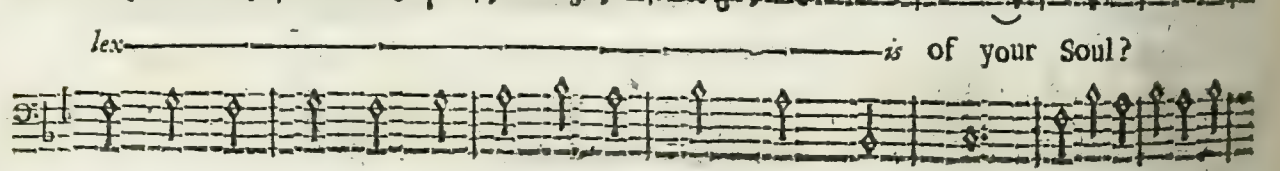
thus en—dure. Come Ni—gro—cel—la, come Nigro—

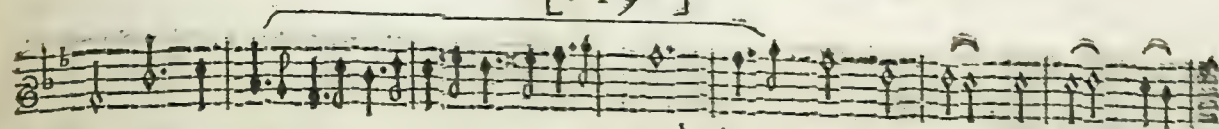
cel—la, tell the truth, Who, who's the A—


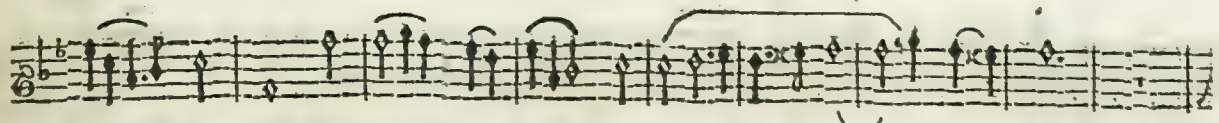
lex— is of your Soul?



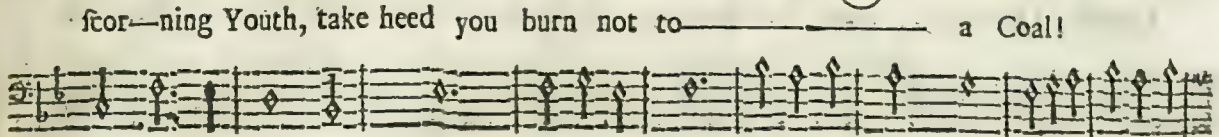





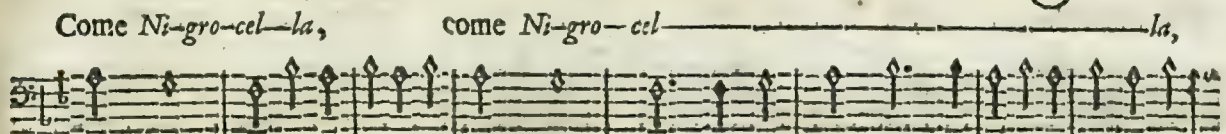
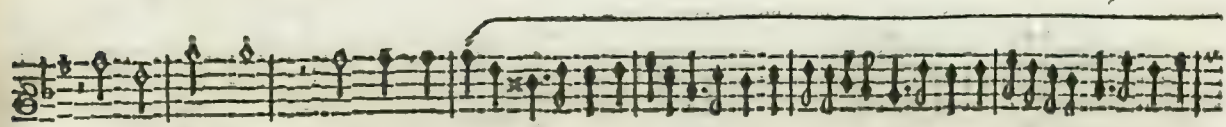
Come Ni-gro-cel-la, you burn for some fait

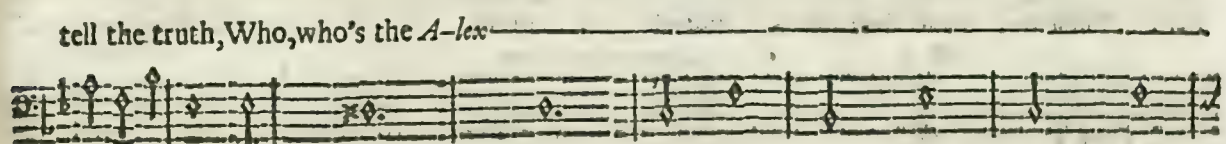
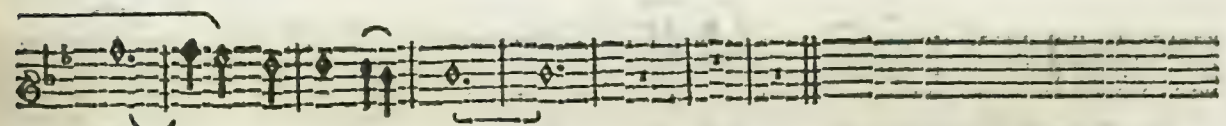
scor-ning Youth, take heed you burn not to a Coal!

Come Ni-gro-cel-la, come Ni-gro-cel-la,

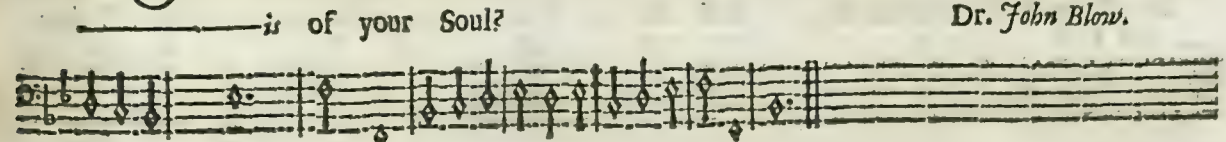
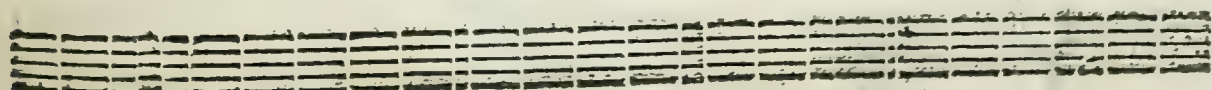
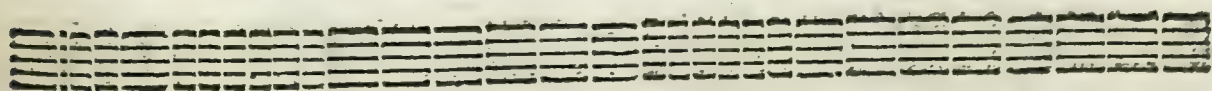



tell the truth, Who, who's the A-lex-

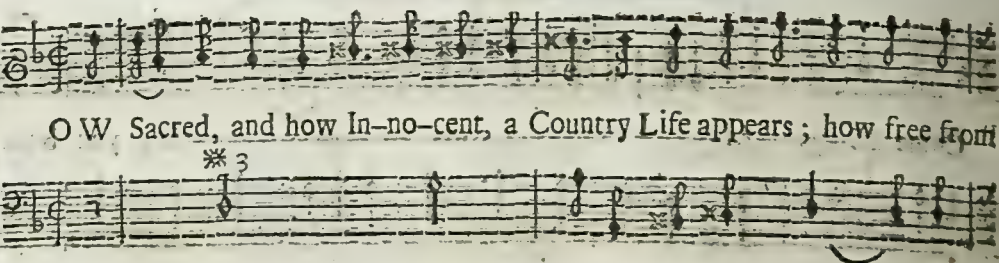



is of your Soul?

Dr. John Blow.





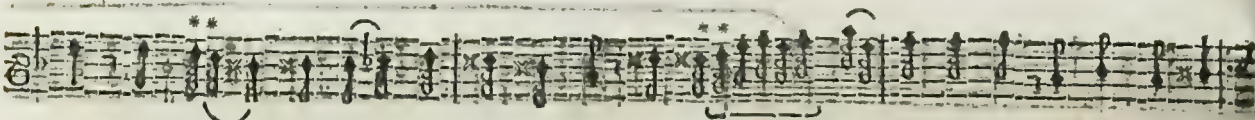
O W. Sacred, and how In-no-cent, a Country Life appears ; how free from



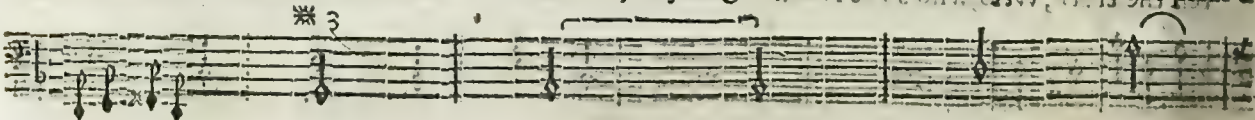
Tumult, Discontent, from Flat-te-ry, or Fears: This was the first and happiest



Life; when Man en-joy'd himself, till Pride exchanged Peace for Strife, and Happiness for



Pelf. Then wel-com dear-est So-li-tude, my great Fe-li-ci-ty, tho some are pleas'd



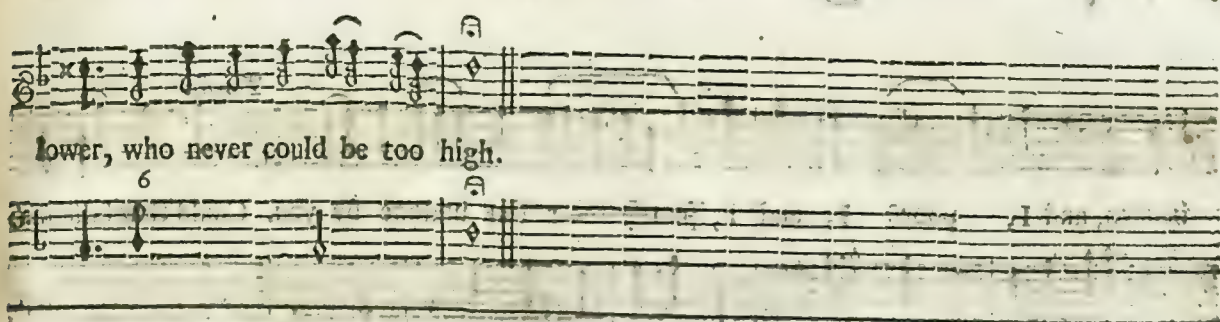
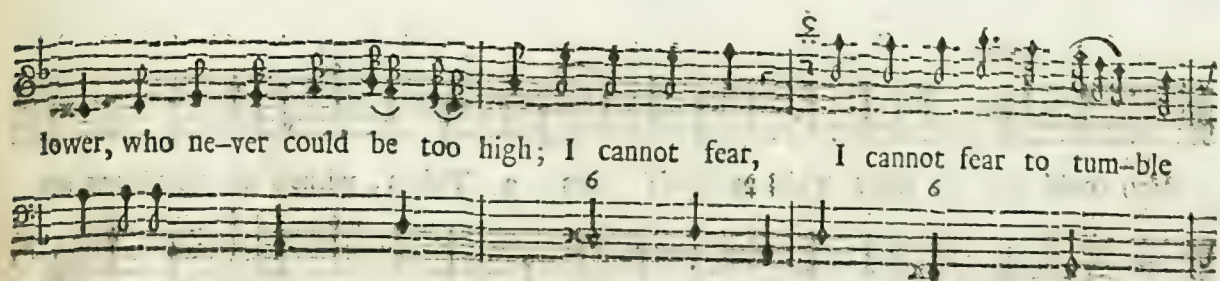
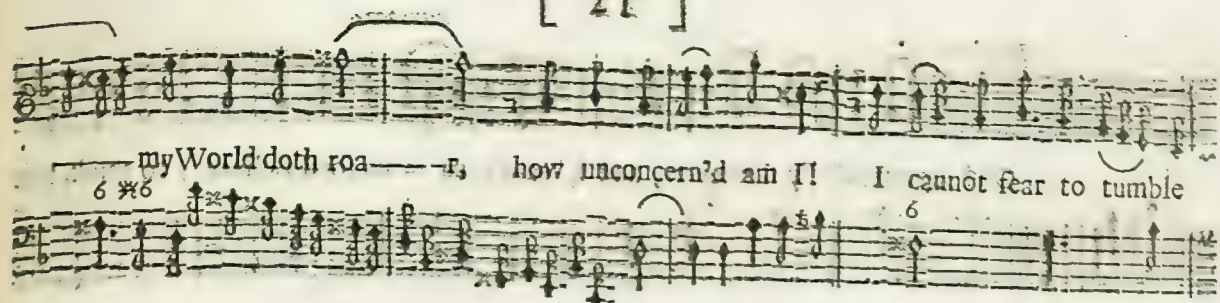
to call thee Rude, thou art not so, thou art not so, but we; tho some are pleas'd to call thee



Rude, thou, thou art not so, but we. When all the stor



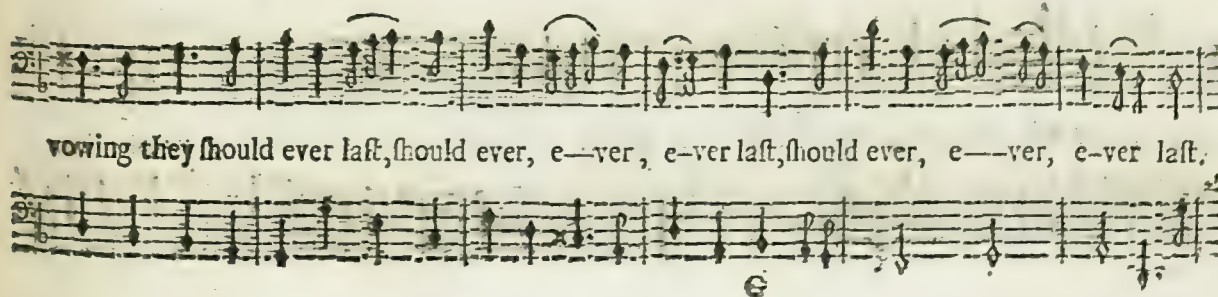
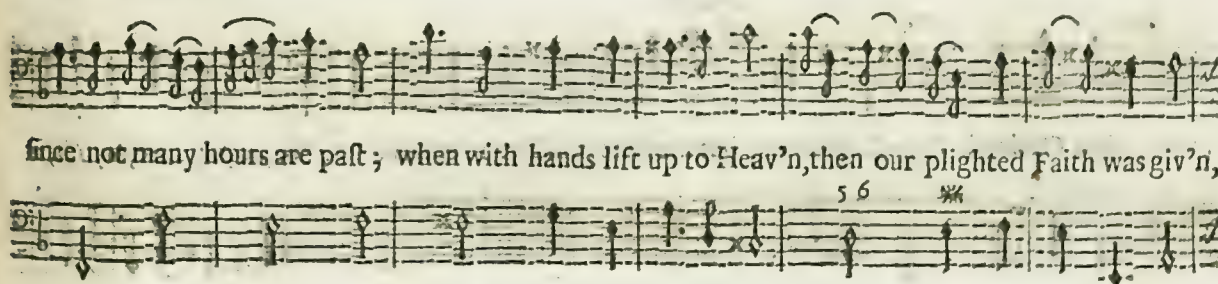




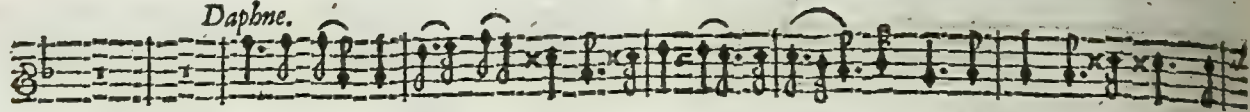
# A Dialogue between THIRSI and DAPHNE.

Thirsis.

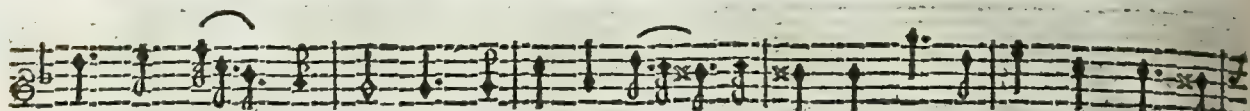
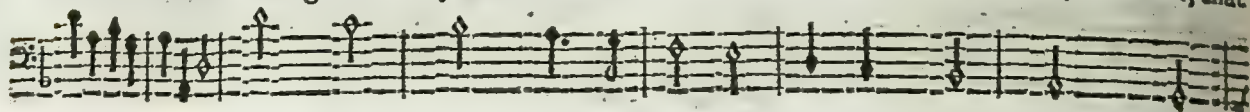
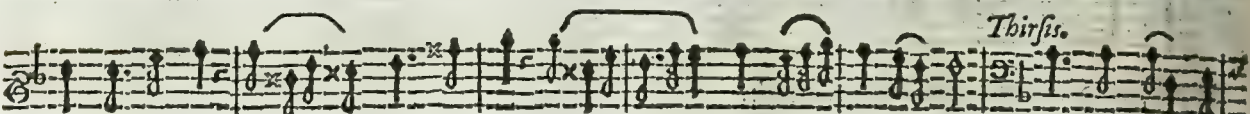
Sung in a new Play by Mr. Bowman and Mrs. Butler.



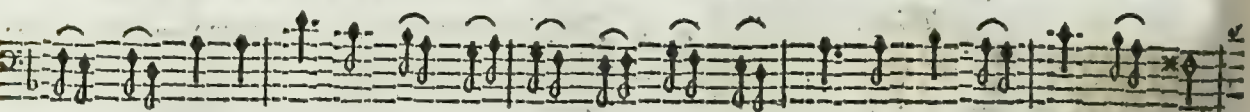
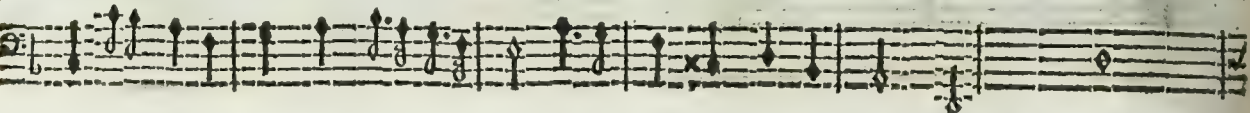


*Daphne.*

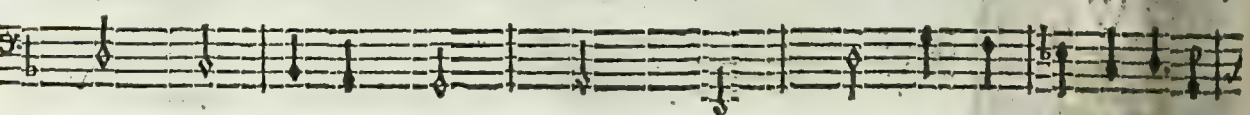
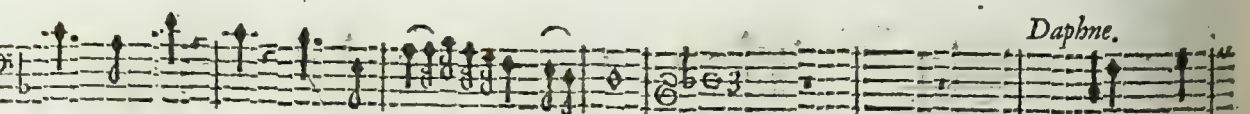
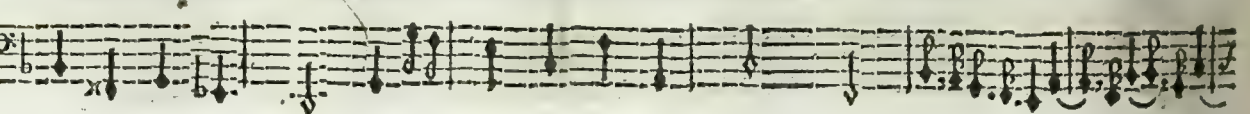
Oh! ingrateful fly Deceiver, and I, ea-sie, ea—sie fond Believer, to think, that

Man could e're be true! This to *Eg-la* was a Token, witness all your Vows are*Thirsis.*

broken, and I, poor I, and I, poo——r I'm undone by you. Could that false ma-

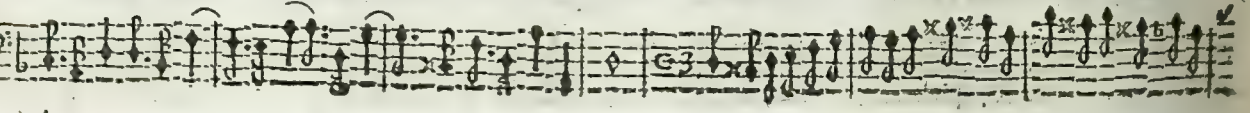


licious Creature, work up—on your ea—sie Nature; could she say, That Gift was mine;

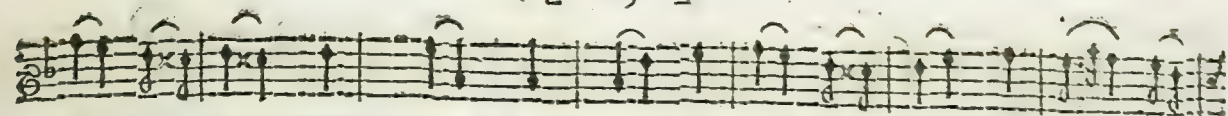
No, that Garland *Eg-la* gave me, but her Arts could ne're enslave me; No, no, my Life, my All, is*Daphne.*

thine, my All, All, All, my All is thine.

Oh! how





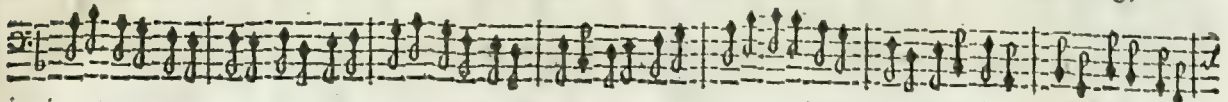


quick my Heart is bea—ting! Oh! how quick, how quick, my Heart is

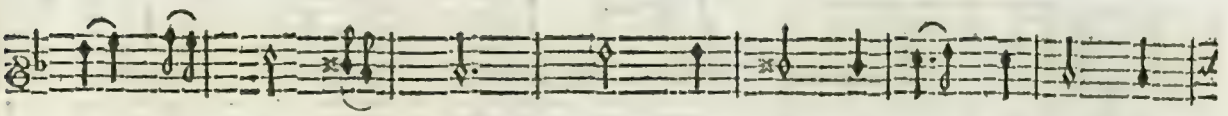
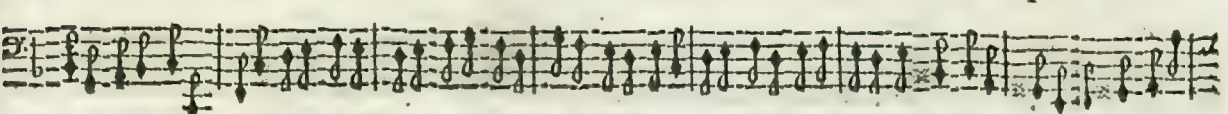


*Soft.*

beat—ing! ev'—ry Pulse the Joy re—peat—ing, the Joy re—peat—ing, the



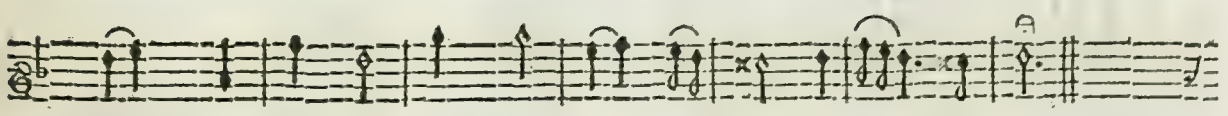
Joy re—peat—ing; Pleas'd to find my Swain so true, pleas'd to



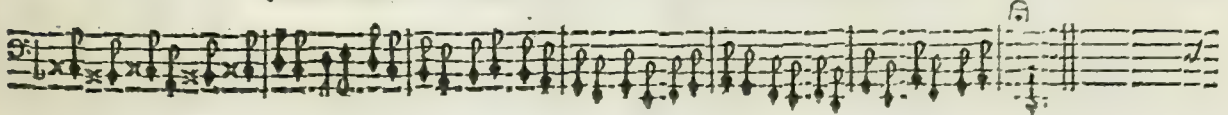
find my Swain so true: *Thir—fis* is my on—ly Treasure,



*Thir—fis* is my on—ly Treasure, Oh! I love, Oh! I

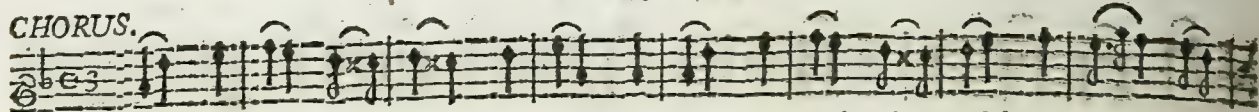


love be—yond all mea—sure; and would quit the World for you. *Chorus.*





## CHORUS.



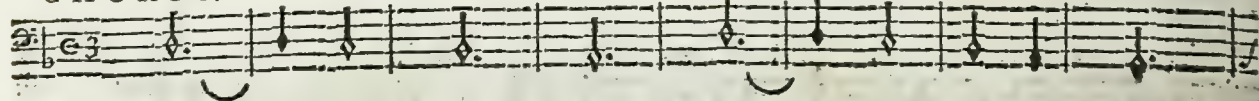
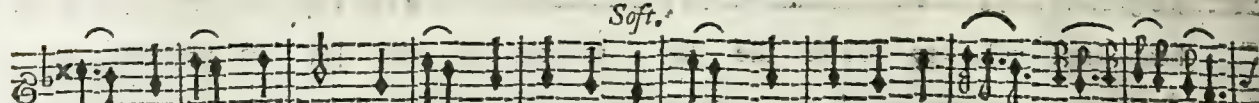
Oh! how quick my Heart is beating! Oh! how quick, how quick, my Heart is

## CHORUS.

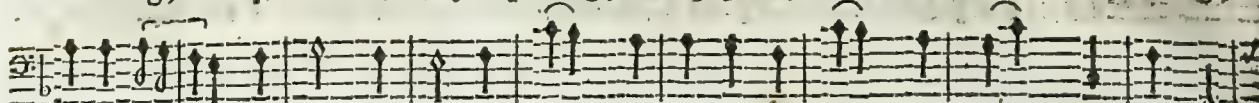


Oh! how quick my Heart is beating! Oh! how quick my Heart is

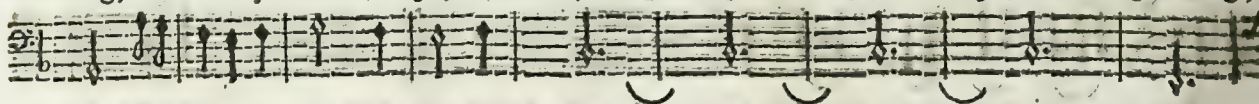
## CHORUS.

*Soft.*

beating, ev'ry Pulse the Joy repeating, the Joy repeating, the Joy re-peat-ing;



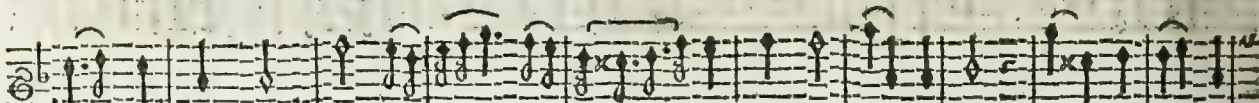
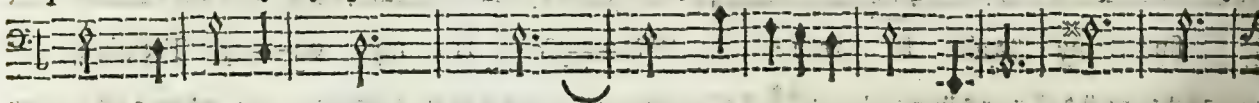
beating, ev'—ry Pulse the Joy, the Joy repeating, the Joy, the Joy re-peat-ing;



pleas'd to find my Swain so true, pleas'd to find my Swain so true: *Thirsis* is my



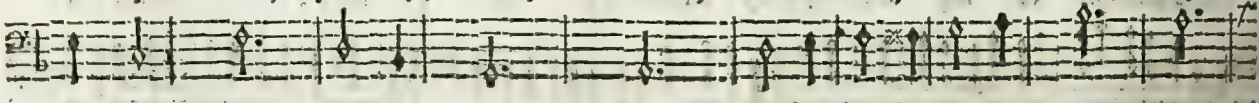
pleas'd to find my Nymph so true, pleas'd to find, so find, my Nymph so true: *Daphne* is my



on—ly Treasure, *Thirsis* is my on—ly Treasure, Oh! I love, Oh! I love, be—



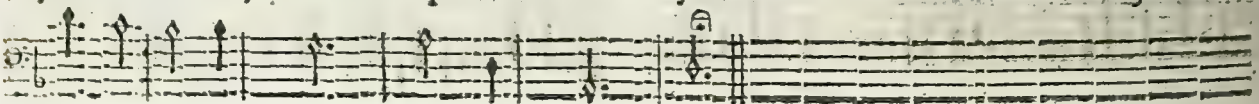
on—ly Treasure, my on—ly, on—ly Treasure, Oh! I love, Oh! I love, I love, be—



yond all measure, and would quit the World for you.

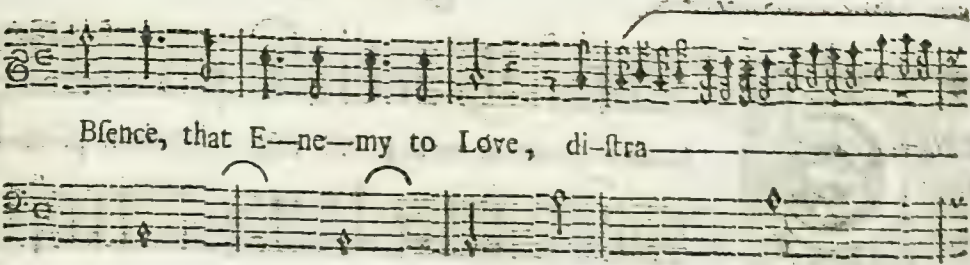
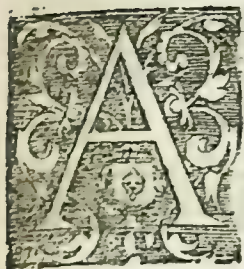


yond all measure, and would quit the World for you.

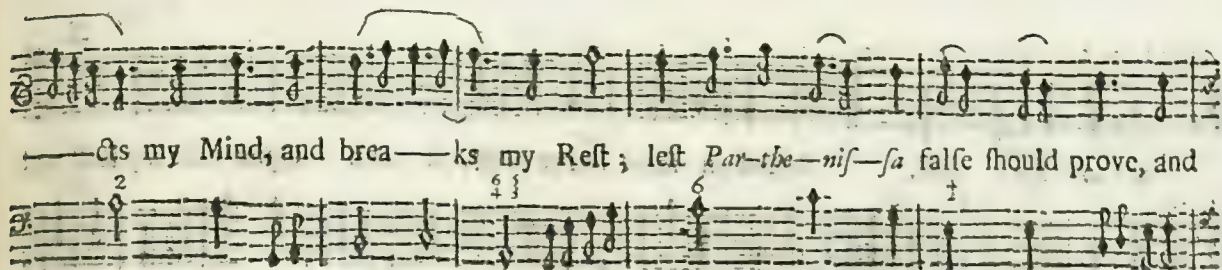


Mr. Henry Purcell.

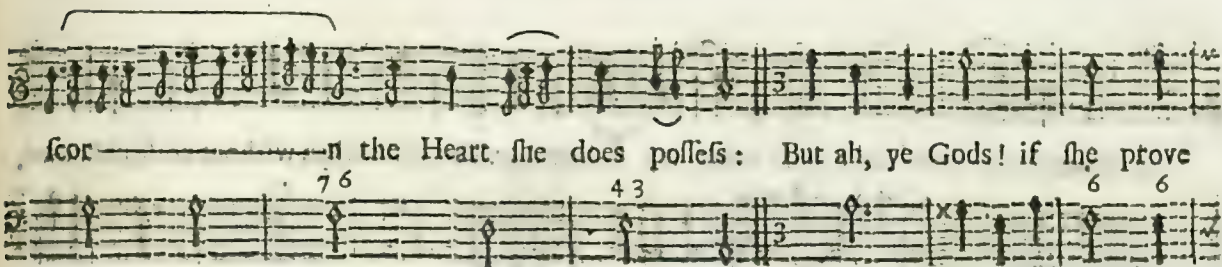




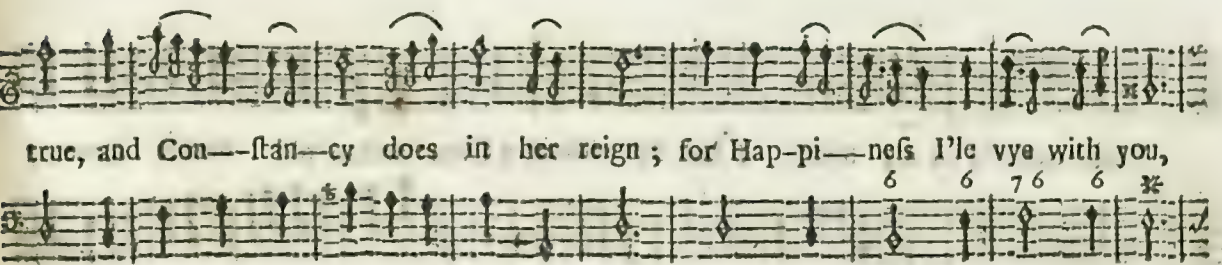
Bfence, that E-ne-my to Love, di-stra



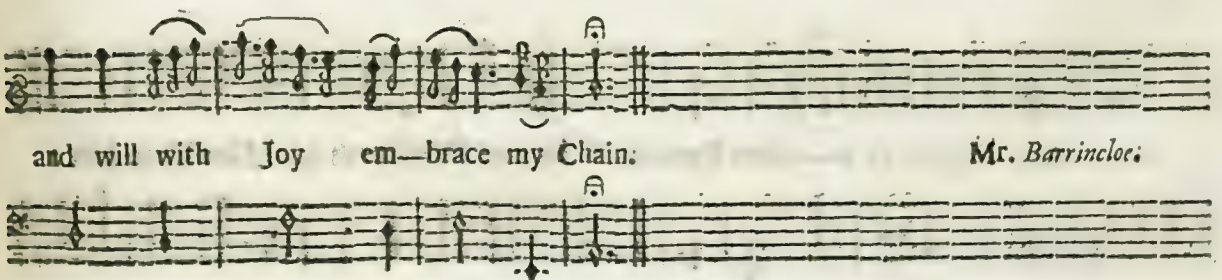
—cts my Mind, and brea—ks my Rest; left Par-the-nis—fa false should prove, and



fcor — n the Heart she does possess: But ah, ye Gods! if she prove

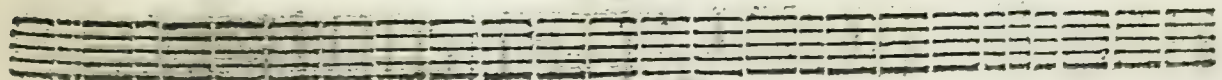
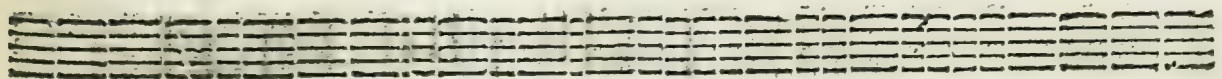


true, and Con—stan—cy does in her reign; for Hap—pi—ness I'll vye with you,



and will with Joy em—brace my Chain.

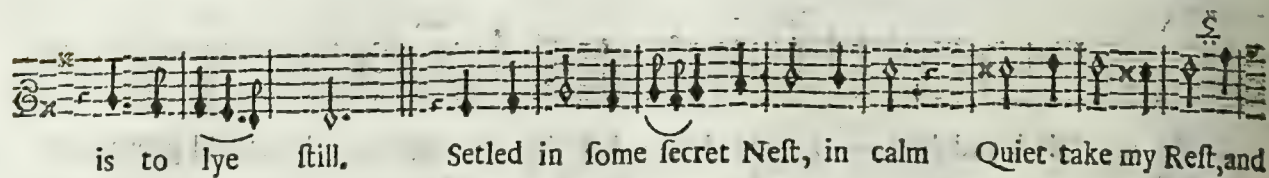
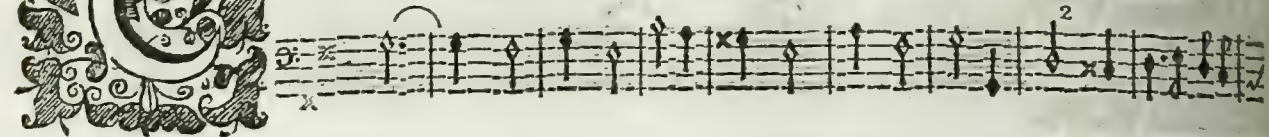
Mr. Barrincoe.



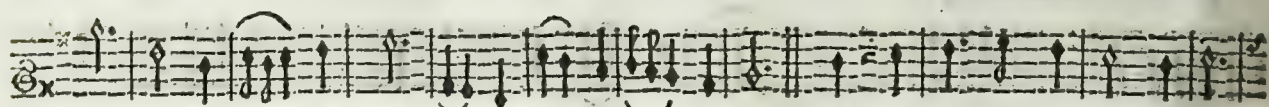
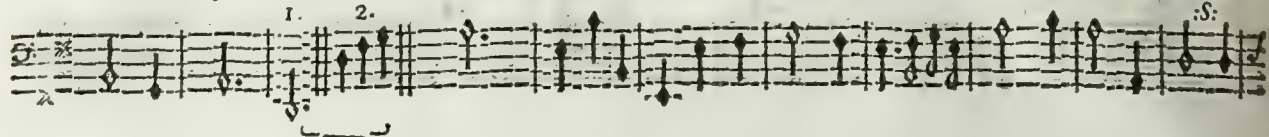




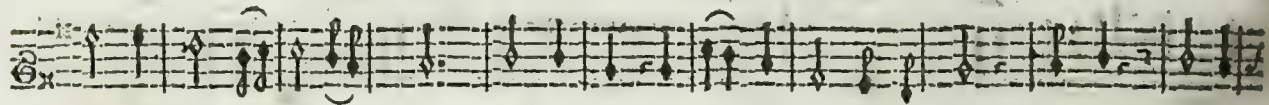
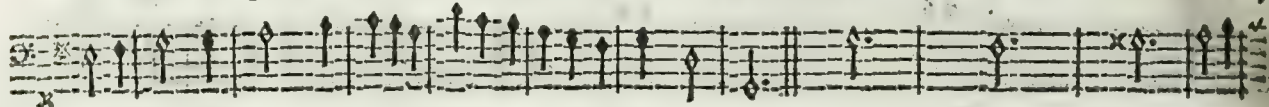
Limb at Court for me that will, tott'ring Favour pi-na-cle, all I seek



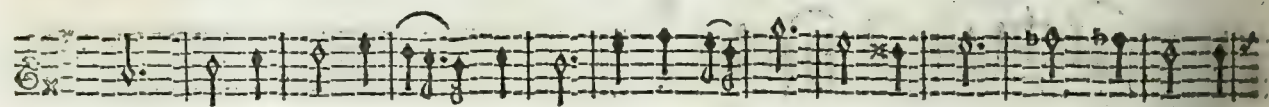
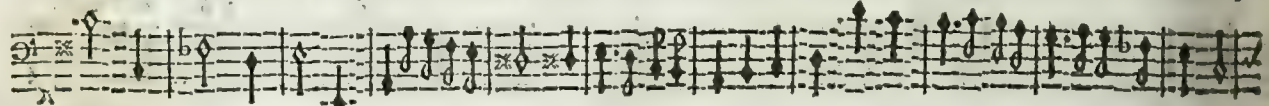
is to lye still. Settled in some secret Nest, in calm Quiet take my Rest, and



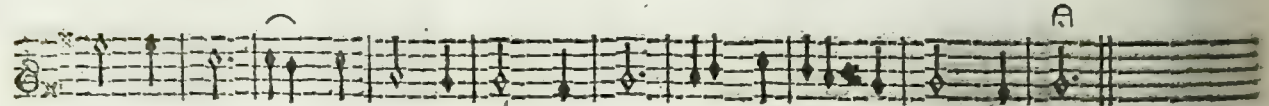
far from the publick Stage, pass away my si-lent Age. Thus, thus when without noise unknown,



I have outliv'd all my Span, I shall dye without a Groan, and an old honest Country



Man; who's expos'd to o—thers Eyes, in—to his own Heart ne're spies, Death's to him a



strange surprize, Death's to him a strange surprize, Death's to him a strange surprize.



F I N I S.



(5)<sup>2</sup>



























1000 245

367/12





Till she's Frowning, still In—spi—ring, all Man—kind with

Zea—lous Love; still Dis—dai—ning, all Ex—pi—ring, to see

Syl—via cruel prove. In ev'ry Thick—et, ev'—ry Grove, a bleed—ing Victim,

mourning Swain, does but Languish, Sigh, Complain, of her Frowns when she—

—e Disdains; Yet she ne'er does ease his Pain; No, she'l never, no, she'l never,

*End with the first Strain.*

no, no, no, no, she'l never, never ease his Pain, but Strephon still will hug his Chain.

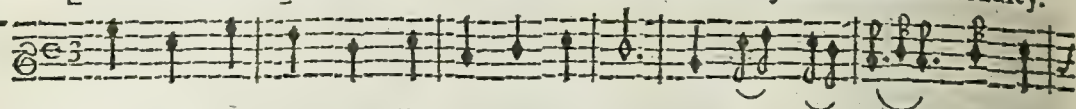


A. 3. Voc.

[ A CATCH. ]

Set by Mr. Robert Bradley.

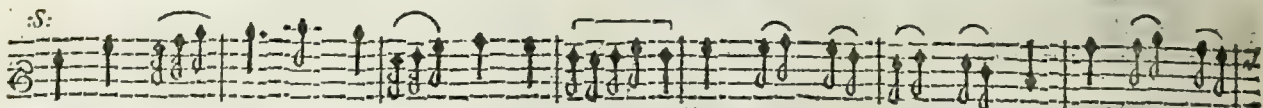
VV



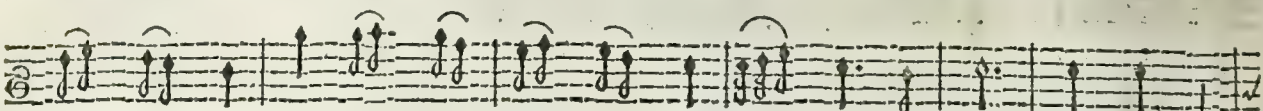
Omen and Peacocks like each other are, if both their Heads and Tayls,



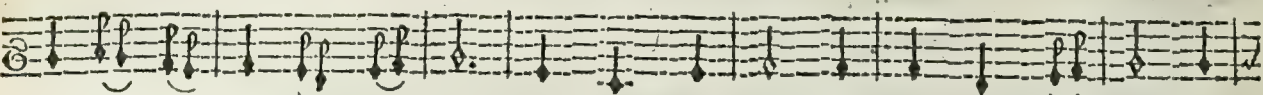
if both their Heads and Tayls, if both their Heads and Tayls you do compare ;



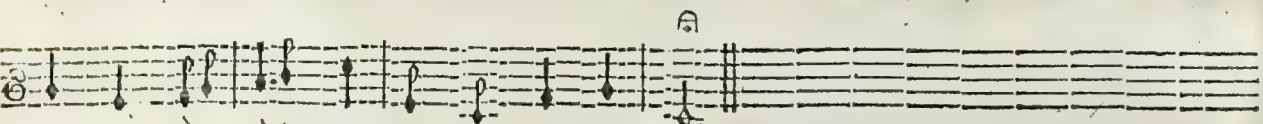
For these have Mountlehoes their Heads to Grace , as those their Top-knots wear, as those their



Top-knots wear, as those their Top-knots wear, to deck their Face : The Women



chiefly in their Tayls con-tain, that Pride which Peacocks, that Pride which Peacocks,

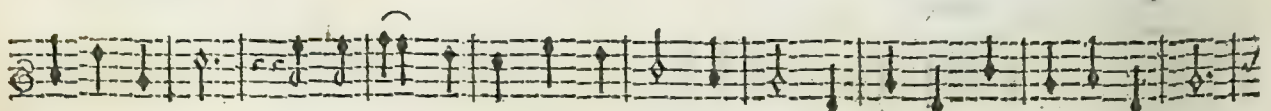
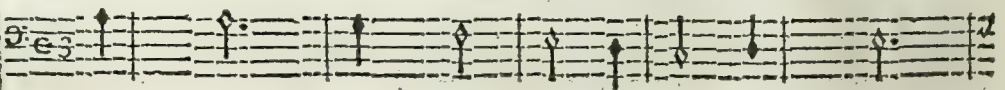


that Pride which Peacocks by their Tayls maintain.

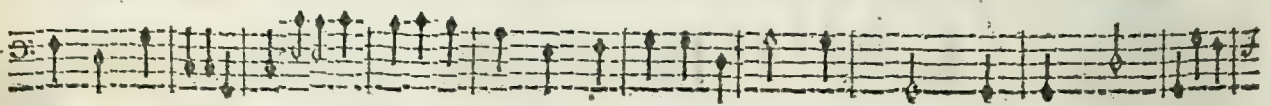
*This and the following S O N G in the Marriage-Hater match'd.*



Reat Jove once made Love like a Bull, a Bull, with Le—da a



Swan was in vogue, and to per—se—vere in that Rule, that Rule, he now does descend like a Dog :



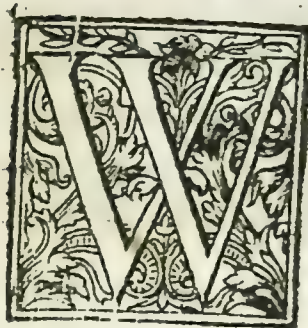




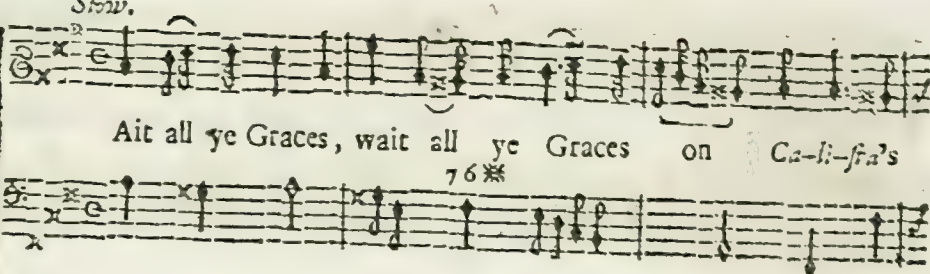








*Slow.*

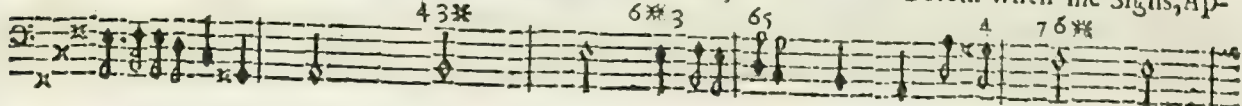


Ait all ye Graces, wait all ye Graces on Ca-li-fra's

76\*



Eyes, and Cu-pids Prune your Wings; fan sort, soft on her Bosom when she Sighs, Ap-



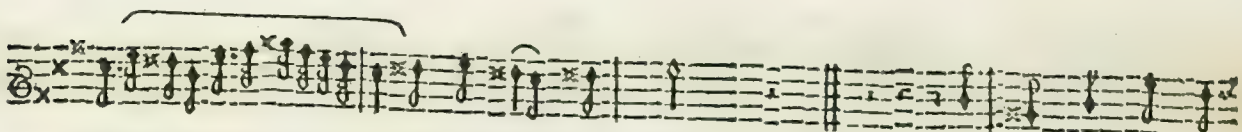
43\*

6\*

65

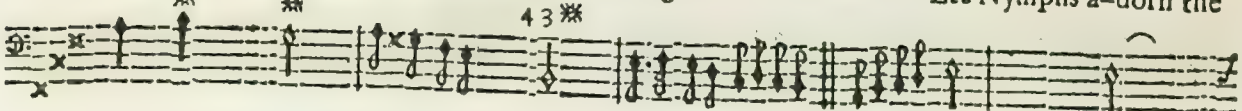
4

76\*

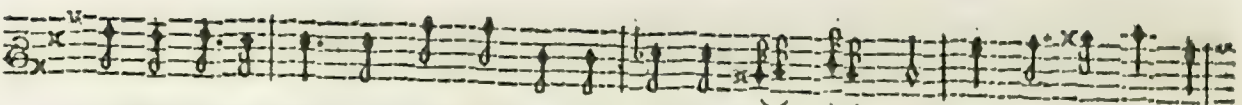


plau—d her when she Sings :

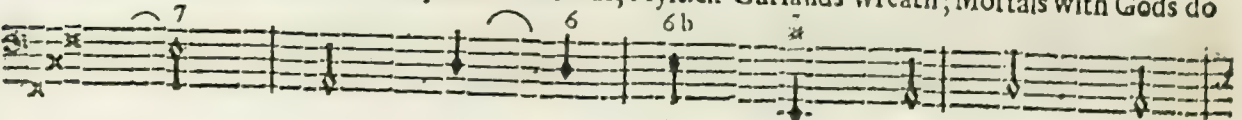
Let Nymphs a-dorn the



43\*



Tresses of her Hair, and Mystick Garlands, Mystick Garlands wreath; Mortals with Gods do

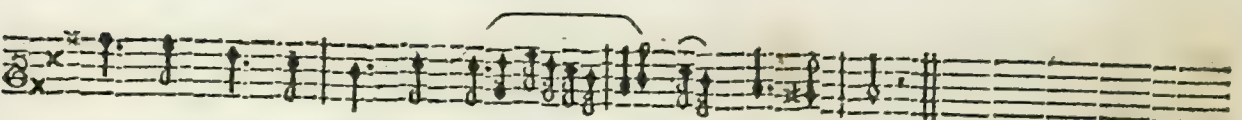


7

6

6b

4



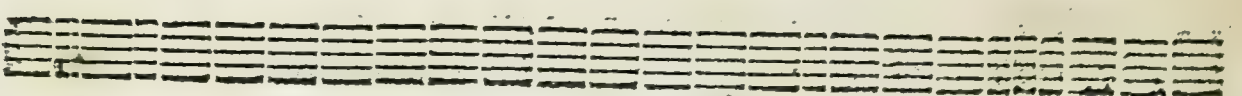
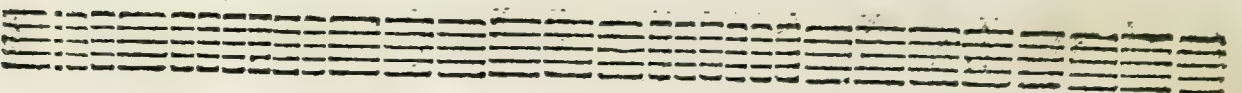
e-qual Brightness share, whilst migh—ty She's beneath.

Mr. Barrinckloe.

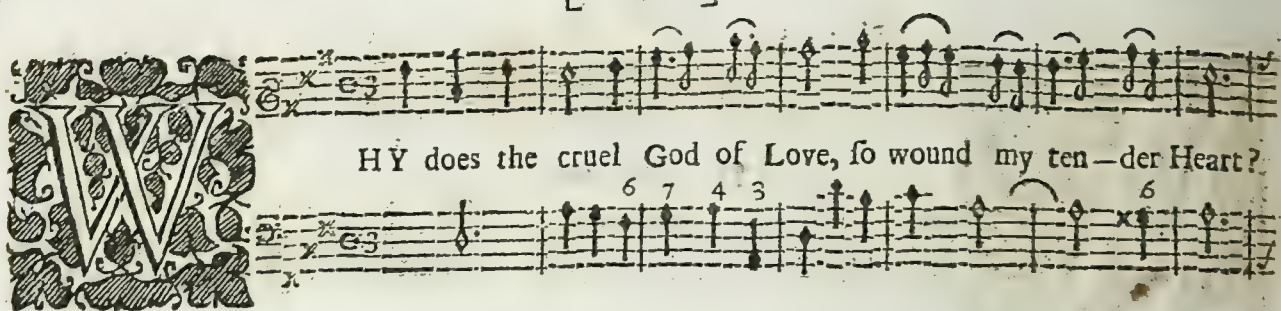


b

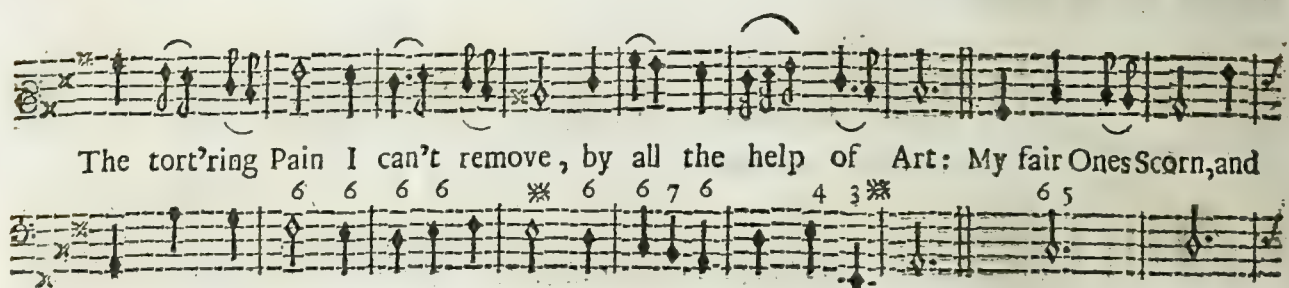
43\*



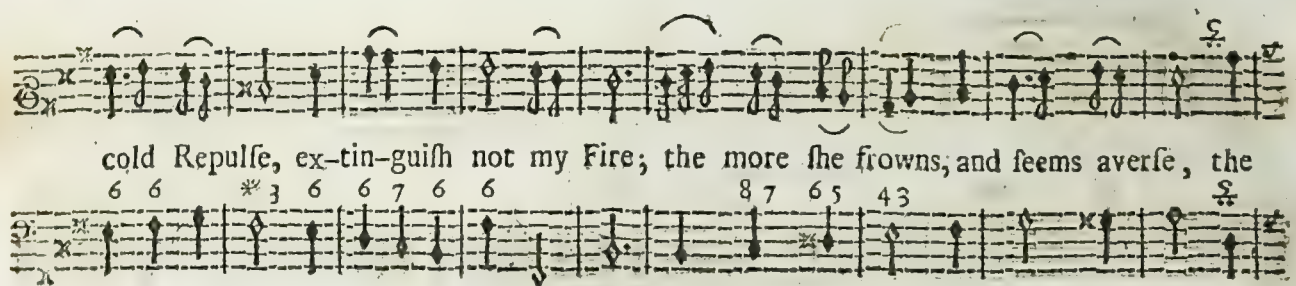




HY does the cruel God of Love, so wound my ten—der Heart?



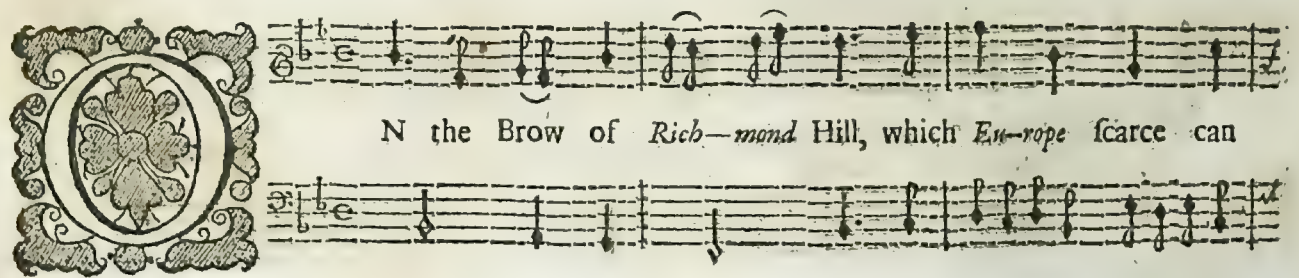
The tort'ring Pain I can't remove, by all the help of Art: My fair Ones Scorn, and



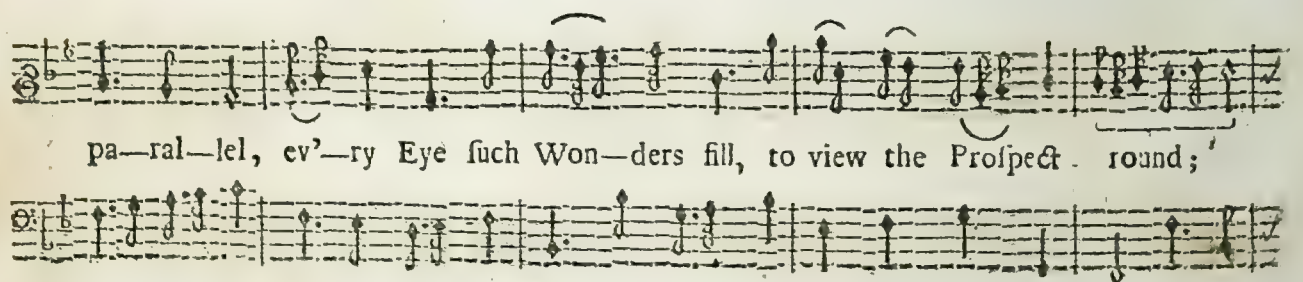
cold Repulse, ex—tin—guish not my Fire; the more she frowns, and seems averse, the



more, the more I her ad—mire.



N the Brow of Rich—mond Hill, which Eu—rope scarce can

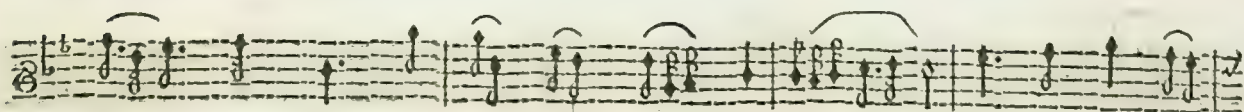
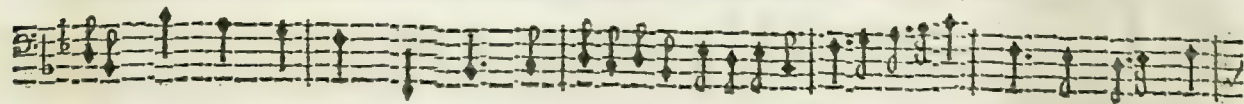


pa—ral—lel, ev'—ry Eye such Won—ders fill, to view the Prospect . round;





where the Sil-ver *Thames* does glide, and stately Courts are E-di-fi'd, Meadows deck'd in



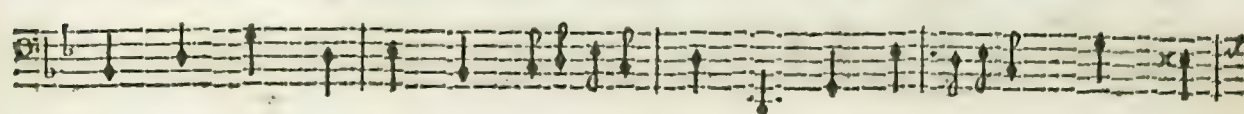
Sum—mer's Pride, with ver—dant Beau—ties Crown'd: Love-ly *Cyn-thia*



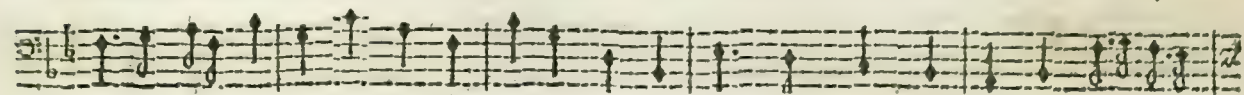
pas—sing by, with brigh—ter Glo—ries blest my Eye, Ah! then in



vain, in vain, said I, the Fields and Flow'rs do shine; Na—ture in this



Charming Place, cre-a—ted Pleasure in Excess, but all are Poor to *Cynthia's* Face, whose



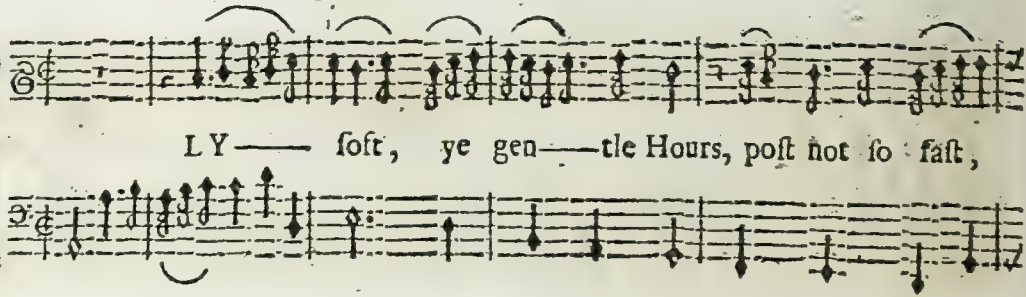
Fea—tures are Divine.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



The Notes with this Mark \* over them are to be sung Demisemiquavers.

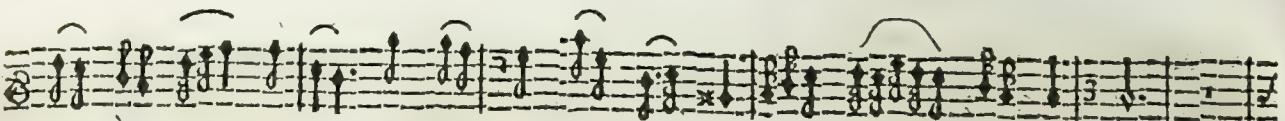




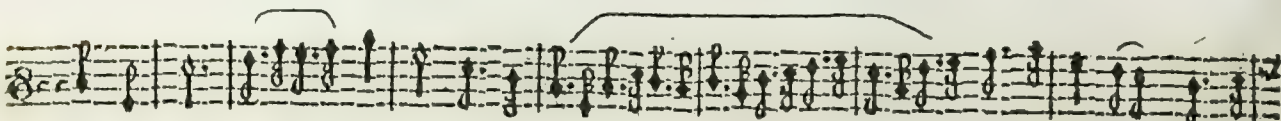
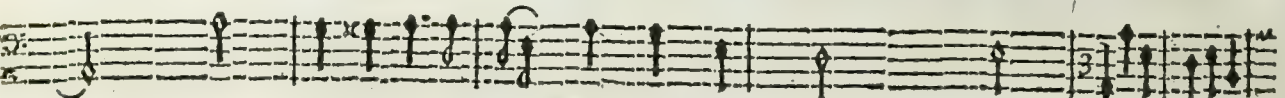
LY — soft, ye gen — tle Hours, post not so fast,



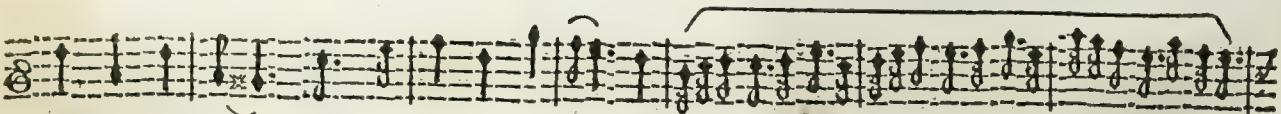
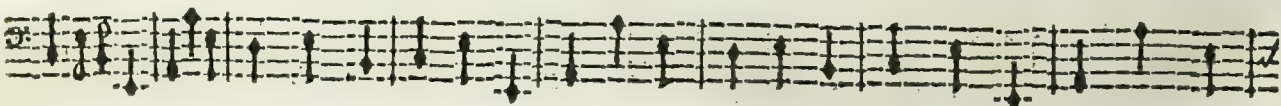
whilst I Be — lin — da's Char — ming Face ad — mire: For she hath vow'd, this



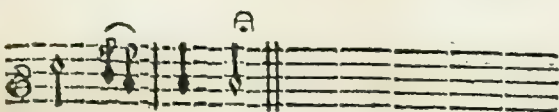
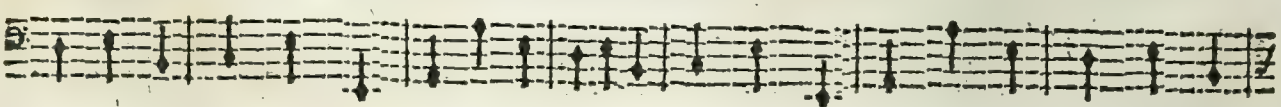
Vi — sit is the last; and then, like Time, once gone, she comes no more.



Let the Sun slack his Pace, be his Stee — — — — — ds un-re-garded; whilst he



looks on her Face, whilst he looks on her Face, his sta — — — — — y's



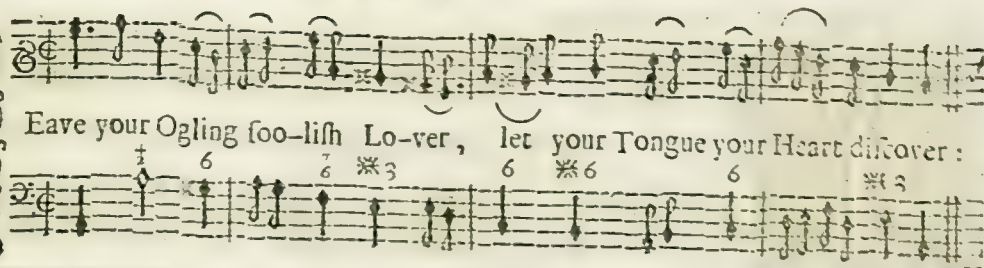
well re-war-ded. Mr. John Gilbert.



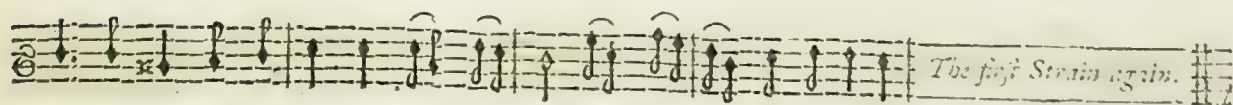
## II.

Ah! 'tis in vain, she fled with eager haste,  
Yet kindly to allwage my deadly Smart;  
Whilst with her light'ning Eyes she pierc'd my Breast,  
She left her darling Image in my Heart:  
And to shew to the last her Art of Beguiling,  
Tho' my Hopes are all past, her Picture's still Smiling.





Eave your Ogling foo-lish Lo-ver, let your Tongue your Heart discover :



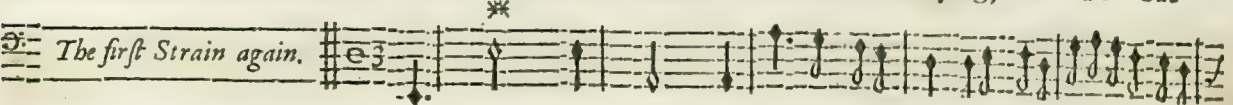
Such respectful Addressing, is no help, is no help to Possessing.



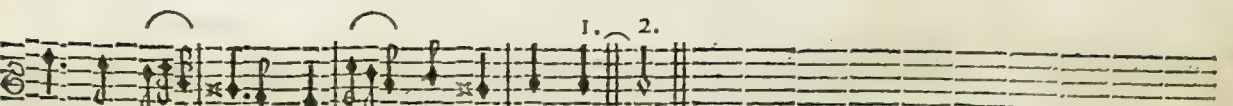
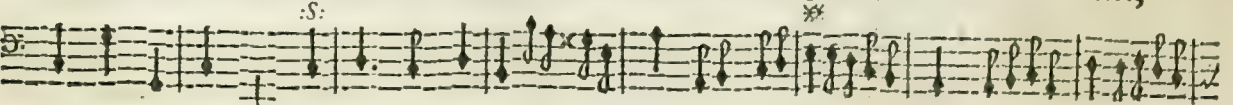
Women keep the dear Blessing for the for-ward, for the forward and pressing.



Their Coynefs and Flying, their Pride and Denying, are all but

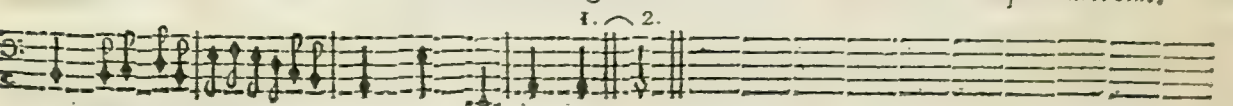


Arts of Alluring; there's none such a Saint, but knows when to grant, Virtue is not,



Virtue is not for e-ver en-du-ring.

Mr. Ralph Courtiville.





A SONG in the Indian Emperor.



Look'd, I look'd, and saw within the Book of Fate, where

many Days did Low'r, when lo! when lo! one happy, happy Hour, leapt up, leapt up, and

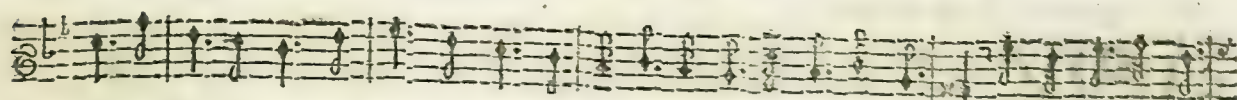
smil'd, leapt up and smi ——— I'd, to save thy sin ——— king State.

A Day shall come, when in thy pow'r thy cru — el Foes shall be; a Day shall come, when

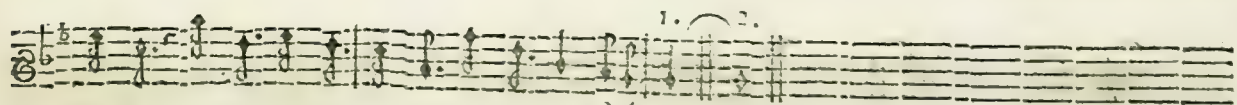
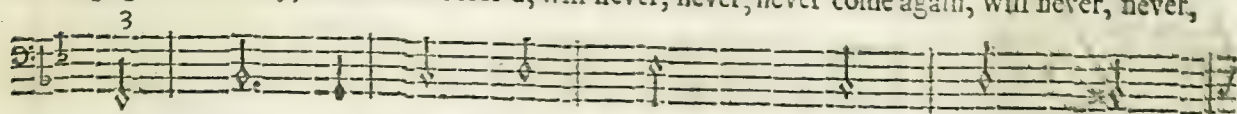
in thy pow'r thy cru — el Foes shall be, then shall the Land be free, and thou in

Peace, and thou in Peace ——— shall Reign; but take, Oh! Oh! take that



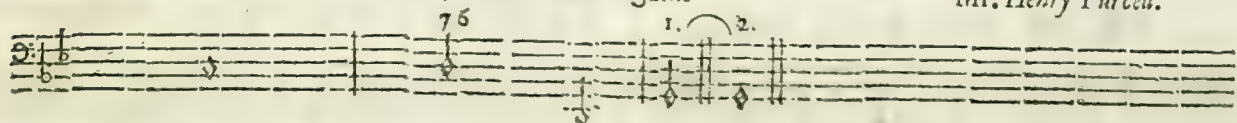


op-por-tu-ni-ty, which once refus'd, will never, never, never come again, will never, never,



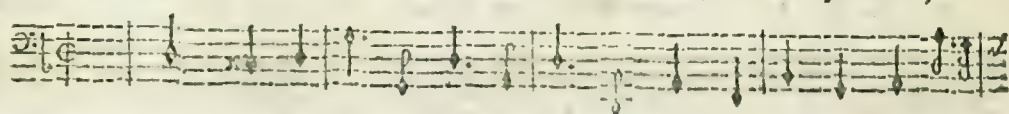
never, never, never, never, never come again.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

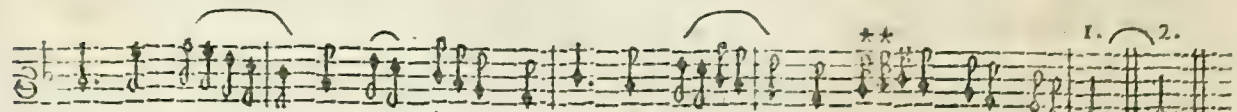
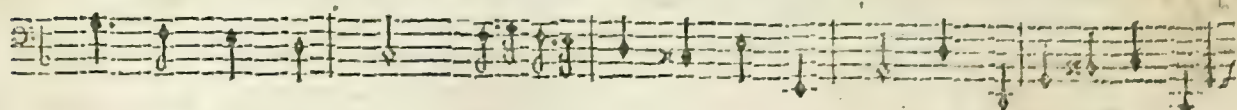
N vain, *Cl-me-ne*, you bestow the promis'd Empire of my Heart; if



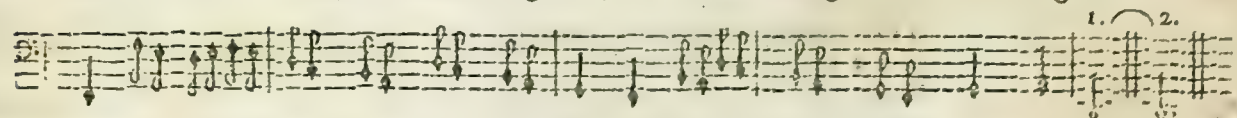
you re-fuse to let me know, the Wealthy Char—ms of ev'ry part : My Passion



with your kindness grew, tho' Beau—ty gave the first de-fire; but Beauty on-ly to



sue, is foll'—wing a Wand'ring Fire, is foll'—wing a Wand'ring Fire.



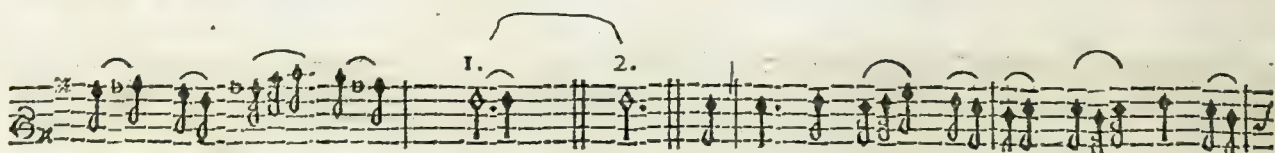
As Hills in prospective suppress  
The free Enquiry of the Light;  
Restraint makes ev'ry Pleasure less,  
And takes from Love the full Delight :

Faint Kisses may in part supply  
Those eager Longings of my Soul;  
But, Oh! I'm lost, if you deny  
A quick Possession of the whole.

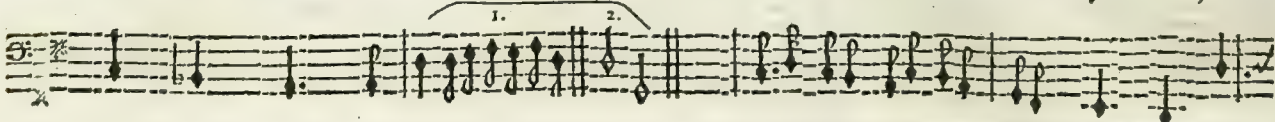


*The Virgins Wish, by Mr. Akeroyd.*

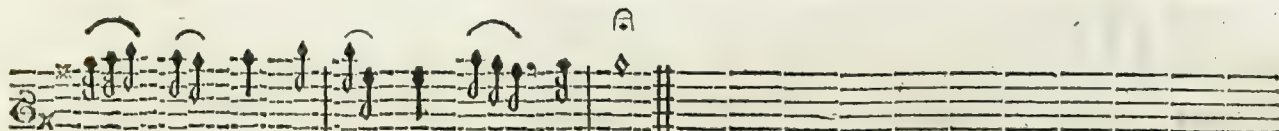
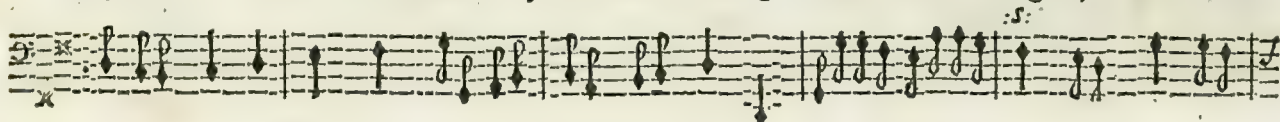
Virgins, if e're at length it prove my Destiny to be, to be in Love, pray



with me such a Fate: May Wit and Prudence be my Guide, and



may a lit-tle de-cent Pride my Actions re-gu-late. Virgins, if e're I



am in Love, pray with me such a Fate.



## II.

Stateliness I mean, as may  
Nautious Fools and Fops, and Fops away,  
But still oblige the Wife:  
That may secure my Modesty,  
And Guardian to my Honour be,  
When Passion does arise.  
Virgins, if e're I am in love, &c.

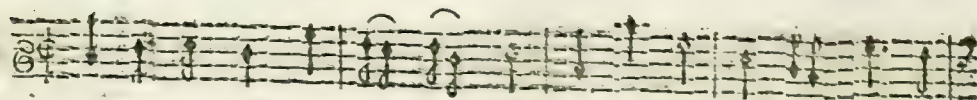
## III.

When first a Lover I Commence,  
May it be with a Man, a Man of Sense,  
And Learn'd Education:  
May all his Courtship easie be,  
Neither too formal, nor too free,  
But wisely shew his Passion.  
Virgins, &c.

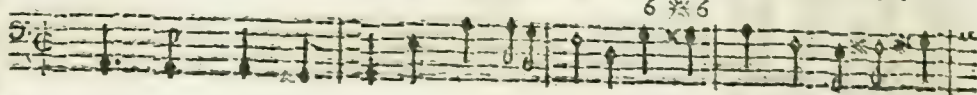
## IV.

May his Estate agree with mine,  
That nothing look like a Design,  
To bring us into Sorrow:  
Grant me all this that I have said,  
And willingly I'll lye a Maid  
No longer than to morrow.  
Virgins, &c.

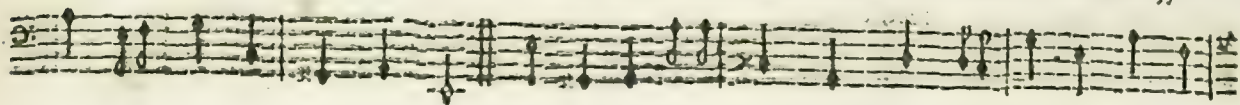




Hills at first seem'd much a-fraid, much afraid, much afraid, yet

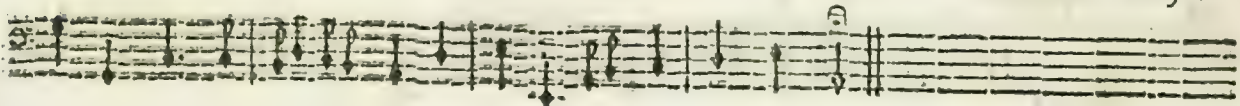


when I kiss'd, she soon repay'd: Could you but see, could you but see what I did more, you'd



en-vy me, what I did more, you'd en-vy me, you'd en-vy me.

Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.



II.

We then so sweetly were employ'd,  
The height of Pleasure we enjoy'd;  
Could you but see, could you but see,  
You'd say so too if you saw me,  
You'd say so too if you saw me, if you saw me.

III.

She was so Charming, Kind, and Free,  
None ever could more Happy be;  
Could you but see, could you but see,  
Where I was then you'd wish to be,  
Where I was then you'd wish to be, you'd wish to be.

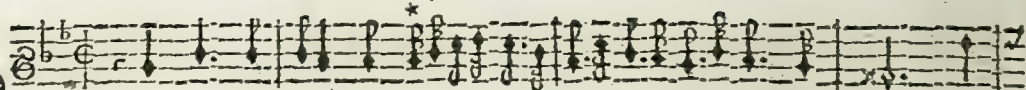
IV.

All the Delights we did express,  
Yet craving more still to possess:  
Could you but see, could you but see,  
You'd Curse, and say, Why was't not me?  
You'd Curse, and say, Why was't not me? Why was't not me?

V.

Ladies, if how to Love you'd know,  
She can inform what we did do;  
But cou'd you see, but cou'd you see,  
You'd cry aloud, The next is me;  
You'd cry aloud, The next is me, the next is me.

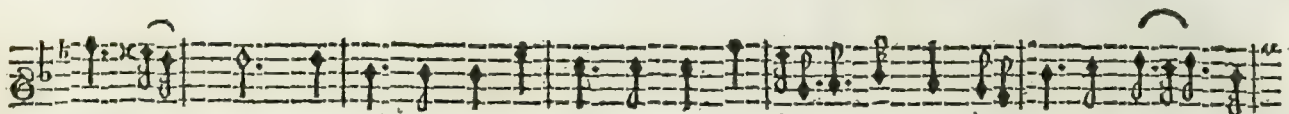
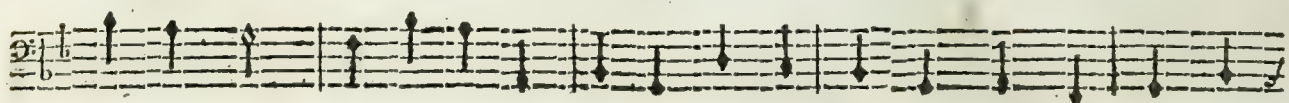




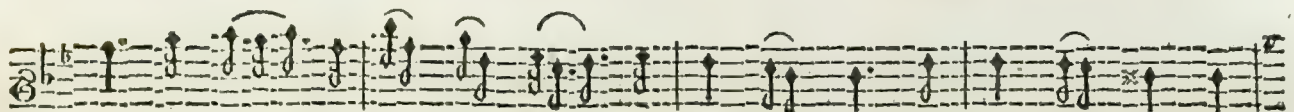
O W shall I calm my trou—bled Breast, how



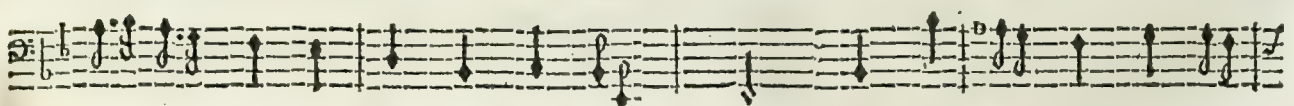
shall I calm my troubled Breast, or bring my woun—ded



Heart to Rest; since th'Enemy, since th'Enemy that gave the Pain, denies to give, de—



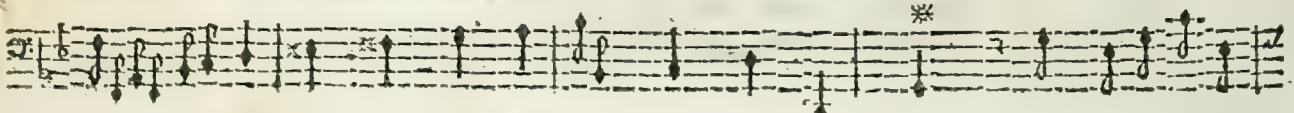
nies to give, de—nies to give me Ease a—gain? Could a—ny o—ther



cure my Woe, I would not ask it of a Foe; but 'tis hard Fate, but 'tis hard Fate,



hard Fate, but 'tis hard Fate we do en—dure, when on—ly they that wound, when



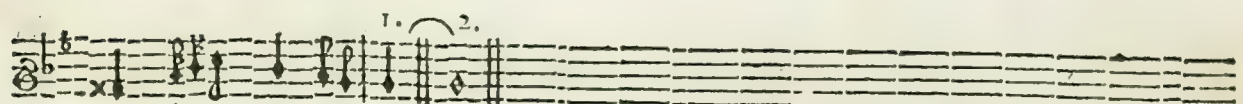




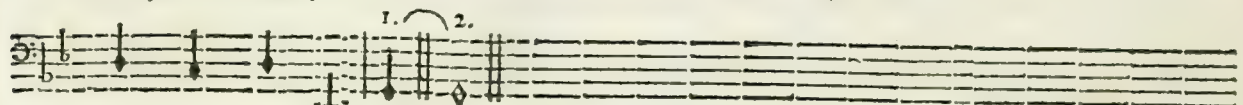
on—ly they that wound, that wound, when on—ly they that wound, when on—ly they that



wound, when on—ly they that wound, that wound, that wound, when on—ly they that



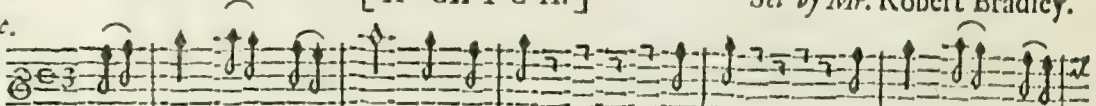
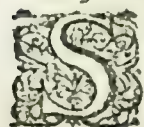
wound, that wound, can cure.



[ A CATCH. ]

Set by Mr. Robert Bradley.

A. 3. Voc.



Ome write in the Praise of Tobac, Tobac, To-bac-co and

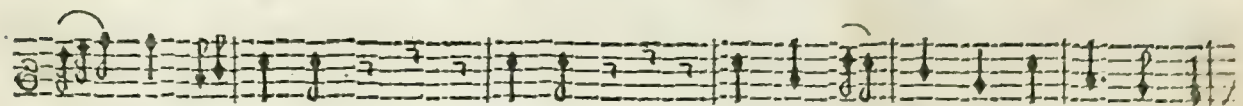


Wine, whilst o-thers praise Women, but Snuff shall be mine: For still as ye Sneeze, and

Sneeze.



Che-bo, Che-bo, Che-bo do cry, God blefs ye, God blefs ye, the People reply: Snuff causes this



Blessing, then tell me, God blefs ye, tell me, God blefs ye, tell me which think ye, Is't best to cry



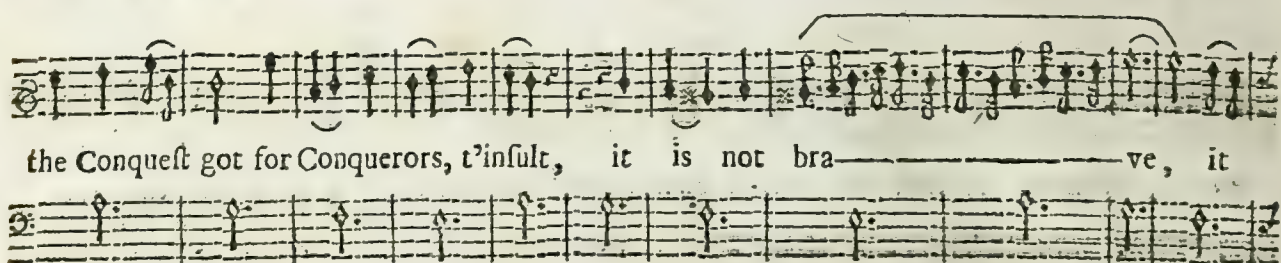
so, or cry, Damn ye, and Sink ye.



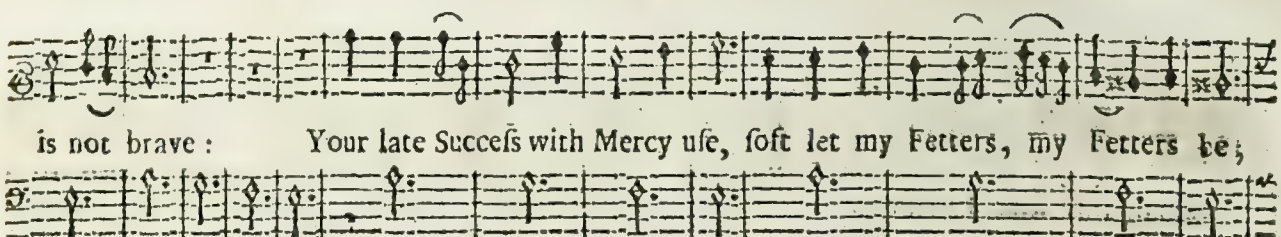
## A SONG upon a Ground.



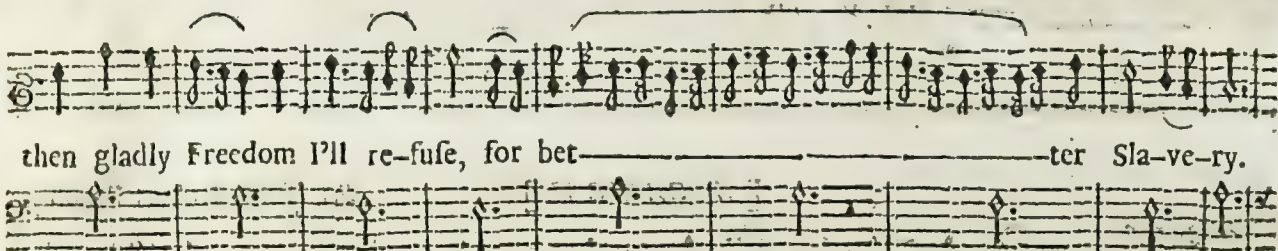
E gentle, *Phillis*, since I'm yours, trample not on—— your Slave;



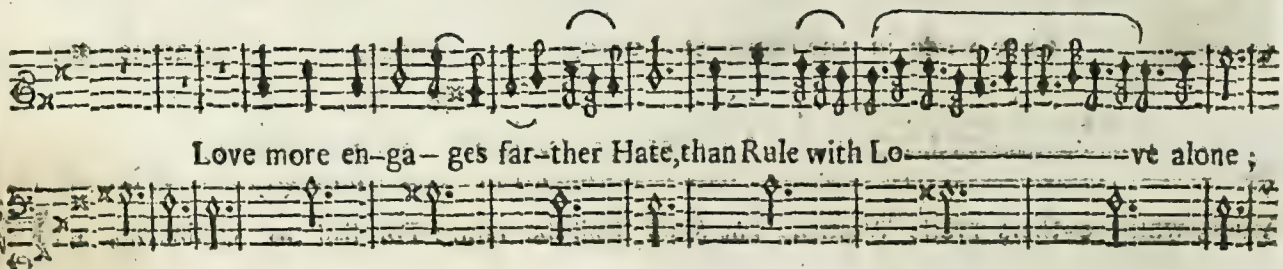
the Conquest got for Conquerors, t'insult, it is not bra——ve, it



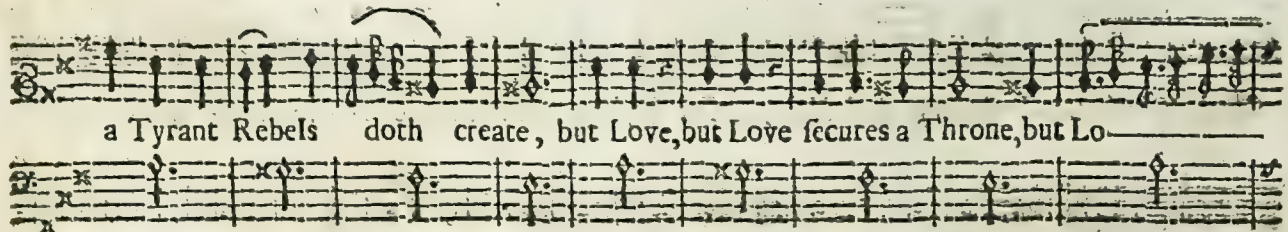
is not brave: Your late Success with Mercy use, soft let my Fetters, my Fetters be;



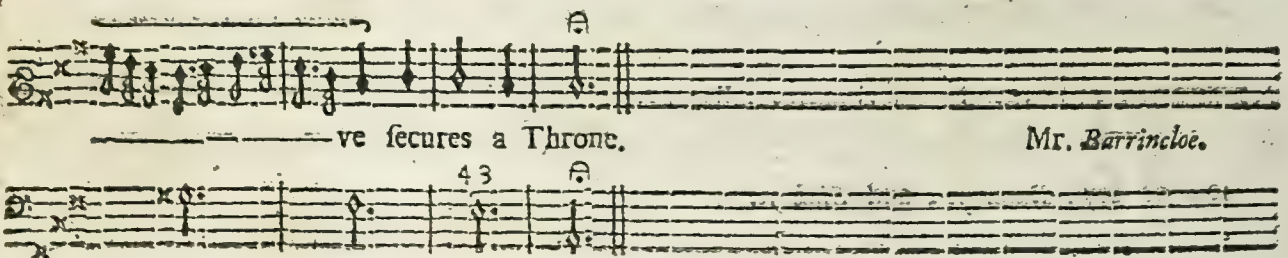
then gladly Freedom I'll re-fuse, for bet——ter Sla-ve-ry.



Love more en-ga-ges far-ther Hate, than Rule with Lo——ve alone;



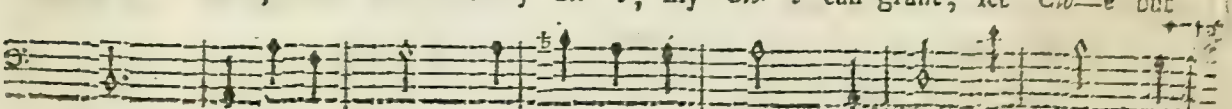
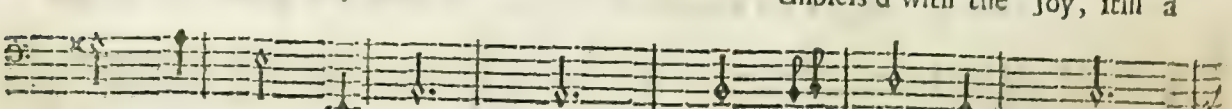
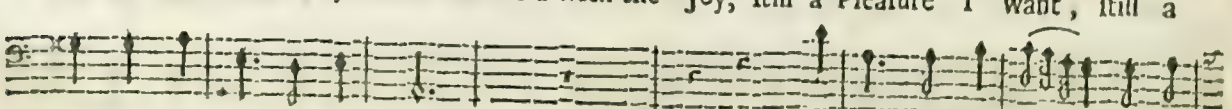
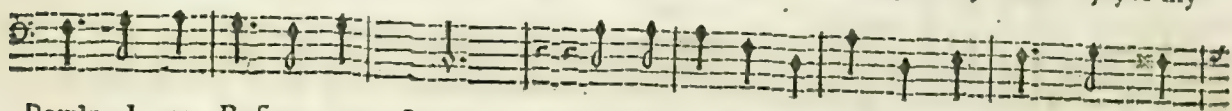
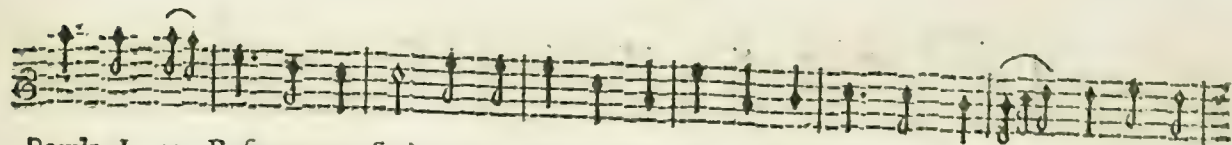
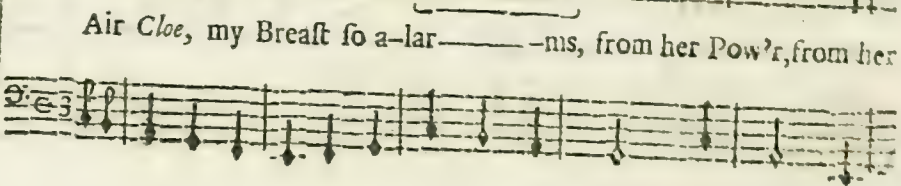
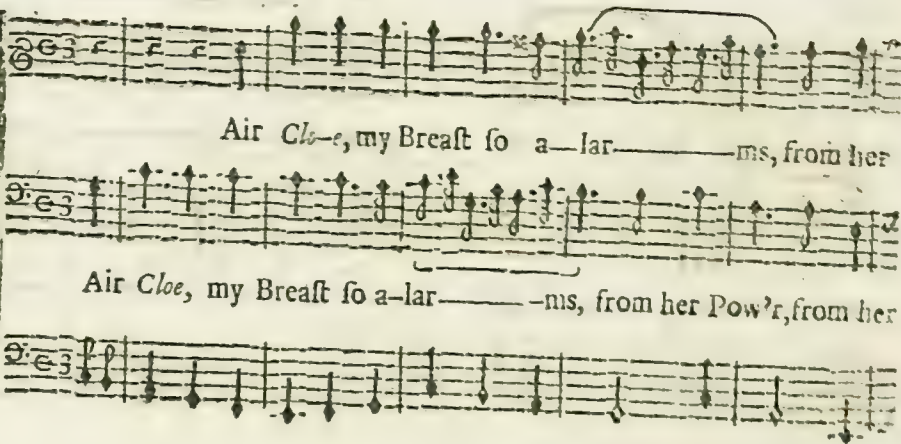
a Tyrant Rebels doth create, but Love, but Love secures a Throne, but Lo——



ve secures a Throne.

Mr. *Barrinckloe*.







Clo-e but fmi-le, I grow gay, and I

fmi-le, I grow gay, and I

feel my Heart spring with Delight; on Clo-e I could gaze all the day, all, all the

feel my Heart spring with Delight; on Clo-e I could gaze all the day, all

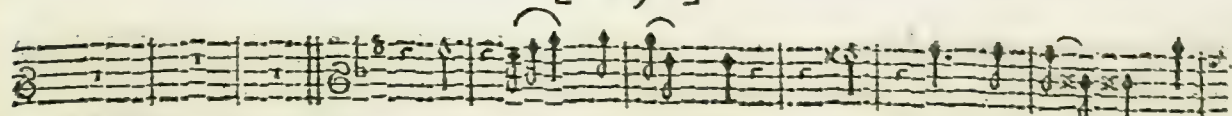
day, all, all, all, all the day, all, all the day; on Clo-e I could gaze all the

all the day, all, all, all, all the day, all, all the day; on Clo-e I could gaze all the

day, and Clo-e do wish for, and Clo-e do wish for, and Clo-e do wish for each night.

day, and Clo-e do wish for, and Clo-e do wish for, and Clo-e do wish for each night.





Oh! Oh! did Clo—e, Oh! Oh! did Clo—e but



Oh! Oh! did Clo—e, Oh! Oh! did Clo—e but



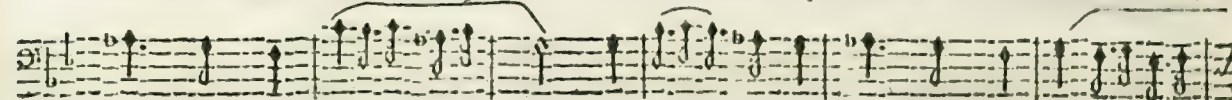
know how I Love, and the Plea—sure of Loving again; my



know how I Love, and the Pleasure of Loving a—gain; my Pas—sion her



Pas—sion her Favour would mo—ve, my Pas—sion her Favour would



Fa—vour would mo—ve, my Pas—sion her Fa—vour would mo—



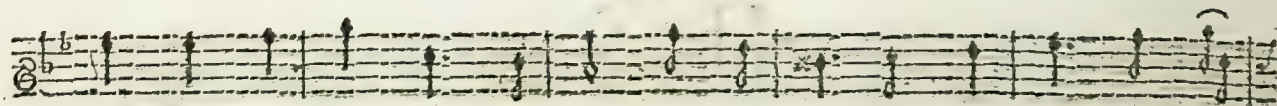
mo—ve, and in Prudence she'd pi—ty my Pain: Good Na—ture and



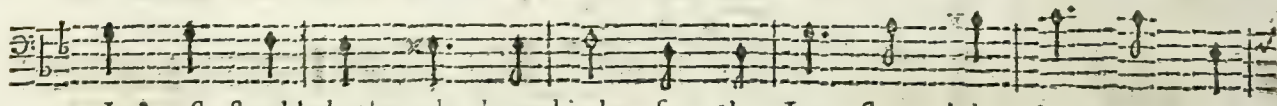
—ve, and in Prudence she'd pi—ty my Pain: Good Na—ture and



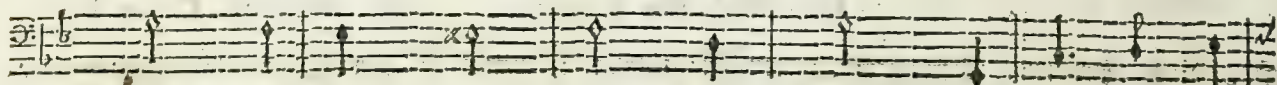
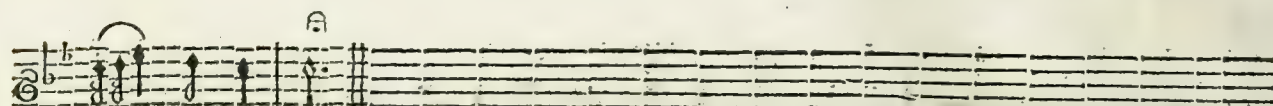




Int<sup>r</sup>-rest should both make her kind, for the Joy she might give, and the

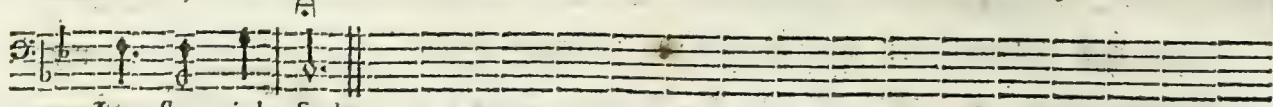


Int<sup>r</sup>-rest should both make her kind, for the Joy she might give, and the

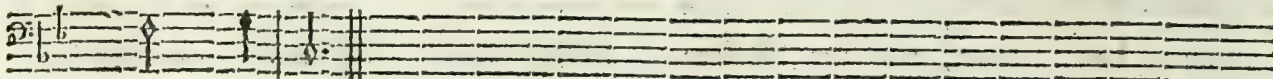
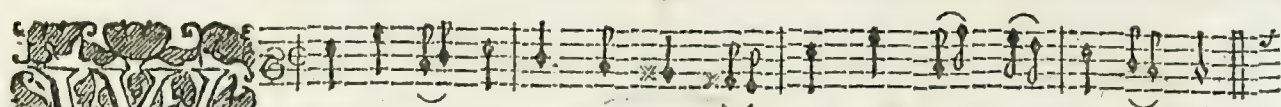



Joy she might find.


Mr. Henry Purcell.




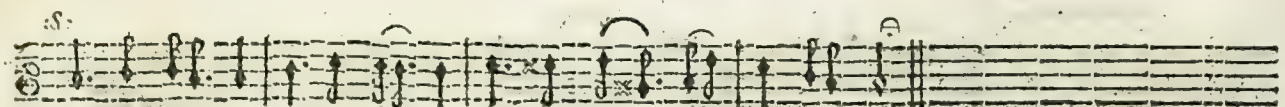
Joy she might find.

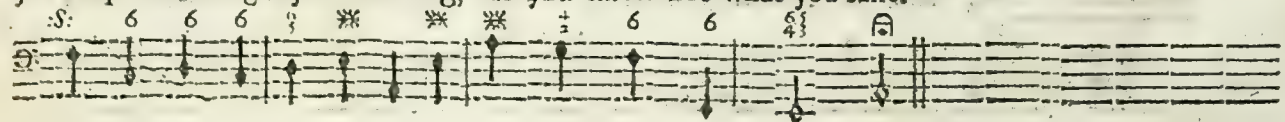
**W**HY, a-las! do you now leave me, you who vow'd a Love so true?

Can you hope, whilst you deceive me, others will be just to you? Oh! you know what you forsake;

you're pur-su-ing my Un-do-ing, but you know not what you take.



Is your Fit of Passion over?  
Will you kill me, Dear? Unkind!  
Is your Heart then such a Lover,  
As no Vows, no Oaths, can bind?

Hear at least my last Adieu!  
See me Lying,  
See me Dying,  
And remember 'tis for you.





LY ——— swift ye Hours, fly ———

——— swift ye Hours, make hast, make hast, fly ———, make hast, make hast, fly ———

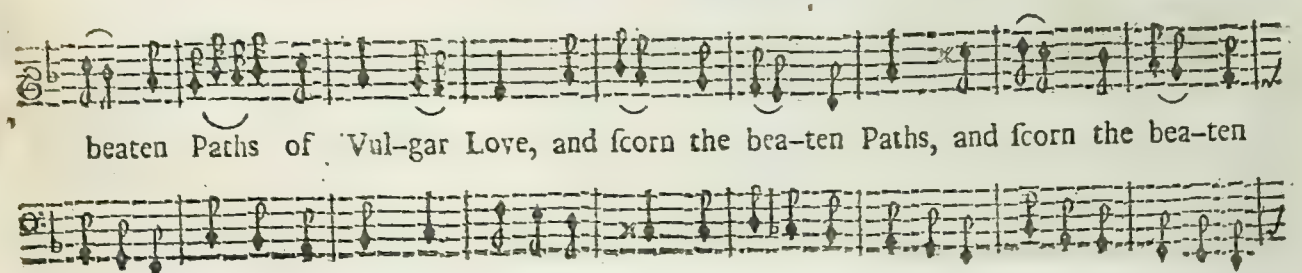
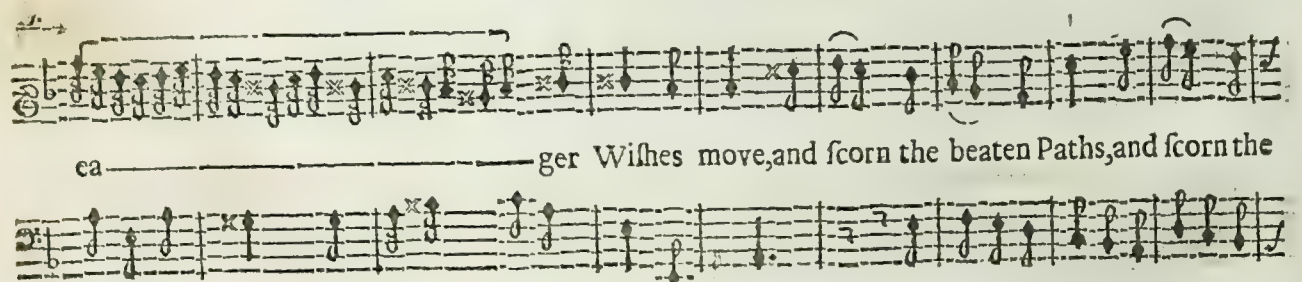
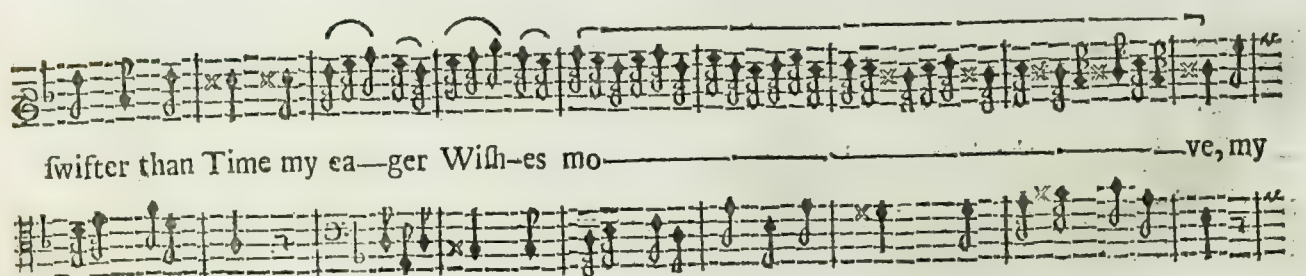
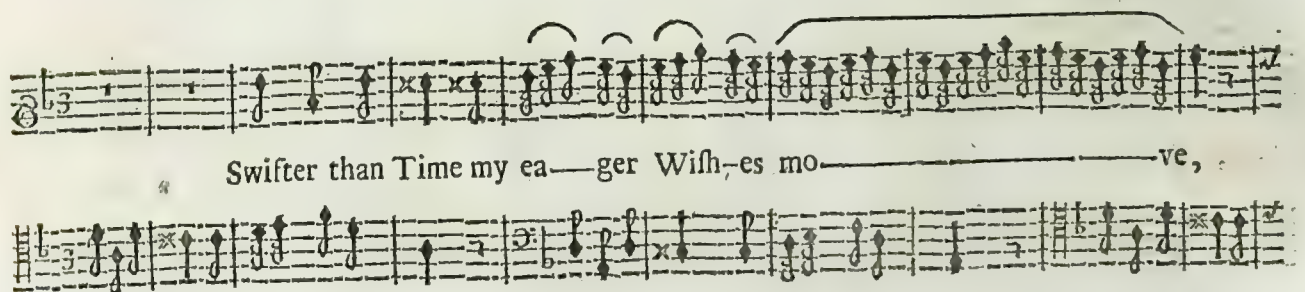
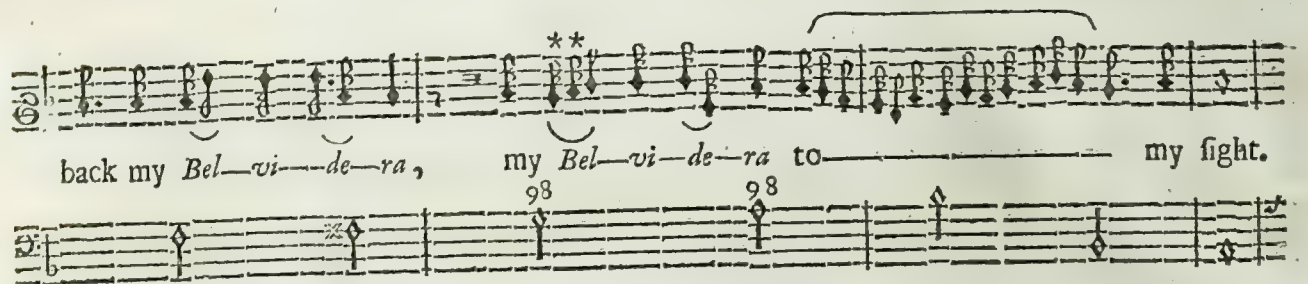
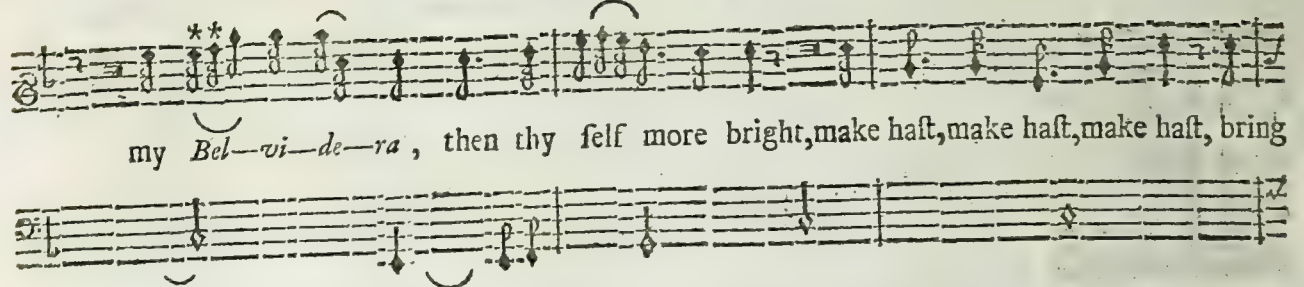
——, fly ——— swif ——— t, thou la — zy, la — zy, la — zy Sun, make

hast, make hast, make hast, and drive the te — dious Minutes on, the te — dious Mi — nutes

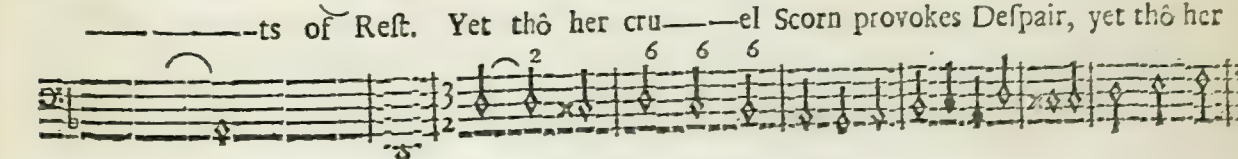
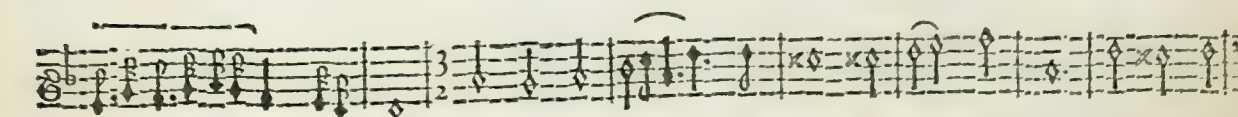
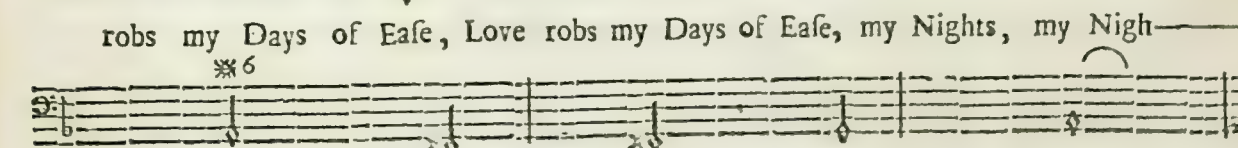
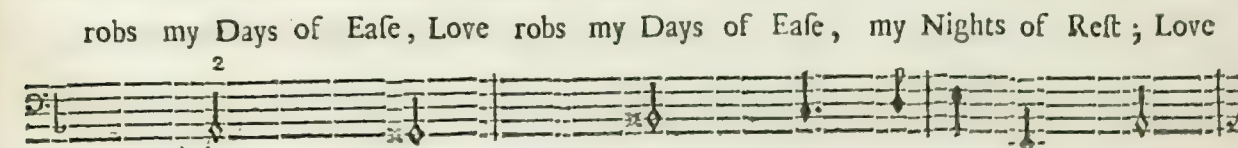
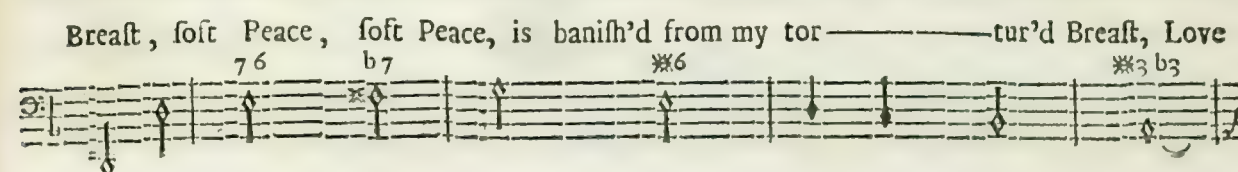
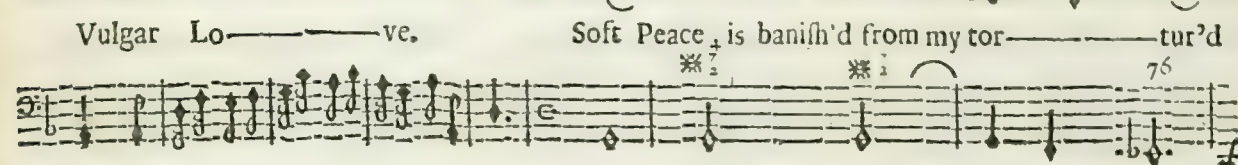
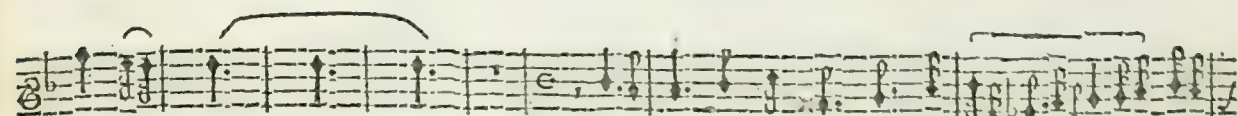
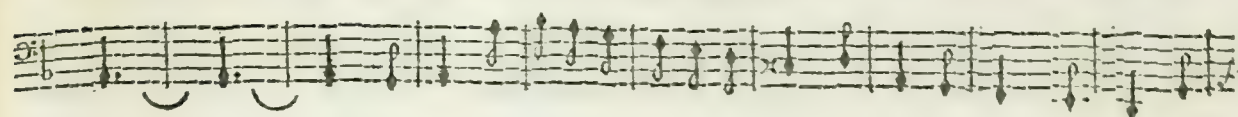
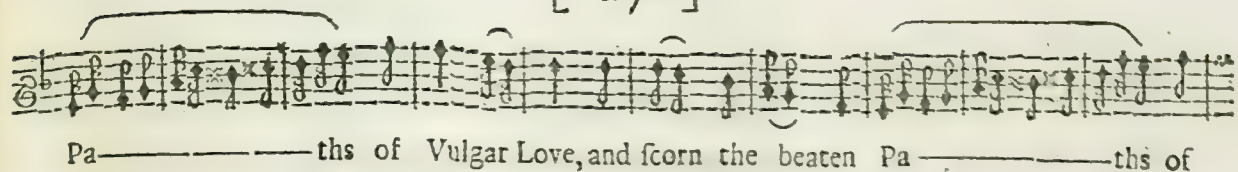
1. on, 2. on : Bring back my Bel — vi — de — ra, my Bel — vi — de — ra to my

fight, bring back my Bel — vi — de — ra, my Bel — vi — de — ra to my fight,

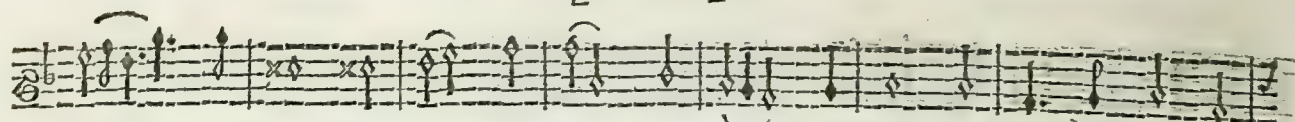




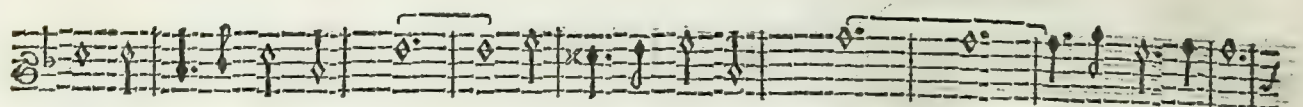
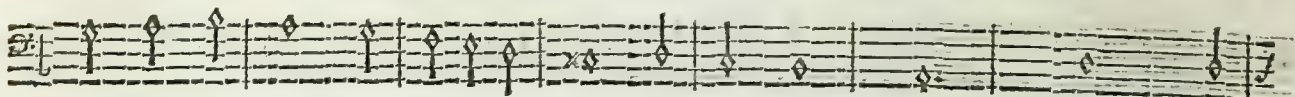




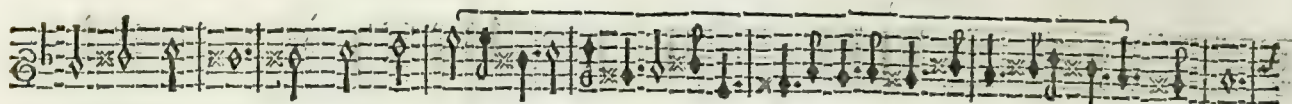
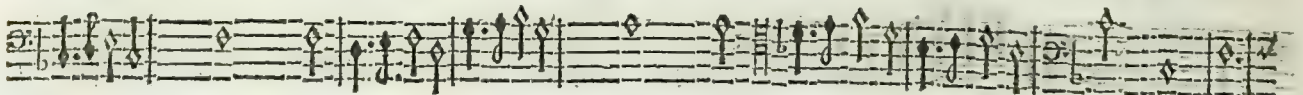




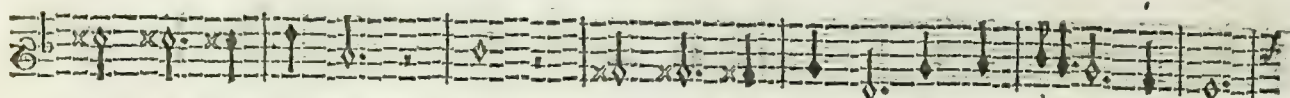
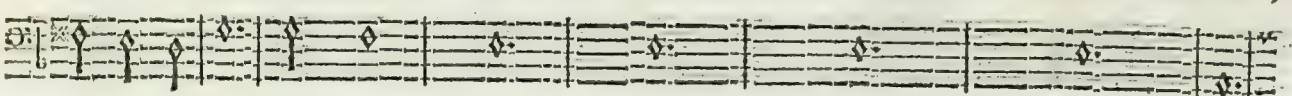
cru — — el Scorn, her cru — el Scorn pro — vokes Despair, my Passion still is



strong, my Passion still is strong, my Passion still is stro — — — ng, as she is fair;



Still must I love, still blefs the plea — — — — — sing Pain,



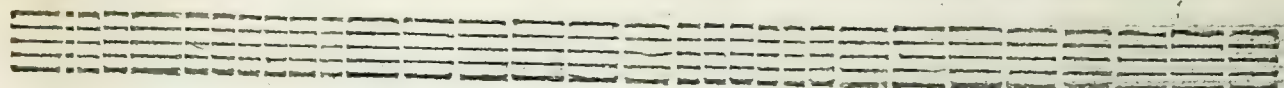
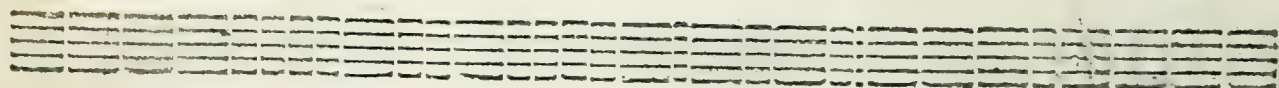
still court my Ruine, still, still court my Ruine, and em — brace my Chain;



still court my Ruine, still, still court my Ruine, and embrace my Chain.



Mr. Henry Purcell.







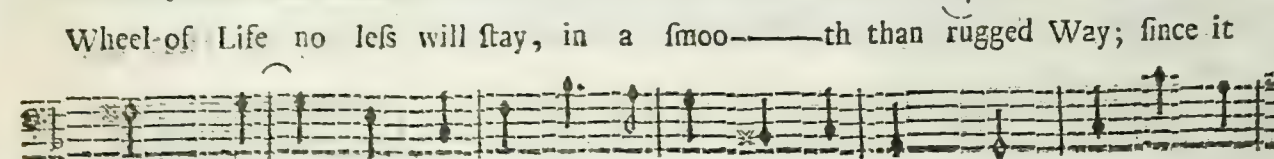
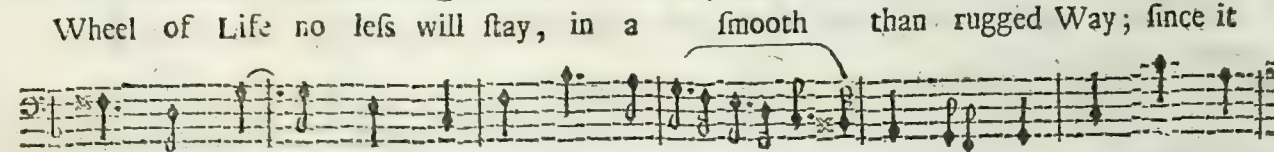
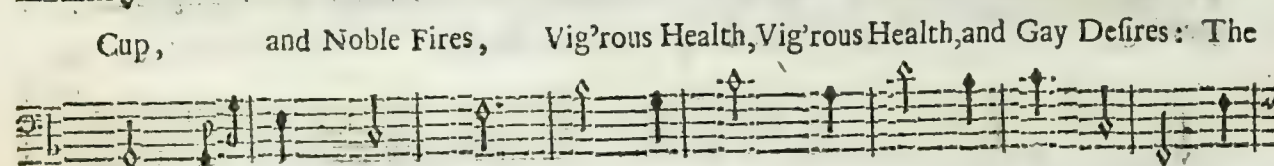
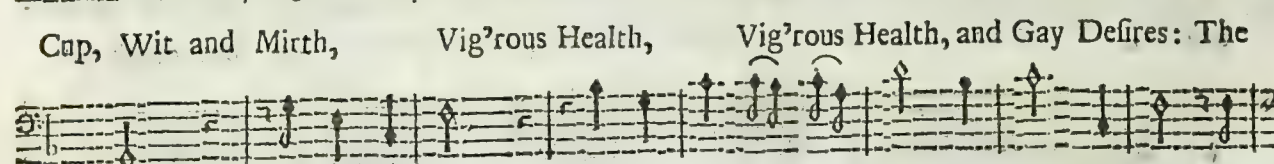
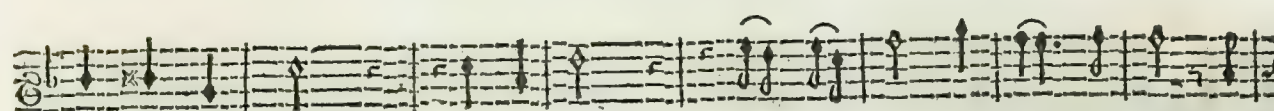
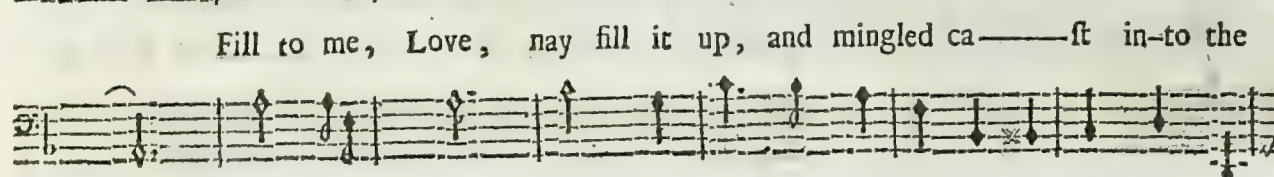
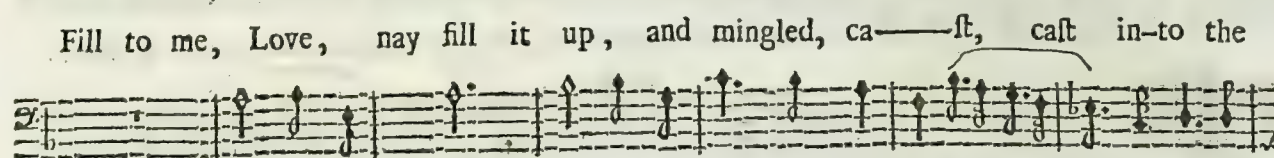
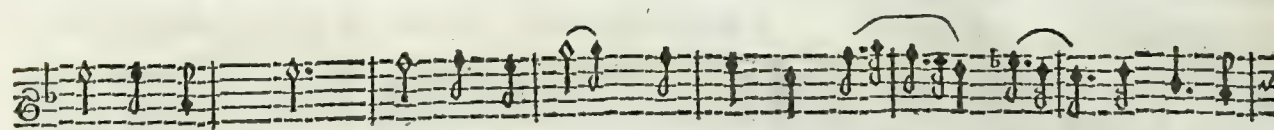
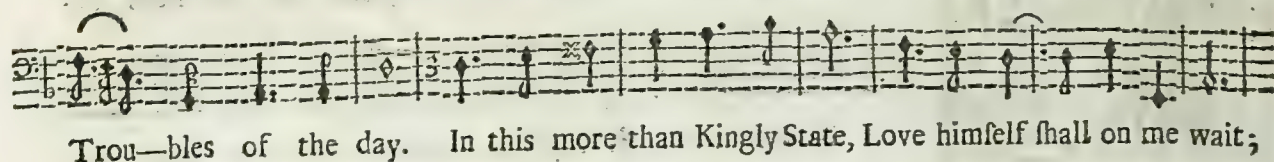
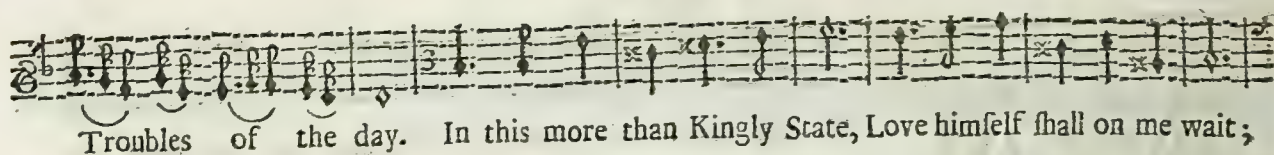
N—der-neath this Myr-tle Shade, on Flow'—ry Beds Su—  
 N—der-neath this Myr-tle Shade, on Flow'—ry Beds Su—

pine-ly laid ; with Od'rous Oyls my Head o'erflowing, and a—rou—nd it Roses  
 pine-ly laid ; with Od'rous Oyls my Head o'erflowing, and a—rou—nd it Roses

growing : What should I do but drink a—way, what should I do but drink a—  
 growing : What should I do but drink, drink, what should I do but

way, drink, drink a—way, the Heat and Trou—bles of the day, the Heat and  
 drink, drink, drink a—way, the Heat and Trou—bles of the day, the Heat and







e-qual-ly doth flee, let the Mo—tion plea-sant be, let the Mo—tion

e-qual-ly doth flee, let the Mo—tion pleasant be, let the

pleasant be, let the Mo—tion plea—fant be.

Mo—tion plea—fant be, let it plea—fant be.

*Solus.*  
Why do we precious Ointments show'r? Nobler Wines why do— we pour?

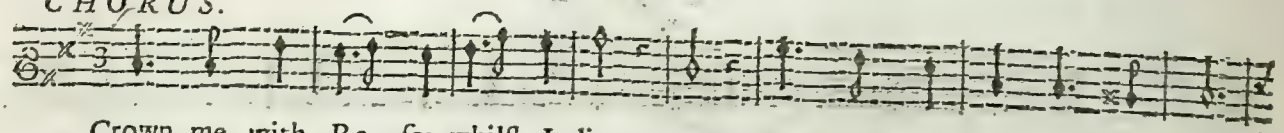
Beauteous Flow'rs why do we spread, up—on the Mo—nu—ments of the Dead?

Nothing they but Dust can show, or Bones that ha—sten to be so.

CHORUS.

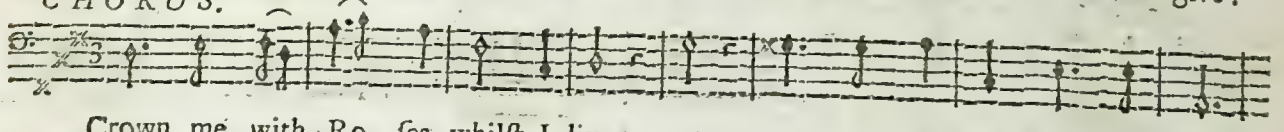


CHORUS.



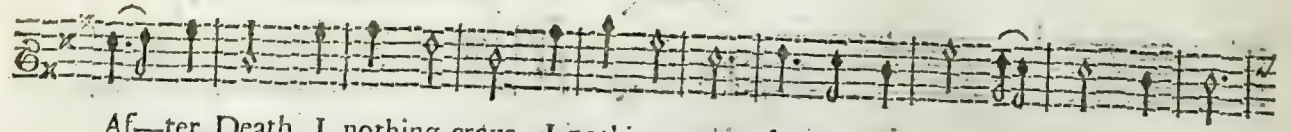
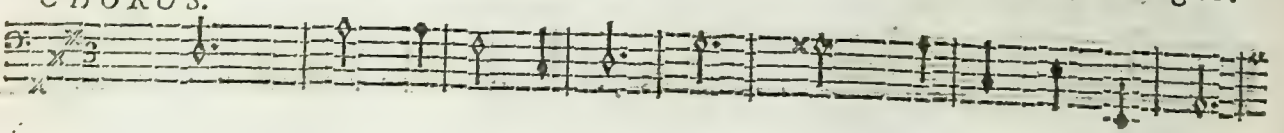
Crown me with Ro—ses whilst I live, now, now your Wine and Ointments give:

CHORUS.

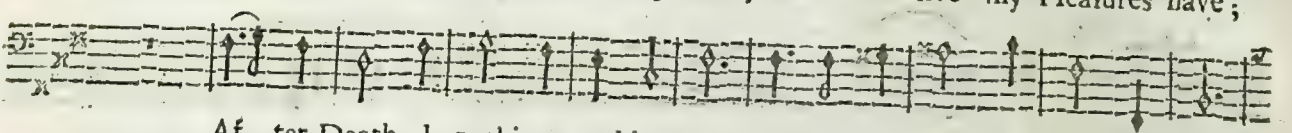


Crown me with Ro—ses whilst I live, now, now your Wine and Ointments give:

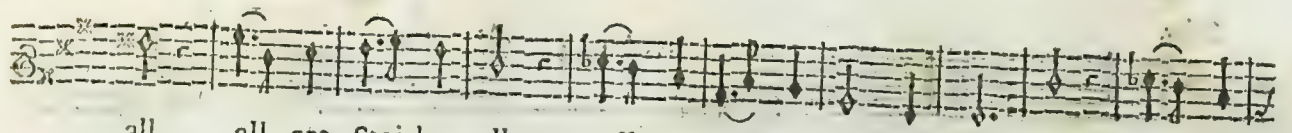
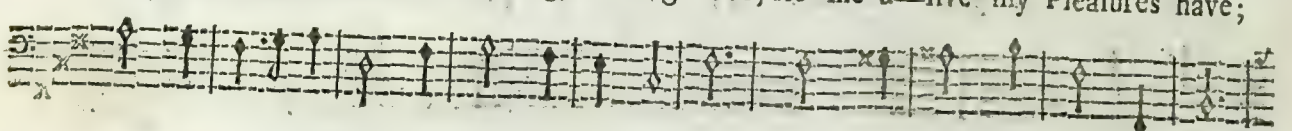
CHORUS.



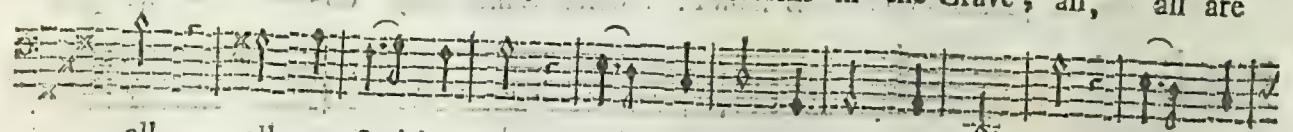
Af—ter Death I nothing crave, I nothing crave, let me a—live my Pleasures have;



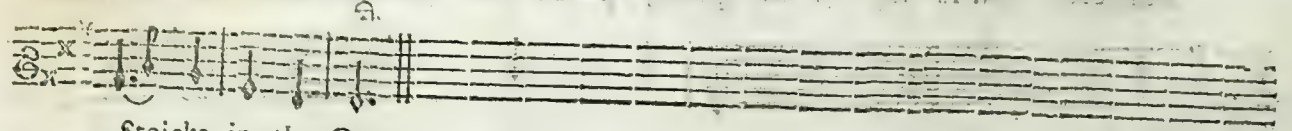
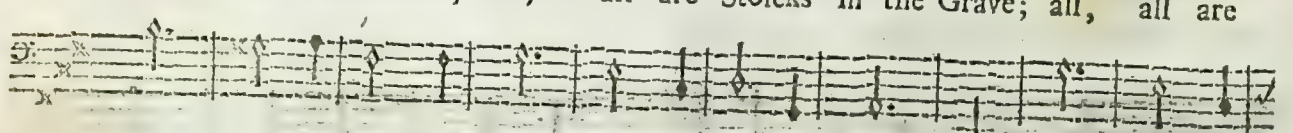
Af—ter Death I nothing, nothing crave, let me a—live my Pleasures have;



all, all are Stoicks, all, all are Stoicks in the Grave; all, all are

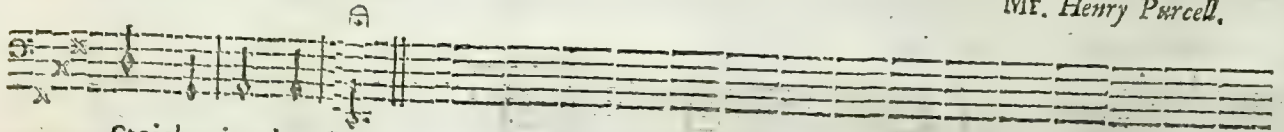


all, all are Stoicks, all, all are Stoicks in the Grave; all, all are

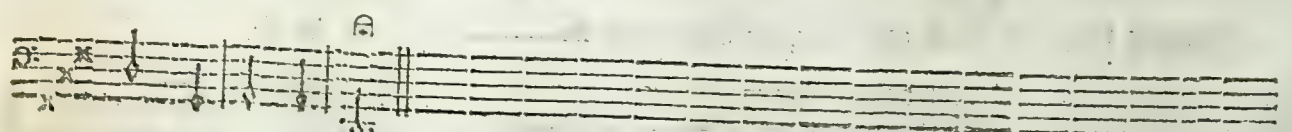


Stoicks in the Grave.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Stoicks in the Grave.

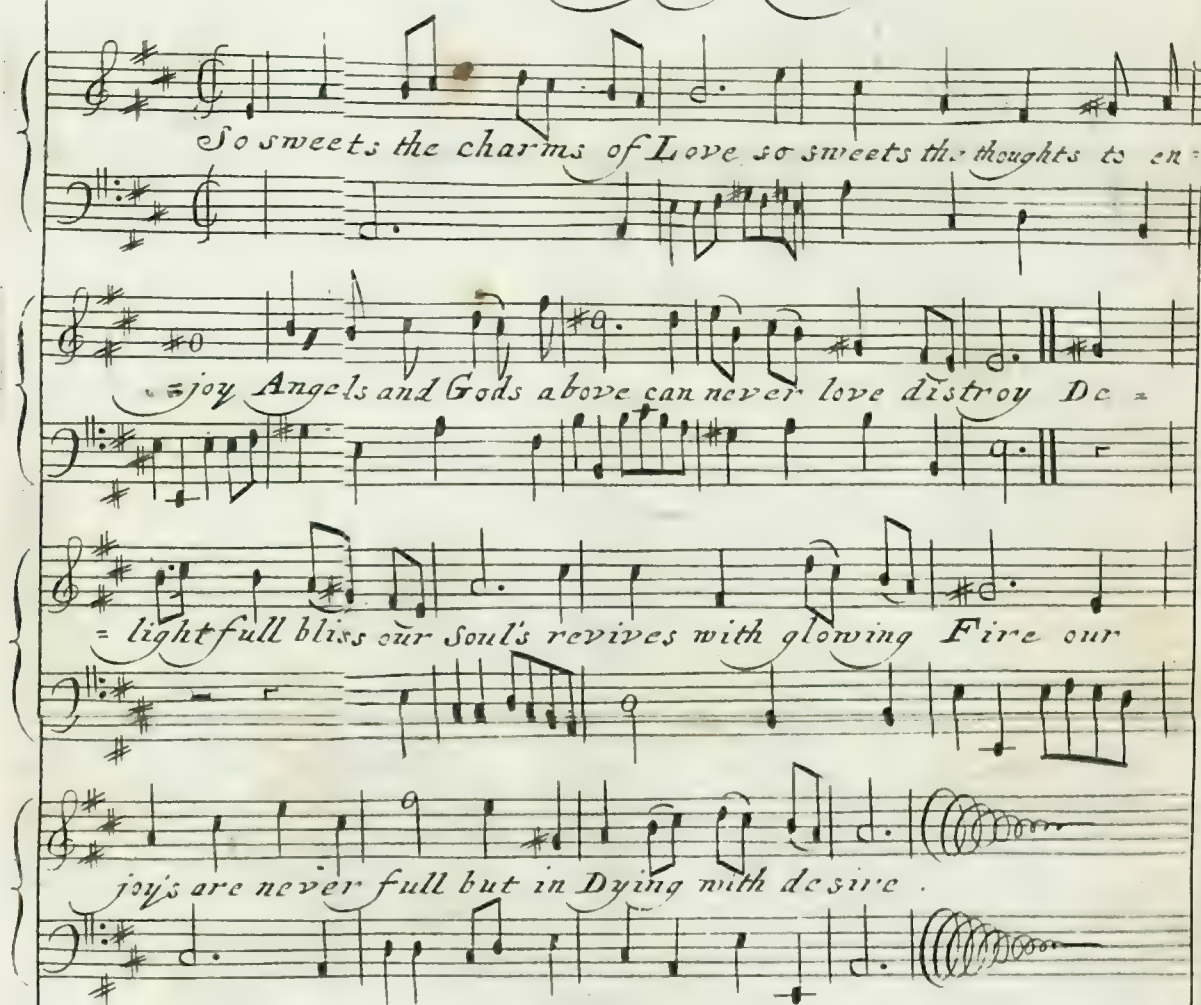


F I N I S.



373  
14  
46

*A Song in Madam Fickle Set by Mr. Jere: Clarke Sung by  
Mrs. Lucas and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.*

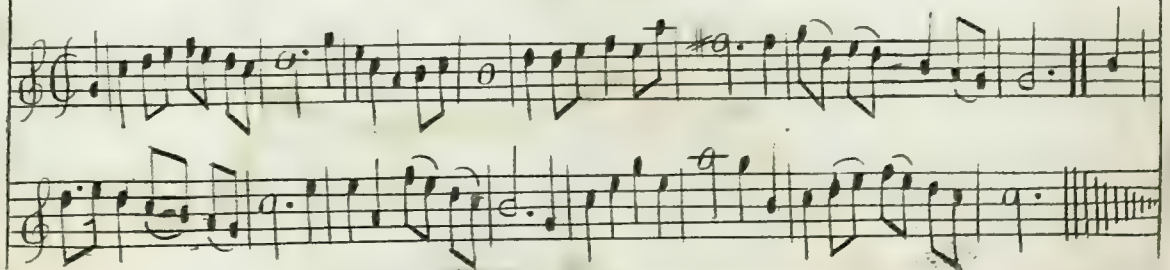


*So sweets the charms of Love so sweets the thoughts to en-  
= joy Angels and Gods above can never love destroy De =  
= light full bliss our Soul's revives with glowing Fire our  
joys are never full but in Dying with desire.*

II.

*A pleasing pain we find  
When first we feel Loves pow'r  
But when the Nymph is kind  
Tis extasie all ore  
Such wondrous raptur's grow  
Where Love for Love is given  
The Gods can nere bestow  
On us a beter Heaven.*

*For the Flute.*





1000 4 26

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15  
(7)

*A Song Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Robart at the Instalment of his High-  
ness the Duke of Gloucester Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Daniel Purcell  
and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Crofs.*

*Appear Apollo's Darling Son's appear,*  
*appear, Apollo's Darlling Son's appear; tune, tune your Cæ-*  
*lestial strings: your Voi-ces raise;*  
*Sing, Sing Sing, Sing, that the U-niverse a round may*  
*hear your Joy, this best, this hap-piest,*  
*hap-piest this happiest of Day's; this best, this hap-piest*  
*hap-piest, this happiest of Day's.*



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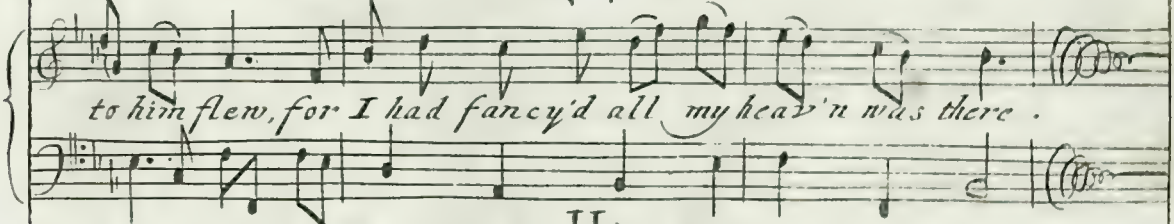
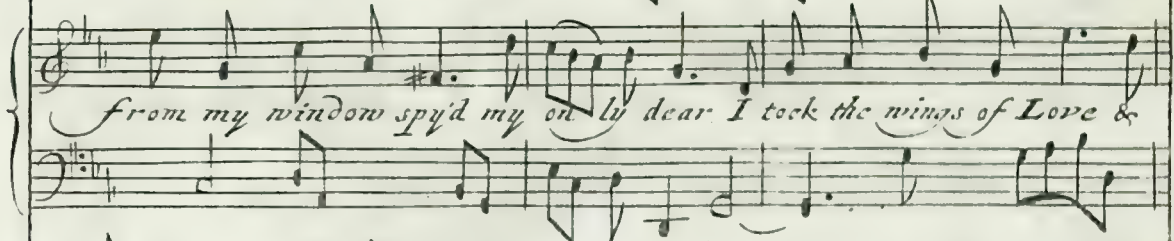
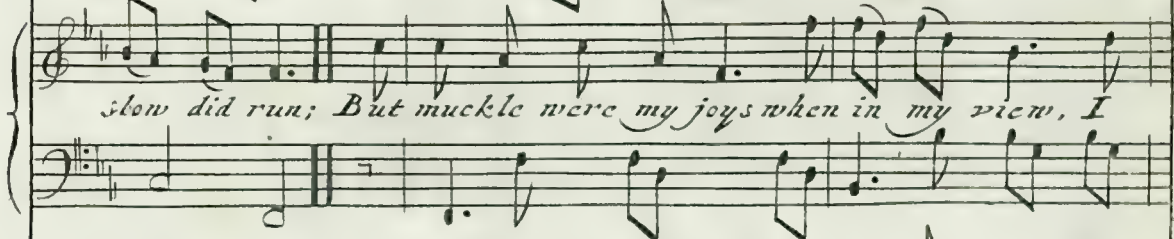
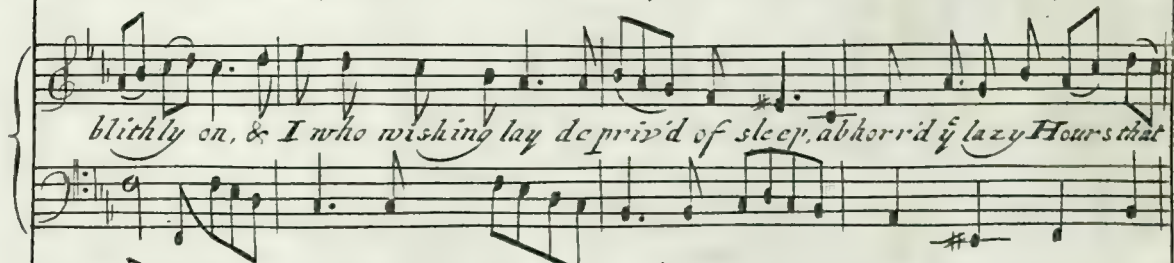
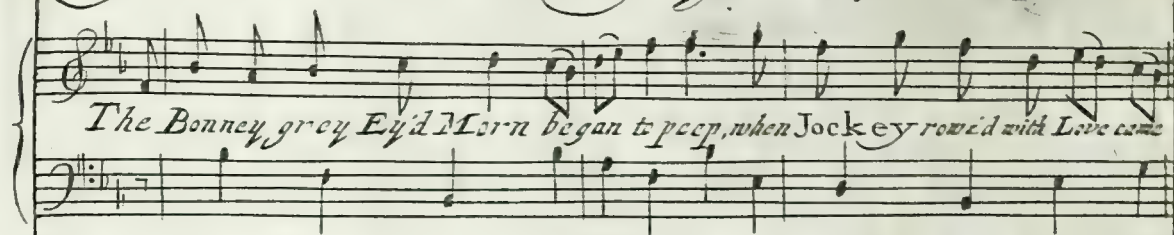
D62/15



381

181

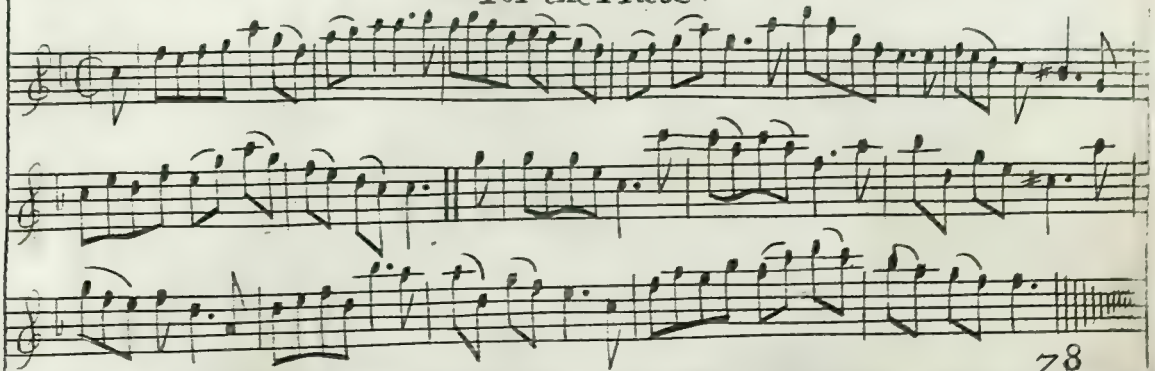
*A Scotch Song in the (Fond Husband) Set by Mr Jere: Clarke  
Sung by Mrs. Willis and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.*



II.

*Upon my Besom Jockey laid his Head, He sigh'd, he Kis'd my hand, he vow'd & swore  
And soothing told me pritty Tales of Love, That I had o're his Heart a conquest gain'd;  
My yielding Heart at ev'ry word he said, Then Blushing begg'd if I woud grant him more,  
Did Flutter up and down and strangely move. Which he alas too soon, too soon obtain'd.*

For the Flute.





rema 428  
D62/16



342  
47

*A Song in the Cornish Comedy Sung by Mr Leveredge  
Set by Mr Clarke and exactly engravid by Tho: Cross.*

72

*When Maids Live to thirty yet never repented, When Europe's at peace & all*

*England contented: When Gamesters wont Swear, & no Bribery thives, young*

*Wives Love old Husbands, young Husbands old Wives: when Landlords Love Taxes &*

*Soldiers Love Peace; & Lawyers for get a rich Client to fleece: when an old face shall*

*please as well as a new; Wives, Husbands & Lovers will ever be True.*

II.

*When Bullies leave Huffing, and Cowards their Trembling;  
And Courtiers, and Women, and Priests their Disembling:  
When these shall doe nothing against what they teach,  
Pluralities hate, and we mind what they Preach:  
When Vintners leave brewing to draw the Wine pure,  
And Quacks by their Medicines kill Less than they cure  
When an old Face shall pleas as well as a new;  
Wives, Husbands and Lovers will ever be True.*

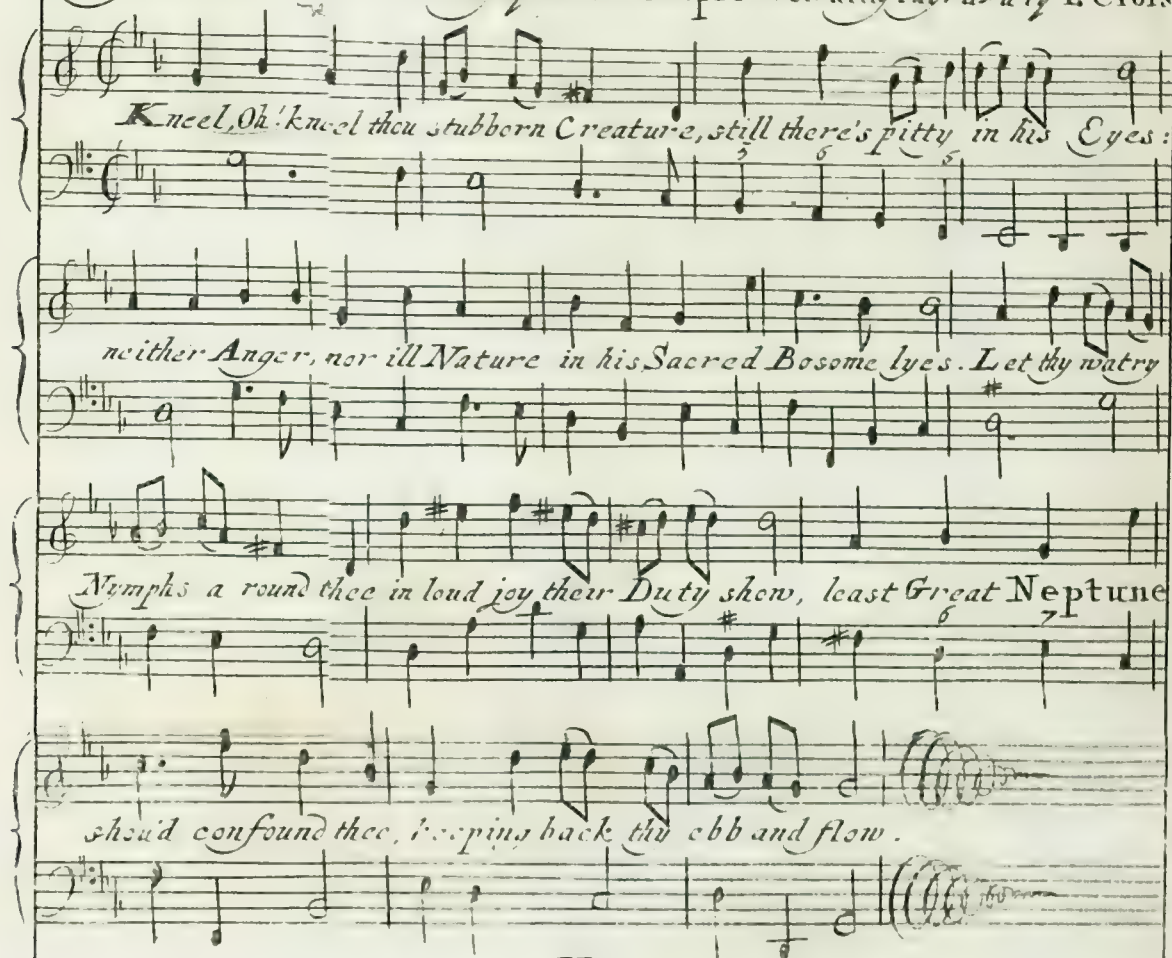


rema 429

D62/17



*A Song in the OPERA call'd Cynthia & Endymion.  
set by Mr Jer: Clarke Sung by Mrs. Temple & exactly engrav'd by T. Cross*

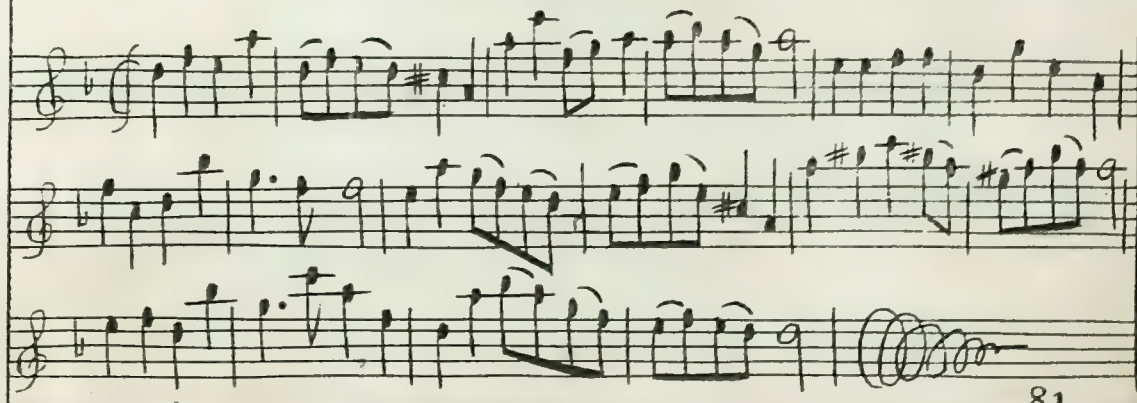


*Kneel, Oh! kneel thou stubborn Creature, still there's pitty in his Eyes:  
neither Anger, nor ill Nature in his Sacred Bosome lyes. Let thy watry  
Nymphs a round thee in loud joy their Duty show, least Great Neptune  
should confound thee, keeping back the ebb and flow.*

II.

*Sabrin Tamar Ouse in Order,  
To divert your Goddes come;  
Close your Crimes to punish further,  
Men shall walk where Fishes swom.  
Thames shall be dry'd up for ever,  
If he dares now disobey;  
And what was a famous River,  
Shall be soon the Kings High way.*

For the Flute.





row 421  
12/18



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(1)

*A Song the words by a Lady of Quality Set to Musick by Mr.  
Jn<sup>o</sup> Cotterell and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.*

Lucinda is quite for gotten now ah! now She is no more;  
once admit ing, then for saken, quite undone, then given over.  
Never more she is re garded, by that per jurd cru el he;  
for consenting, is rewarded with his during Cruel ty.

*Cruel Man, ah! cruel ever,  
Is your pity still retain'd;  
First to ruine what and never  
After is your Favour gain'd!  
Per mit Lucinda's Name to be,  
Caro'd on your Ob durate Heart,  
By your ingratefull Infamy  
Deem'd to taste Death's kinder Smart.*

For the Flute .



rema 432

D62/19



*The Raree Show Sung by Jemmy Laroch in the Musical Interlude for the Peace  
Performed at the Theatre in Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>  
John Eccles and exactly engrav'd by Thomas Cross.*

O Raree Show, O brave Show, O pretty Show who, see my fine a Show O Raree Show O Brave Show

who see my pretty Show. Quand la Cigale Conte sa pas boun travailler. Fû boun estr' a l'ombretta a l'ombretta fû

boun estr' a l'ombretta Calig-nar Heres de English and French to each oder most civil shake

hands and be Friends and hugg like de Devil. O Raree Show, O Brave Show, O pretty Gallant a Show

II.

Here be de Savoyards a trudging thro' France,  
To sweep a de Shimney to Sing and to Dance.

O Raree Show &c.

III.

Here be de great Turk and de great King,  
A Galloping bravely from Hungry and Poland.

O Raree Show &c.

IV.

Here's de brave English Beau for the Ricket Bot,  
To go make his Campain vid his Taylor at Paris

O Raree Show &c.

V.

Here be de honest Captain a cursing de Peace,  
Here's anoder disbanding his Coach and his Mifs.

O Raree Show &c.

VI.

Here be de English Ships bring Plenty and Riches,  
And dere de French Caper a mending his Breeches.

O Raree Show &c.

VII.

Here be de jacks set out Lights and dissemble  
And here be de Mob make um squitter and tremble.

O Raree Show &c.

VIII.

Here be de Sea Captain a reeling ashore,  
Here's one spend all his Pay and boarding a Whore.

O Raree Show &c.

IX.

Here be de brave Traibants a drinking Carouses,  
And here be de Souldiers a storming deir Spouses.  
O Raree Show brave Show who see my fine Show :



1000 433

18/20



(17)

rema 431

362/21



*A Song in the Comedy call'd ÆS O P E set by Mr. Leveridge.  
Sung by Mrs. Crofs. and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Crofs.*

*Should I once chan - ge my Heart,*

*Should I once chan - ge my Heart, as I hope as I ho - pe I nere*

*shall: Oh! oh! oh! oh! yee Gods gra - nt y I loo -*

*... se not my reason and all. But may Sumōns all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all,*

*all my Discretion to prove, that desert was the motive, the mo -*

*Brisk.*

*... tive; induc'd me to Love. May my Spark be endow'd w<sup>th</sup> the Cha -*

*... rmes of the mind; for to outward perfection to*

*is:*

*outward, to outward to outward perfection I nere I nere was inclin'd.*

76 76



*Without affectation I'd have him well bred, Gentle but not*

*Apish, wise enough to be Head: Sincere, chaste & Sober, whose Affection must*

*va ... ry: Such a one would I have, if e ... ver, if*

*e ... ver I Marry. May he have Wealth enough, may he have Wealth enough,*

*from want to preserve us; & that w<sup>th</sup> Content, and that with Content will Suf =*

*= ficiently serve us; and that with Content, & that with Con ... ..*

*... tent, will Suffitiantly Serve us.*

*Printed and Sold by Tho: Cross. and are to be Sold at the Musick Shops.*



Handwritten musical score on ten staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines, though the specific details are difficult to discern due to the image's low resolution and the handwriting's style. The score appears to be a single melodic line.

Handwritten text at the bottom of the page, possibly a title or a dedication, written in a cursive script.



*A Song in the CITY-LADY set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> John Eccles,  
sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Bowman and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Crows.*

Love is an empty airy name: Love is an empty airy name: A word, a word, a word in course and fashion; tis something worse, something worse, something worse, something worse creates the flame; and many, many, many moves, & many, many, many moves moves the Passion.

2<sup>d</sup> part. ~  
Then Cælia don't expose your Charms, and lavish all your Beauty, and Lavish all your beauty. Who ever lies with in those Arms where all is thought but Duty, where all, all, all, all, all is thought but Duty; where all, all, all, all, all is thought but Duty.



1000 4-26

D624/22

97



PLATE 437

342/20

~~15~~



262/22

*A Song in the Comedy call'd the Town Unmask'd*  
*Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Iohn Eccles Sung by M<sup>s</sup>. Bowman.*

*All things seem deaf, seem dea*

*f to my Complaints, All things seem dea*

*f to my Complaints, in Vaine I roa* *m the groves a*

*lone, in Vaine I roa* *m the groves alone; Hear me, hear me ye*

*Loves, ye Lo* *ves departed Swains, that to Eli* *zian*

*Shades are gon, hear me, hear me ye Loves departed Swains, that to E*

*li* *zian Shades are gon,*

*If to my faithfull Celadon I prove not true, if to my faithfull*



*Celadon I prove not true; Let it be both our dooms, let it be both our dooms*  
*let it be both our dooms, let it be both our dooms never to com to you, never to com to you,*  
*let it be both our dooms. never to com to you, no no no no no no no no no no no no no no never never*  
*never never never, no never to com to you, no never never never never never, no never to com to you*

This block contains a vocal score for a song. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music features various note values, rests, and repeat signs. The lyrics are: "Celadon I prove not true; Let it be both our dooms, let it be both our dooms", "let it be both our dooms, let it be both our dooms never to com to you, never to com to you,", "let it be both our dooms. never to com to you, no no no no no no no no no no no no no no never never", and "never never never, no never to com to you, no never never never never never, no never to com to you".

*For the Flute*

This block contains a flute score for the same piece. It consists of seven systems of music, each with a single staff. The music is written in treble clef and features various note values, rests, and repeat signs. The lyrics are written below the staves.

*Sold by Henry Playford, at his shop in y<sup>e</sup> Temple Change Fleet-street*







*A Song in the Surpriz'd Lovers Set by M<sup>r</sup> John Eccles Sung by M<sup>r</sup>  
Bowman and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.*

When first I saw her charming Face her taking Shape and moving Grace my Rosie Cheeks my  
Rosie Cheeks did glow with heat my heart and my pulce did beat beat beat my heart and my  
pulce did beat I wish'd for a I wish'd for a do you do you guess what do you guess  
what makes Soldiers fight Soldiers fight and Statesmen Plot subdues us all in  
every thing and makes makes a Subject of a King King Still She deny'd  
I reply'd away She flew I did pursue at last I catch'd her fast But oh had you  
seen but oh had you seen had you seen what past betwixt oh I fear I  
fear oh! I fear I fear oh I fear I fear I fear I have spoil'd her wist wist



Handwritten text at the top left, possibly a date or reference number: "1861/428" and "Dec/28".

Main body of handwritten text, appearing to be a list or ledger with multiple columns and rows. The text is extremely faded and illegible.























